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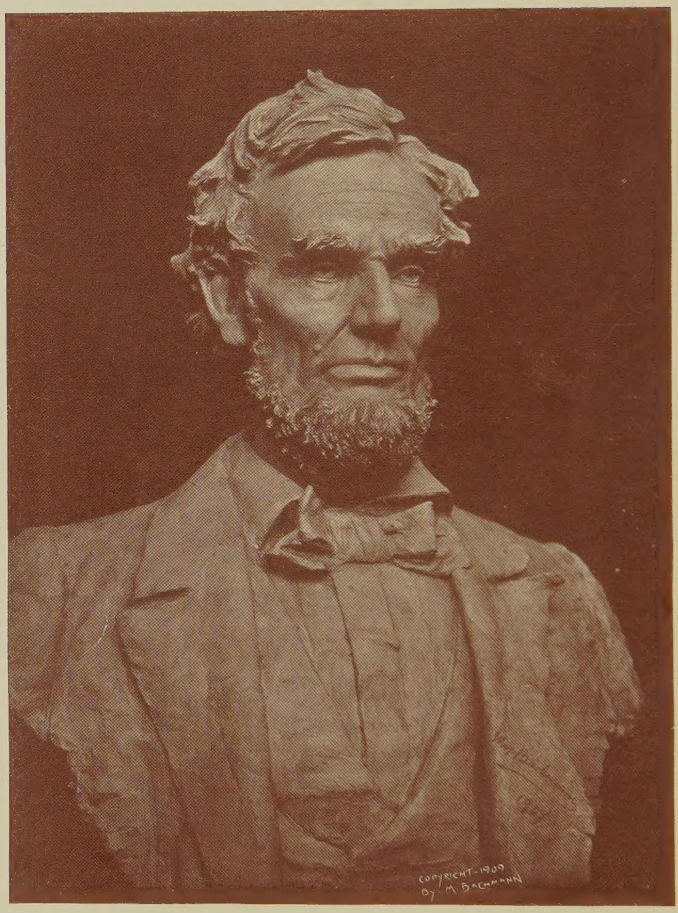

THIS BUST OF LINCOLN WAS MADE BY MAX BACHMANN, SCULPTOR, FOR THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AND WAS EXECUTED IN THE SPRING OF 1909. THE ORIGINAL IN BRONZE IS AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE LINCOLN
DINNERS OF

THE REPUBLICAN CLUB
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

IN RESPONSE TO THE
TOAST

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1887-1909

PRIVATELY PRINTED
FOR
THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
1909

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by
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This Edition is limited to five hundred copies,
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Number 305.

Chester H. Rowell
President

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PREFACE

On the 12th day of February, 1887, The Republican Club of the City of New York held its first banquet to commemorate the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and on each succeeding year the event has been fittingly observed. The function is now one of the largest of its kind held in the United States and has assumed proportions of National significance.

The orations here published, in response to the toast of "Abraham Lincoln," were delivered by men distinguished for their eloquence, prominent in our National life and many of whom were personally acquainted with Lincoln. Their speeches, therefore, add valuable material and new and important facts to Lincoln literature.

In the Appendix will be found speeches delivered at the Lincoln Dinners by former Presidents of the United States—Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt—and by Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Lincoln's Vice-President.

This volume is published in the hope that the lessons of Lincoln's life, so eloquently portrayed in its pages, may prove an inspiration to the readers, and add to the love, respect and admiration that the world has always manifested for the far-seeing, lovable spirit of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

CHARLES H. YOUNG,
President.

April 15th, 1909.

THE FIRST

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1887

Address of

HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY

JOSEPH RUSSELL HAWLEY, LL.D.

Senator Hawley was born in Stewartsville, S. C., 1826, but spent his early life in New York and Connecticut. He graduated from Hamilton College, 1847; was admitted to the Bar but gravitated to journalism and became an ardent Abolitionist and one of the founders of the new Republican party. He was part proprietor of the Hartford "Courant." He enlisted at the outbreak of the Rebellion and was brevetted a major-general in 1864, taking part in many important battles of the Virginia campaigns. In 1866 he was elected Governor of Connecticut. In 1868 he was president of the Republican National Convention that nominated Grant for the presidency. He was elected Congressman for the First Connecticut District, and in 1881 U. S. Senator from that State. He was president of the Centennial Commission in 1876.

ADDRESS OF

HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY

I am profoundly grateful for the cordiality of your greeting. Three days ago I received notice that this evening I was to address what I understood was the Young Men's Republican Club of New York, and that I would be expected to say something concerning Abraham Lincoln. I have had no leisure hour since that time—no hour of entire peace and quiet, save those spent in sleep. It is not given to every man to have entire leisure for study, reflection and penmanship—like our friend Depew, who doubtless has a thoroughly-prepared speech. His lateness in arrival was certainly suspicious.

I thought it was a young men's Republican club, and it is; for we are, a few of us, at this moment, looking into the mirrors; and a man is as old as he feels; a woman, perhaps, as old as she looks. We are feeling young to-night, and I had (thinking the invitation a compliment to my youth) many things in my mind to say concerning the pleasure that I feel in hearing of the organization of young men's Republican clubs in several of the New England States and elsewhere. It is getting to be a fashion with us in New England—in Rhode Island and in Connecticut especially—that the really young men, the boys of twenty-one, twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five, should organize young men's Republican clubs, taking up the glorious traditions that have come down to them from the history of the last twenty-five years, and prepar-

ing to make the future as true to whatever is noble and beautiful in the idea of the republic as the past twenty-five years have been.

I was asked to say something concerning Lincoln. Well, sir, like all the rest of you, and like the rest of the world, I have been thinking of nothing but what was good of Abraham Lincoln. No, not all the rest of the world; but like all of the Republicans. Why, it is only a very few years, it seems to me, since men spoke of him in the public prints, habitually, as a "guerilla"; even sneering at him, after his glorious death, as the "late lamented"—that being the favorite phrase of a great metropolitan journal at one time; and there were men who called him "uncouth," "coarse," "brutal," "ignorant," and "rail-splitter" in jest and not in honor. But all that has gone by now, and there is not in the civilized world a voice or a pen that does not place Abraham Lincoln among the foremost of the world's history—not one—and it has become the fashion, even among our friends, the enemy, to speak of him with respect.

I have here Abraham Lincoln's biography, as written by himself, about thirty years ago, for Larman's Dictionary of Congress: "Born February 12, 1809"—well, he would not be the oldest of our dear old friends if he were with us now—"in Harden County, Kentucky. Education defective. Profession, lawyer. Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war." What is a captain nowadays? The distinguished man is a private! "Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature"—New York men don't think much of that—"and was a member of the lower house of Congress. Yours, &c., Abraham Lincoln."

Well, there has been an addition made to that biography since that time. "Education defective." I suppose that there are still people in the world who will say that Abraham Lincoln was de-

fective in what is called culture. He had none of the advantages that the salon gives to men. There were no gatherings of intellectual, trained, travelled and experienced people to improve his manners or his language; yet none since Socrates has spoken like him; and there have been very few in all the world's history whom the common people heard more gladly.

What was it, then, that made Abraham Lincoln one of the men who, in truth and justice, was of the very finest human culture known to mankind? Let the eminence to which he attained, the power he had over men, the almost divine sagacity with which he led them—let these things, then, be an encouragement to all men who believe in the possibility as well as the necessity of popular government in the coming ages of the world.

Abraham Lincoln had a profound faith in the people. Oh, if one of us says, nowadays, that you may in the end trust the people; that it is a magnificent jury; that if you have a good cause and will fight for it, and write for it, and talk for it, and preach for it, you may trust the great heart of the American people to act right finally, there are not lacking men all around Europe, and in considerable numbers in the United States, who put up their glasses, as I am obliged to do mine, and look at us with curiosity.

I am not going to read to you at length, but I have here in a delicate little volume, selected by the author of "The Man Without a Country"—which was a regiment, a brigade of itself—some extracts from what Abraham Lincoln said:

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present difference is either party without faith or being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on your side of the South, then truth and justice will surely pre-

vail by the judgment of the great tribunal of the American people."

Again: "There are among us those who, if the Union be preserved, will live to see it contain two hundred and fifty millions of population. The struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day; it is for the vast future also."

Again: "No men living are more to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take that which they have not honestly earned." Which I believe to be true.

And in February, 1861: "I cannot but know what you all know, that, without a name" (as that biography shows), "perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and, so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the great American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them."

I must necessarily speak somewhat disjointedly and from the impulse of the moment. My friend on my right, whom I asked for an idea, or a point, or a text, said: "Some people say that Abraham Lincoln would not be a Republican if he were here to-day." I wish I felt as sure of my own salvation, or of anything else in this world, as I do that Abraham Lincoln would be drifting along to-day with that indescribable and wonderful thing that people call "the spirit of the age." He could not have been anything else.

We are Republicans to-day because we inherit the most magnificent body of tradition that ever was given to a party in the world. If I were to live forty years hence I would vote for the name. We reconstructed the foundations of the great Republican Government. We demonstrated that whenever anything is to be

done by a whole people it can better be done by a free people than by any other people. We demonstrated that all men can know more than any one man; which is the foundation of Republican government. We cleaned out, and cleared out, erased and wiped out forever all distinctions, not in race, not in knowledge, not in ability, but all distinctions between the rights of different classes and races of men.

We have changed European history. We have changed the history of the world. For, had we failed, no man knows how far backward would have gone, or how many centuries would have been delayed, the great Republican experiment. Are there any men in this country who love and worship—yea, worship the flag as we do? To whom is it sacred if not to us? Are there any men in the country who so value the honor—financial and in all things—of this country?

From whom came these feelings but from the men who, during the war, whether in the ranks of the great armies of the republic or in the equally courageous and far-sighted hall of the legislators of the republic, who dared to legislate, to trust the future, and to trust the people?

Abraham Lincoln would have been with us to-day not satisfied with everything, for I do not know any man who is satisfied with everything that has been done, and with everything that is—the man who is a Bourbon; he has no hope for the future, and no purpose of improvement. Lincoln certainly could not have been a Democrat. Could he have been a Mugwump? I have some delightful friends who proudly bear that name. I have no quarrels with them. They are gentlemen of culture, of education; they are patriots; they hope the best for their country. I divide them. There is the Mugwump who boasts of his departure from his old brethren simply upon a difference concerning one man. Well,

that election has passed, and I do not see why he should have that difference now. In common cases he does not. He had a right to entertain that difference. My judgment of the facts was altogether different from his; but I am looking to the votes, and I will have no controversy with him about an election which was over two years ago, if he is right in the future—in Connecticut and elsewhere.

But the term "Mugwump" I have applied with a larger range. There are men who are Mugwumps politically, intellectually, scientifically and religiously. They are pessimists in the whole field of the world's thought and activity. They apparently believe in nothing. And while the great toiling millions of the world must go along the dusty or the alternately muddy highway, doing the best they can to carry the burdens of their town, of their state, and of their country, to say nothing of their families, there is a class of men who sit on the fences and leisurely laugh at us poor devils who wear the blue, and have got to get to Gettysburg or to Vicksburg by daylight.

While we are not all religious men, yet we all pray once in four years, or oftener, for the flag and for the republic. I have no liking for a man who does not believe something; and I feel a great hostility toward the man who would take away the belief of anybody without giving him something better in return.

There is a distinguished disbeliever in the United States (but I do not come any nearer naming him), who came into the reading-room of the Riggs House one day. A distinguished gentleman (not of the Republican party, but, on the whole, a very good sort of a fellow), who was sitting there and enjoying his morning cigar, said to him:

"Robert"—I beg your pardon, I will not name him—"do you see that man crossing the road?"

It was a slushy day on the asphalt streets of Washington; he wore two crutches; he was honorably entitled to them; and he was coming across very carefully. Said he, "Robert, blank you."

Said Robert, "What do you mean?"

"Why," said he, "you belong to the class of men that are kicking away that poor devil's crutches and giving him nothing else to help him through this world." And they are Mugwumps.

I think this is the greatest country, the best country, the most promising country, the leading country of the world; the nearest to perfection in its constitution, in its laws, in its hopes, and in its ambitions; and altogether and in every way the best nation that ever lived on the face of the earth. I think it has the best history to boast of. I think that if you begin with Washington, come down to Adams and Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler and Polk even, and old Zach and Fillmore, and even Buchanan, to Lincoln and Johnson, and all of them to this day, we can challenge any other nation in all the world to compare the rulers of a hundred years with us.

There is no nation, I think, in all the world that has had a country so free from great revolutionary and fundamental changes as ours has been; although the philosophers make as a favorite objection to a democratic form of government that it is subject to violent revolutions and unreasonable changes. It is the Republican party—the Republican party under whatever name it may be, whatever changes it may undergo, and whatever possible changes of name it may have (although I do not see why anybody should throw away the good will of the name)—it is the Republican party of the Republic that carries the Ark of the Covenant as the instinct of the future—a belief in liberty, justice and equality—and the blessed flag that symbolizes all.

THE SECOND

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 11, 1888

Address of

HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, LL.D.

Senator Evarts was born in Boston, Mass, 1818. He graduated from Yale, 1837, and after a year of study at the Harvard Law School, was admitted to the bar in 1840. For many years he successfully practised law in New York City. He was attorney for the defence in the impeachment of President Johnson, and afterwards Attorney-General of the U. S. In 1877 he became Secretary of State, and in 1885 he entered the U. S. Senate. He died in 1901.

ADDRESS OF

HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Republican Club: I am quite sure that you will allow me to count myself with the Club, and as one of its members, and not as a stranger by invitation entitled to the special courtesies we pay to our invited guests. We are all at home here in New York, we honest and earnest Republicans of this club, and we rejoice to have the opportunities and the means of spreading an inviting feast to eminent public men of our party to join in the celebration of that party in its homage to the name and the fame of Abraham Lincoln. Your overflowing tables and your animated faces and exuberant spirits teach me as well as our visitors to look upon you as the examples and the leaders engaged in a renovation of the Republican party, and not in any lamentation at any of its disasters.

How great a thing it is that in our generation a political party should have furnished to the admiration of the world so great a character, so great a conduct, so great a fame, so great an influence in this wide world of ours as Abraham Lincoln. Accustomed to look upon the overspreading fame and influence of Washington as incapable of appropriation, in our later politics, to the just pretensions and pride of any one party, how great a thing it is for our party,—an actual living, leading party of our day,—that we have produced in the secular order of time a name to match that of Washington, and to give a new word to conjure with for

American liberty and American independence. The great State of the old thirteen had claimed, perhaps, as the chiefest glory of its own greatness, that it was the birthplace of Washington; that its great son, the Father of his Country, slept on the banks of their own river, the Potomac. Now one of the new States since added to the old thirteen, the great State of Illinois, has been lifted up out of the whole body of the thirty-eight states and put on the same plane and height with old Virginia, as the home and growth and scene of the triumph of Abraham Lincoln; and Illinois, in the long ages, shall stand out as the State identified with him, as Virginia is with George Washington. This glory of these two great names, thus now diffused over the whole nation and shared between the old and the new States, is to become henceforth, let us hope, a new security against discords between North and South, East and West, for all alike shall worship at these shrines of liberty and justice.

I cannot, Mr. President, speak as in narrative, nor even as in illustration, of the wonderful career of this most remarkable American. I can only ask your attention to the very brief span of years which covers his first introduction to the general knowledge of his countrymen, and the great stages, so few and so vast in their upward rise, to the last solemn culmination of his life in our sorrow at his death. Mr. Lincoln, in 1856, was spoken of in the Republican party, as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and received, I think, something over one hundred votes for that place; but I do not think it is saying too much, as to the country at large, that, except among his neighbors in his own State and in the neighboring States, this was the first mention of that name on the wide theater of public fame of the United States. Two years afterward he was made a candidate, in the purposes of the Republicans of Illinois, as their leader and champion in the campaign then

opening, to send him to the Senate of the United States to displace the power and favor held by Mr. Douglas with the people of Illinois. Out of that great contest, in which this somewhat new champion of Republican principles of liberty and of duty, was matched against the Democratic purposes represented by Mr. Douglas, came the name of Abraham Lincoln to be known almost as fully, and as clearly, and as warmly throughout the land, as was the young stripling David throughout Judea, after the smooth stone from his sling had smitten the giant Goliath. And from that step forward you will find in sacred or profane history no more wonderful and no more rapid advance in human affairs, than this of Abraham Lincoln's since the elevation of the young shepherd to be king of Judea, the king that this religious people honor and admire as the great king of ancient times.

Now, wonderful, is it not, that from that first step taken in 1858, but two years afterwards he became the leader and the candidate, not of a party in the ordinary contests and competitions of politics, but the leader of an aroused, and indignant, and resentful nation against the evil shames into which we had been plunged by the Democratic party; and thus he was made the leader, not of a party, but of a nation that was rising in its power to shake off the manacles and fetters that had bound its limbs. Then, from the opening of his authority of rule under the Constitution, see how everything that he had to do and everything that he did was great and noble, and wonderful and new. In the first month following his inauguration what more wonderful bugle-note was ever blown by human breath than that which called upon the people of the United States who loved their country and were loyal to its institutions, to come out in arms to suppress a rebellion that expected to be triumphant by our negligence and indifference! Upon this same great summons behold how swiftly, covering this great coast

of ours from the capes of Delaware to New Orleans and Galveston, and on the Pacific Coast, the whole sea was crowded with ships to enforce a blockade that the world had never dreamed of as possible of enforcement. And so on, step by step, the great army of citizen soldiers grew, and the zeal and the fervor and the patriotic sacrifices of the nation marshaled the manhood of the country, and marshaled the wealth of the country, all to be poured into the lap of the great Government and placed at its service to preserve for all this people, the American nation, with its constitution unpolluted and its territory unmutilated. Great occurrences in the history of the world! The example is set, and hereafter the people may rest secure without an army and without a navy when it is known that a people like this, when their honor or their interests are struck at by intestine or by foreign foes, is able to array on battlefields and to display on the wide ocean enough of warlike power to meet the warfare of the world. But see how all this material pride and power was but the attendant and the servant, as it has been from the beginning, but the minister of the great design of Providence, of whom Abraham Lincoln was the trusted instrument. Then we come to the greatest act in the history of our world of personal influence in its affairs, the emancipation, by the pen of a ruler, of the millions of the enslaved fellow-countrymen of ours. And to crown all, to make that fact permanent and constitutional, that had been justified and was needed as a step in the war, he lived to see a proclaimed peace not over a subjugated people, but over a suppressed rebellion.

By a happy inspiration given to few orators, Abraham Lincoln did what no orator since Pericles' time has been able to do—that is, to add one exhilarating and ennobling thought to the ever memorable oration which Pericles delivered over the dead of Greece that died for Greece. Every scholar that has read that perfect

piece of patriotic feeling and eloquent truth of the Greek orator, must admit that Abraham Lincoln's single phrase, at Gettysburg, "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here," will live with the splendid rhetoric of Pericles.

Now, what was there, in the future of his life, of great historic fame, of great and arduous yet completed and triumphant duty, left for Abraham Lincoln to live for and to do? There might be much else for this country that he should have survived for, but who that looks at a rounded and complete character and fame but must recognize that there was nothing left for him in the stages of human greatness and of grades of perpetual homage from mankind, but that this great chosen and triumphant leader should be made a martyr? Was there anything left in the rôle of human glory to crown that of Abraham Lincoln after he had received the surrender of the rebellion and the acclaim of the nation as its savior, but that he should receive the consecrating crown of a martyr? And this consecration came about, this blow of malice and treason struck down Abraham Lincoln, on the day of all the year, the day which we celebrate as Good Friday, the day the Savior fell. Can we then fail to associate—who in Christendom, in the hearts of the religious and Christian people of the world but must associate—this death of Lincoln, the martyr for liberty and the hopes of civil institutions for man, with that dreadful day of the crucifixion? That was a sad night for this country to be sure, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he lost all consciousness to things of earth. He slumbered through that long, sad night,

"But when the sun in all his state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
He passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

But it is not wholly to-day that we are to celebrate the memory of Lincoln. This marvelous history of an American boy, ended at the age of fifty-six, tells a story that belongs to the whole world. For us, gathered here, his example, his lessons are to be accepted for practical duties and practical objects by the great political party that shares with him the glories of his achievements, as he did of ours. It is in that name and by that sign that the Republican party expects now to take up and carry forward the great and continual, and let us hope perpetual, growth and elevation, and exaltation of the American people, purged of all that human nature below the skies may hope to miss, as it goes on step by step; but not, let me remind you, Republicans of New York, by belittling or explaining away the greatness of Lincoln and the greatness of the Republican party. Who would think that, under the exigencies of political agitations and political aspirations, we should come to find in great numbers of our countrymen a disposition to belittle and defame the greatness of those achievements and the wonderful credit that attends them all? Or, that the nation in the next following generation should think that it was irksome and tedious to renew and perpetuate those feelings, which arouse and animate us in the discharge of our duty?

Let us then be true to ourselves. By our next election we are to launch our Government with a new President for the first term, upon our second hundred years. We are bound to trust it only with men and with principles, and with courage, and with patriotism that can be followed in the coming century, and long after, in the path that is illuminated by the public virtues of Washington and of Lincoln. Does not every Republican that deserves the name kindle with new feelings and with new purposes whenever the name and the birthday of Lincoln are mentioned?

Have we anything to explain or to explain away? Do we want to put any new glosses and any new interpretations on the triumphant period of the Republican party and the culminating fame of Abraham Lincoln? Do you wish to send it out to European nations that the sober second thought of the American people is a little disposed to call that a period of enthusiasm which all Republicans know was, from the beginning to the end, and from the common soldier and the common voter up to Abraham Lincoln and the great generals and the great statesmen about him, an honest, and a noble, and an unflinching, and an inflexible purpose that this country of ours should be independent and free, able to take care of our industries, our prosperity, our character and our conduct in the face of the world? Where are those idle and frivolous trumpeters of the subsequent fame of another party? Some unwise but apparently well-wishing friend of the President has thought it a good thing to bring the two names of the President of the day and the great President of our time, Abraham Lincoln, together for comparison. Who raised this comparison? Did any Democrat ever think it worth his while to put those two names together? Did any Republican ever wish to do it? Who under Heaven dared to do that injury to the living President, thus to reinflame the enthusiasm for the great dead whose birthday we celebrate?

Now, the solemn character of Lincoln, shown by his pious phrases and his sober reverence, brings us to this as the wisdom of the sacred Scripture: "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Abraham Lincoln, in his honest heart, devised his way that he would serve his country—that he would serve humanity, that he would serve it in peril, serve it in prosperity, serve it for the country, serve it for the world; but the Lord directed those steps that he could not foresee, could not

imagine; the Lord directed his steps, and there was no crown for him but that which should lift him into the higher sphere of nearness to the God whom he revered and worshipped. And now, the undiscovered country which the steps of Abraham Lincoln now traverse, and toward which all our steps tend, is crowded with heroes and martyrs, servants of their time, prophets and great captains in the service of truth; but we must all reverently feel that among those majestic shades there is found, and not the least among them, the august form and glory of Abraham Lincoln.

THE THIRD

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1889

Address of

GEN. HORACE PORTER

GENERAL HORACE PORTER, LL.D.

General Porter was born at Huntingdon, Pa., in 1839. He was educated at the Lawrence Scientific School and at West Point, graduating from the latter in 1860. He served throughout the Civil War, winning every commissioned grade up to brigadier-general and receiving a Congressional medal of honor for gallantry at Chickamauga. From 1897-1905 he was U. S. Ambassador to France. In 1904 he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. He is the author of several books, the best known being "Campaigning with Grant." He has been the orator on many notable occasions, among others at the Inauguration of Washington Arch, New York, May 4, 1895; the dedication of Grant's Tomb, New York, April 7, 1897; the Inauguration of the Rochambeau Statue, Washington, D. C., May 24, 1902; Centennial of the foundation of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, June 11, 1902. In 1905 he recovered the body of John Paul Jones at his own expense, and had charge of its reinterment at Annapolis. He is a member and officer of many important patriotic and learned bodies, and was a delegate to The Hague Peace Conference of 1907.

ADDRESS OF

GENERAL HORACE PORTER

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I am oppressed with divers misgivings in being called upon to rise and cast the first firebrand into this peaceful assemblage, which has evidently been enjoying itself so much—up to the present moment. From the Herculean task accomplished by the Republican party last fall, we have learned to look upon its members as men of deeds and not of words—except the spellbinders, and when I am called upon to initiate these proceedings by words, I am reminded of the days when Pythagoras of Athens inaugurated his school of silence, and Phryne made the opening speech.

I fear your committee is treating me to-night like one of those toy balloons that are sent up previous to the main ascension to test the currents of the air, but I hope that in this sort of ballooning I may not be subjected to the remark that interrupted the Fourth of July orator in the West while he was tickling the American Eagle under both wings, delivering himself of no end of platitudes, and soaring aloft into the brilliant realms of fancy, when a man in the audience quietly remarked: "If he goes on throwin' out his ballast in that way, the Lord only knows where he'll land."

Perhaps I can assist in demonstrating to-night that dryness is a pronounced quality of the champagne, of the diners, and of these opening remarks. I have partaken in a very conservative

manner, however, of that beverage, in consequence of the remark that Mr. Lincoln once made about it when he arrived at City Point, after having been shaken up the night before aboard his boat in a storm on Chesapeake Bay, and complained that his stomach was still suffering from certain gastronomic uncertainties. A young staff officer, who was generally too previous on momentous occasions, now saw before him the one great opportunity of his life, and rushed up to Mr. Lincoln with a bottle of champagne and said: "This is the cure for that sort of an ill, Mr. President." Said the President: "No, young man, I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very article."

When the Italian fisherman puts out to sea, he is accustomed to offer up a prayer for strength, because the sea is so vast and his bark is so small, and I feel like entering a plea for strength to-night, because the subject which you have assigned to me is so vast and my ideas are so few. The story of the life of Abraham Lincoln savors more of romance than reality; is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the story of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the strange contrasts, the singular vicissitudes in the life of our martyred President surround him with an interest which attaches to few men in history. Of humble origin, he early had to struggle with the trials of misfortune and to learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. He sprang from that class which he always alluded to as the "plain people." He always possessed an abiding confidence in them; he always retained his deep hold upon their affections; even when he was clothed with the robes of a master, he forgot not that he was still the servant of the people. He believed that the government was made for the people, not the peo-

ple for the government. He felt that true Republicanism is a torch—the more it is shaken in the hands of the people, the brighter it will burn.

He was transcendently fit to be the first great successful bearer of the progressive, aggressive, invincible Republican party.

If, in the days of his power, men had sneered at him on account of his humble origin, he might well have said to them what a Marshal of France, raised from the ranks of Dukedom, said to the haughty Nobles of Vienna, who boasted of their long line of descent, when they refused to associate with him: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants."

Abraham Lincoln possessed in a marked degree that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. With him there was no practicing of the arts of the demagogue; no posing for effect, no attitudinizing in public; no mawkish sentimentality; no indulgence in mock heroics; none of that puppyism so often bred by power; none of that dogmatism which Johnson said was only puppyism grown to maturity. He sought not to rise in a chariot of power, the golden dust from whose wheels might dazzle and blind his followers. He preferred to trudge along on foot, so that the people might keep abreast with him. While his mind was one great storehouse of facts and useful information, he made no pretense to knowledge he did not possess. He felt like Addison, that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it." He had nothing in common with those men of mental malformation who are educated beyond their intellects.

The names of two Presidents will always be inseparably associated in the minds of Americans—Washington and Lincoln. And yet, from the manner in which the modern historian loves to dwell at length upon trivial incidents, we would suppose that

one had spent his entire life in cutting down trees, and the other in splitting them up into rails. These men differed in some respects. Washington could not tell a story. Lincoln always could.

Lincoln's stories possessed the true geometrical requisites of excellence. They were never too long and never too broad. He never forgot a point. A sentinel, who was pacing near a campfire while Lincoln was visiting the field, listening to the stories he told, made the philosophical remark that that man had a mighty powerful memory but an awful poor forgettery. He did not tell a story for the sake of the anecdote, but to point a moral, to clinch a fact. I do not know a more apt illustration than that which fell from his lips the last time I ever heard him converse. We were discussing the subject of England's assistance to the South, and how, after the collapse of the Confederacy, England would find she had aided it but little, and only injured herself. He said, "That reminds me of a barber in Sangamon County. He had just gone to bed, when a stranger came along and said he must be shaved; that he had a four days' beard on his face and was going to a ball, and that beard must come off. Well, the barber reluctantly got up and dressed, and seated the man in a chair with a back so low that every time he bored down on him he came near dislocating his victim's neck. He began by lathering his face, including his nose, eyes and ears, stropped his razor on his boot, and then made a drive at the man's countenance as if he had practiced mowing in a stubble field. He made a bold swath across the right cheek, carrying away the beard, a pimple, and two warts. The man in the chair ventured the remark, 'You appear to make everything level as you go.' Said the barber, 'Yes, and if this handle don't break, I guess I'll get away with what there is there.' The man's cheeks were so hollow that the barber could not get down into the valleys with the razor, and the

ingenious idea occurred to him to stick his finger in the man's mouth and press out the cheeks. Finally he cut clear through the cheek and into his own finger. He pulled the finger out of the man's mouth, snapped the blood off it, glared at him and said, 'There, you lanterned-jawed cuss, you've made me cut my finger.'

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "England will find that she has got the South into a pretty bad scrape by trying to administer to her, and in the end she will find she has only cut her own finger."

But his heart was not always attuned to mirth, its chords were often set to strains of sadness. The slaughter in the field; the depletion in the treasury; the work of traitors in rear as well as in front; the foreign complications which arose were sometimes so overwhelming that his great soul seemed to melt. Men slandered and reviled him; they could not understand him. His wit was too keen; his logic too subtle; his statesmanship too advanced. It passed their understanding. He realized that "reproach is a concomitant to greatness as satire and invective were an essential part of a Roman triumph." He learned that in public life all hours wound—the last one kills. But throughout these periods of gloom he never lost the courage of his convictions; he never took counsel of his fears. When hope was fading, when courage was failing, when he was surrounded on all sides by doubting Thomases, by unbelieving Saracens, by discontented Catilines, as the Danes destroyed the hearing of the war horses in order that they might not be affrighted by the din of battle, so Abraham Lincoln turned a deaf ear to all doubts and despondency, and exhibited an unwavering and unbounded faith in the justice of the cause and the integrity of the Union. His was a faith which saw a bow of promise in every storm cloud; which saw in the discords of the present the harmonies of the future; a faith

that can be likened only unto the faith of the Christian in his God.

Men learn little in this world from precept; they learn much from example. "The best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men." It is said that for 300 years after the battle of Thermopylæ, every child in the public schools of Greece was required to recite from memory each day the names of the three hundred immortal martyrs that fell in the defense of that Pass. It would be a crowning triumph in patriotic education, if every school child in America could be taught each day to contemplate the grand character and utter the inspiring name of Abraham Lincoln. Singular Man! No one can lessen the measure of his fame; no one can pluck a single laurel from his brow. Marvelous man! In all the annals of history, we fail to find another whose life was so peaceful, whose nature was so gentle, and yet who was called upon to marshal the armed hosts of an aroused people; to direct and control the uprising of an entire nation, and for four long years to conduct a fierce, a bloody, a relentless fratricidal war. In the annals of all history, we fail to find another whose training was of the cabinet, not the camp, yet who died a more heroic death.

Seldom has it fallen to the lot of man to strike the shackles from the limbs of bondmen, and proclaim liberty to a race by a single stroke of the pen. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of man to die the death of an honored martyr with his robes of office still about him, with his laurels fresh upon his brow, at the moment of the restoration of his country to peace within her borders and to peace with all the world.

We buried him, not in Roman Pantheon; not in a domed St. Paul's; not in an historic Westminster. We gave him still nobler sepulchre. We laid him to rest in the bosom of the soil his efforts

had saved. That tomb shall henceforth be the true Mecca of all true sons of the Republic; future ages will pause to read the inscription on its portals, and the prayers and the praises of a redeemed and regenerated people will rise from that grave as incense rises from holy places, pointing out even to the angels in heaven where rest the ashes of him who had filled to the very full the largest measure of human greatness.

He has passed from our view. We shall not meet him again till he stands forth to answer to his name at rollcall, when the great of earth are summoned on the morning of the last great reveille. Till then, farewell, gentlest of all spirits, noblest of all hearts! A child's simplicity was mingled with the majestic grandeur of your nature. You have handed down unto a grateful people the richest legacy which man can leave to man—the memory of a good name, the inheritance of a great example!

THE FOURTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1890

Address of

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM

SHELBY MOORE CULLOM

Senator Cullom was born in Wayne Co., Ky., 1829. After an academic education he commenced the practice of law at Springfield, Ill. He served in the Illinois Legislature, 1856, 1860-61, 1872, 1873-4. He was a member of Congress, 1865-71; Governor of the State of Illinois 1876-83, and U. S. Senator from Illinois since 1883.

ADDRESS OF

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Republican Club of the City of New York: I esteem it a great honor to be present on this occasion, and a still greater honor to be called upon to respond to the announcement just made by your president.

How true the utterance of the matchless Shakespeare of the Old World when applied to immortal Lincoln of the New! "The elements were so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man.'" His life was gentle, pure, noble, and courageous; and from his early manhood all who knew him were ready to say of him, "This is a man." The name of Lincoln, Mr. President and gentlemen, has been to me as a household word from my very earliest recollection. He was the friend of my father in my early boyhood, and I am proud to believe that he was my friend for many years before his death. I knew him somewhat in the sacred circle of his family. I knew him in the ordinary walks of life. I knew him as a practising lawyer at the bar. I knew him at the hustings as a public speaker and debater. I knew him as President of the United States, in that period in our history when men's souls were tried, and when the life of our nation seemed to be suspended as by a thread. In the home circle he was gentle, affectionate, and true. In the ordinary walks of life he was plain, simple, and generous; a perfect type, so far as men can be, of all that makes a worthy citizen of a

great Republic. At the bar he was conscientious, fair, powerful, and he seldom failed to gain his cause against the most able legal antagonists.

On the platform of debate he had few, if any, equals in this or any other country.

Mr. President, the world has had few such men as Abraham Lincoln. He was of gentle nature, great in heart, in head, and in deed. As a political leader he was actuated in his movements by strong convictions of duty, and had great power in convincing people of the righteousness of his cause. No man could stand in his presence and hear him without feeling sure of the honesty of his purposes and declarations, or of the strength of his arguments in behalf of whatever cause he championed. I have heard him often. I heard several of the famous debates between him and the great Douglas. I heard his great speech in which he uttered, I may say, that immortal declaration, that a house divided against itself cannot stand. It must be all one thing or the other; and I do not believe that an address was ever delivered in this country that produced a more profound and lasting impression upon the minds of the people of the country than this.

As Chief Magistrate of the nation, he was wise and prudent. He lived to witness that foul blot of slavery, which gave the lie to the Declaration of Independence, swept away. He was the savior of the Union and the liberator by his own hand of four millions of slaves.

Great-hearted patriot, and martyr to the cause of union and liberty, how we honor your name and your memory to-night! You fought a good fight. You finished your work. The world is better for your having lived in it, and it will call you blessed as long as the love of liberty shall dwell in the soul of humanity, which will be as long as time shall last upon the earth.

Mr. President, if I may be allowed to say it, Abraham Lincoln was given to the nation by Illinois. It seems to me but yesterday that I felt the warm grasp of his hand, and saw him leave his home at the capital of his state, where I have the honor of residing, to enter upon a larger field of usefulness at the capital of the nation, where he won immortality and died with a martyr's crown of glory upon his brow.

Never was a nobler man born of woman, and never throbbed a purer heart in human breast. The distinguished of the Old World, proud of their claims of long descent, may sneer at his humble birth; but, in my estimation, he was one of the greatest of men.

I do not know, fellow-citizens, but you may think me too partial toward that great man; but I have read his speeches, have seen him in the common walks of life, walked with him, as my friend here said, upon the streets, heard him talked about ever since I was ten years old, and I have deliberately come to the conclusion that no man has ever existed on the American continent superior to Abraham Lincoln.

By his consummate statesmanship he saved the republic from the evils of anarchy, and with self-denying patriotism refused to assume almost regal power when it was within his reach. He educated public opinion until it became ready to endorse what he knew to be right, and what wise statesmanship demanded at his hands.

Fellow-citizens, if you will think of his career as Chief Magistrate of the nation in that period of national peril, you will agree with me that his course and wisdom were such as to lead the people, and teach them as though he taught them not, and then he did what the country was ready to have done.

While Abraham Lincoln had not the advantages of a scholastic education, yet he fully appreciated and understood the beautiful

in sentiment and diction, and no man has uttered more elegant language and tender words, touching the hearts of humanity, than he. To me his utterances were both powerful and elegant, and I would rather be the author of that great paper by which he gave freedom to four millions of slaves than be the author of the poems of Homer or the plays of Shakespeare. He was the savior of the Union, but though he did live to see the power of the Rebellion broken, he did not live to see the authority of the Union established in all the rebellious States. He was permitted to go up into Mount Nebo and to catch a glimpse of the promised land of the restored Union, but his weary feet were not allowed to cross the border that separated it from the wilderness of Civil War. In the very moment of victory he was robbed of life by the cruel hand of a traitorous assassin, and his body was brought back amid the lamentations of a whole nation—even his foes giving to his merit the meed of tears—to find its last resting place in the soil of Illinois. As I gazed for the last time upon his face on the solemn occasion, sad and gentle in death as it had been in life, I thanked God that the good that he had done would live after him and give his name in honor to story and to song.

It is said that the story of every human life, if rightly told, may be a useful lesson to those who survive. There are none whose lives teach to Americans or to the world a grander or more profitable lesson than the life of Abraham Lincoln. The study of his life leads to private and public virtue; to correct ideas of our relations to each other; and to moral courage to stand by our convictions.

Lincoln was a child of Providence, raised up in a period in our history when there was need of such a man. A pioneer raised in a cabin, laboring with his hands, acquainted with the woods and

fields, he communed with nature in all its beauty and grandeur as it voiced itself to the quiet man of destiny. He was a martyr to the cause of union and liberty, a noble victim to duty.

To repeat the sentiment embodied in the announcement of the President, "The fight must go on," and I am glad to the very bottom of my heart that I have the honor of standing in the presence of a great assembly of intelligent, earnest Republicans, who will join in that sentiment when I say that the fight must go on. "The cause of liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats." Such words uttered by Lincoln, gave evidence of his convictions to duty. "Yes," said he, "I will speak for freedom against slavery so long as the Constitution of our country guarantees free speech; until everywhere in this broad land the sun shall shine, the wind shall blow, and the rain shall fall upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil."

Mr. President and gentlemen, the fight must go on in favor of liberty and justice to the people of all classes, colors, and conditions in our country until every man in all this broad land shall stand equal before the law, in civil and political rights, equal in fact and equal in law, with no system of intimidation at elections, or fraudulent counting when the polls are closed.

The fight must go on, and no surrender at the end of one or one hundred defeats, until honest elections are secured everywhere in this country.

The fight must go on until merciless monopolists are subordinated, and the interests of the great body of the people are carefully regarded.

The fight must go on until trusts and combinations, prompted by greed and inordinate avarice, shall be broken up.

The fight must go on until the mission of the Republican party, founded by Lincoln and his compeers, shall have been fully accomplished in the destruction of all barriers to perfect equality in the civil and political rights of all the people of the country.

Gentlemen, how glorious the results of the great culminating struggle in which Lincoln was the mighty leader on the side of liberty! Did you ever reflect upon the consequences of a divided Union? Thanks to Lincoln, the great leader; and to that wise statesman, William H. Seward of New York, another great leader of the Republican party; and to my distinguished friend—and I am proud to have him here in your presence to-night—the gallant pathfinder and hero of the late war, General Fremont; and to Grant, that silent man; and to Sherman; and to Sheridan and Thomas; and to Hancock, the gallant leader; and to my dearest friend of latter days, the gallant John A. Logan; and to the great army of patriots whom they and others commanded in the struggle for national life, the dissolution of the Union was not accomplished.

How we are blessed as a nation! No standing army worth the name. No royal dynasty in this country. Fellow-citizens, in a little while every nation on the American continent, I trust, will be in full sympathy with each other, from the frozen regions of the North to the lower peninsula of the South. The people sovereign. No danger from foreign foe. Surrounded by the two oceans, the lakes, and the gulf. What an opportunity to build up the greatest nation the world ever saw!

A career of unprecedented glory awaits this nation. Slavery gone. Secession banished, I trust for all time. No gloomy clouds to obscure the light. "Let the mystic chords of memory swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they

will be, by the better angels of our nature," and let us as citizens study and imitate the life and character of Lincoln, in its devotion to liberty, in the hope that the great principle for which Lincoln lived and died shall preserve this country as the purest and best country on the face of the globe.

THE FIFTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1891

Address of

REV. H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

HEMAN LINCOLN WAYLAND, D.D.

Dr. Wayland was a well known clergyman, educator and editor. He was born in Providence, R. I., 1830, and graduated from Brown University in 1849. The following year he studied at Newton Theological Institute, and in 1854 entered the Baptist ministry. His first pastorate was the Main Street Baptist Church, at Worcester, Mass. He enlisted at the outbreak of the Civil War, and served three years as chaplain of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers. He became Professor of Rhetoric and Logic at Kalamazoo College, and later, president of Franklin College. From 1872-94 he was editor of the "National Baptist" of Philadelphia, Pa. He was also engaged in other editorial work and was an extensive magazine contributor on sociological and educational topics. He was an ardent advocate of Civil Service reform, and an able public speaker. He died in 1898.

ADDRESS OF

REV. H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Republican Club: You have assigned me a difficult task. You bid me speak of the virtues of Abraham Lincoln and the debt due him from posterity; and I suppose that you expect me to be through before the rising of the sun. Now, if you had asked me to speak of the private and civic virtues of Aaron Burr, if you had bidden me speak of the iron resolution and uncalculating patriotism of James Buchanan, of the nobleness and magnanimity of the sympathy extended us in our hour of trial by the nations of the Old World, I could have finished the subject far within fifteen minutes, and have had twenty minutes to spare!

Was Abraham Lincoln a great man? History is very apt to ask about a man, "What did he do?" As the executive head of the nation and as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, he carried the country through the most gigantic war of modern times, to the achievement of a complete and unsurpassed victory. He restored the union of the states, and re-established the national authority. He annihilated slavery, which had been through all history, our calamity and curse and shame and menace.

And his work was marred by no drawback. Napoleon, at the close of a career of unparalleled splendor, left his country humiliated, prostrate. Oliver Cromwell died; and the majestic work which he had done was marred, and a wave of reaction swept

over the landmarks of liberty which he had erected. But, in Lincoln's own words, "When peace came, it came to stay"; and with it came and stayed liberty, and every blessing for which the war was waged. The Proclamation of Emancipation was never revoked.

Was he a great man? It has been the happy lot of some men to achieve a great work without having to contend with obstacles. What did he overcome? How truly did he say, when thirty years ago yesterday, amid the tears and prayers of his neighbors, he left the home to which he was to return four years later, a warrior who died upon the field of victory—how truly and modestly did he say, "I leave you on an errand of national importance, attended as you are aware, with considerable difficulties." Great need had he to say to his neighbors, "I hope you will all pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." Never did a man enter upon so great a work, attended with obstacles so portentous. All through the months following his election, the enemies of the country had their way; the then President of the United States served, as a former Governer of Illinois said, "as a bread and milk poultice to bring the rebellion to a head." And Lincoln's hands were tied. At last when he took the oath, what did he find? The situation was described in a sort of parable by a letter which Lincoln himself wrote years before. A business house in the East had written asking about the resources of Mr. Brown, with whom they had some dealings. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I am well acquainted with Mr. Brown, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50 and three chairs

worth, say $1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into.

"Respectfully yours,
"A. LINCOLN."

When he came to take the inventory of the national assets he found in many a home mothers, children, affections, hopes, not to be counted by dollars. He found in the national treasury a table worth $1.50 and three chairs worth $1, which Floyd and Cobb had not carried away—because they were screwed to the floor; and he found on the south side of the national premises, a large rat hole, which, indeed, would bear looking into, for down it had vanished prosperity, honor, justice, and the national existence itself was just disappearing, when Abraham Lincoln rescued it; though strange to say, he was criticised because he grasped it by the hair of its head.

He, a country lawyer, found himself called upon to create and command an army and navy, to reorganize the national service which had become honeycombed with treason. He had to confront open enemies with steadfast opposition, to countermine the plots of secret foes, and to unite and to re-animate the often discouraged friends of liberty. He had to count upon the steadfast opposition of the classes in the Old World, and to reckon as his friends, less than half a dozen members of the House of Commons, and the plain toiling people, like the weavers of Lancashire, who, in the agonies of the cotton famine, said to the Government, "We will clem a bit longer; but you shall not array Great Britain against our brothers in America, and against him, their chief." A few years ago, when spending a Sunday in Lancashire, I could not resist the impulse to thank these heroic men for their friendship in our hours of agony; I felt that I could stoop

and kiss the ground on which those men stood. He had to contend in the Arena of International Law with the veteran publicists of England and France; and, while walking, to use his own illustration, like Blondin, upon a wire across an unfathomable abyss, he had to listen to the angry and querulous complaints of those who would urge him forward and of those who would hold him back.

We criticize him now because of the mistakes and the delays. We could achieve the same results at much less cost, in much less time. Perhaps, yes; because he broke out the path. As well might the summer tourist who crosses the ocean inside of six days, criticize Columbus for the tediousness and deviousness of his voyage, or the men of the Mayflower, because they were ninety days from the old Plymouth to the new.

It demands much more greatness to be the constitutional ruler of a free nation in time of peril than to be an absolute monarch. The autocrat consults no one. He simply says: "So I will; so I order," as the Czar of the Russias marked out the course of the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, by laying down a ruler and drawing a straight line on the map. That required no genius, no labor; an idiot could have done it. The labor, the ability was demanded of the engineers who followed. The magistrate of a free state has to consult public opinion. He must take, not the course that is ideally the best, but the one that will command the assent and the co-operation of the legislature, and of the people who are behind both ruler and congress. He must argue, he must explain, he must pacify, he must win; and all this often at the expense of that promptness and secrecy which is the life and soul of success in war. Nowhere does the greatness of Mr. Lincoln more plainly appear than in the blended

wisdom, patience, cheerfulness, kindliness, with which he gained those whose co-operation was a condition of victory.

Was he great, judged by what he said? His speeches and writings were the embodiment of compact reasoning, expressed with homely sense, inspired by humanity, radiant with patriotism. Is not he a great man who says that which no one has ever said before, but which, the moment it is said, everyone recognizes as an eternal verity? No one had said, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong"; but when he said it, every one recognized it as an axiom. If slavery is not wrong, then the words "right" and "wrong" cease to have any meaning. His words are a lesson to every young man, teaching that the secret of great speech is, to have yielded one's self to great impulses. He was not often mistaken; but certainly he erred when, in the immortal address at Gettysburg, he said, "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here." So long as men remember those immortal three days of July; so long as history records that there the rebellion reached its high-water mark, and that Gettysburg made Appomattox; so long as men shall go on a sacred pilgrimage to Round Top and Devil's Den, to the grove where Reynolds fell, and to the slope up which Pickett made his charge (glorious, but for the cause), so long shall men remember every word which he spoke, standing under the November sky of 1863, words in which human speech makes a near approach to perfection; so long men will "highly resolve that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The great historic party, which in 1860 placed at the head of its column Abraham Lincoln, and beside him the illustrious man who is your guest this evening, the party which has achieved for the Republic such great and beneficent victories as were never

achieved by any other party, might well take as its platform through all coming time the sentiments and utterances of Lincoln, adapted to the ever varying demands of the hour.

Of his greatness, we can argue from what he was. Single in aim, unselfish, patient, cheerful, not seeking personal ends, doing things most disagreeable to himself because he thought they were for the welfare of the country; appointing men to high station who were personally repugnant to him, because he thought the popular voice demanded it; sagacious, honestly shrewd, far-sighted, almost unerring in his judgment of events and of men—his character was a great part of the strength of the national cause, was another army re-enforcing the Army of the Potomac. If he had shown in the smallest degree petulance, avarice, fraud, personal ambition, it would have been a greater calamity than ten defeats like Chancellorsville. The concentration of effort, the unity of purpose, which, under a monarchy, would have been secured by force, came to him solely through the confidence which gradually he won. "I have seen," says the most brilliant of American essayists, "I have seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character."

He had a wise generosity toward his lieutenants. You remember that Louis XIV stayed safely in his palace while a siege was being carried on, until the general reported to him that it was absolutely certain that the beleaguered city must fall within a certain time; and then the Grand Monarch would set out in state for the camp, and would arrive just in time to receive the surren-

dered keys; and his flatterers said, "Turenne failed sometimes, and Luxembourg sometimes; but victory always waits upon the steps of His Sacred Majesty." And so he pocketed the glory, which of right belonged to the planning general and the toiling soldier. But never a man gave more generous tribute of praise than Lincoln bestowed upon every one who was enlisted in the national cause; and so, like begetting like, it came about that never ruler had more noble and uncalculating devotion than he from the great-souled army, and especially from those two unparalleled leaders, one of whom, five years ago last August, was borne with more than royal honors to his grave in the metropolis which he loved. The other—how can I trust myself to speak of him?—peerless captain, unsullied patriot, a thunderbolt on the field of battle, in peace the gentlest of men, the most loving of friends, laden with the gratitude, the reverence, the love of a nation, the first citizen of the republic, lingers between life and death, ready, when the bugle sounds the recall to join the army of the immortals. May a kindly Providence still spare him to us and lengthen out the golden sunset of his honored day.

It seems to be a demand of human nature that every great cause shall somewhat incarnate itself in a person and a name; and so the name of Lincoln came to be, to America, and to all the world, the rallying cry, the embodiment of the idea of Liberty and Union. Those who sneeringly spoke of the Boys in Blue as "Lincoln's hirelings," spoke more wisely than they knew. "Hirelings" they were not; but they were "Lincoln's" just as truly as the best soldiers that ever trod the soil of Great Britain were "Cromwell's" Ironsides.

Lincoln was great in that he knew his bounds, and attempted nothing which would lead to ruin.

I cannot call a man great who is not a whole man. Napoleon,

colossal upon the intellectual side, had not even the rudimentary organs of a moral nature. He was a great half-man. A semicircle is not a circle, even though it have a radius of a million miles. In our hero the soul matched the intellect.

He was a leader, always in front, yet never so far in advance as to lose his hold upon those who followed. He did not, like a too progressive locomotive, dash ahead and break the coupling and leave the train stalled and helpless.

His vast common sense gave him the grasp of principles and made him a master, alike in diplomacy and in war, in everything that did not depend upon arbitrary technicalities.

He was born great, and he became great. He was great when, at the age of twenty-two, seeing in the Crescent City, a slave woman flogged, he, an obscure flat-boatman on the Mississippi, said, "If ever I get a chance at that institution, I will hit it hard." He was great when he was hardly known beyond Sangamon County. After he became prominent in the nation, Richard Fletcher, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, said to Francis Wayland (from whom I have the incident), "Years ago I had some correspondence with him on a legal matter; and he reminded me more of John Marshall than any one with whom I have ever conferred." He was great, when disregarding the counsels of timid friends, on the 17th of June, 1858, in his speech accepting the nomination for Senator, he said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." But he grew, and especially during those four years when men lived fast. From the cautious conservator of the Fugitive Slave Law to the author of the Emancipation Proclamation, from the inaugural address of 1861 to that of 1865, there is a progress such as has rarely been measured by mortal man. What men call his inconsistency was in reality only his growth.

He was the typical American. He was the product of our soil. In forming him, Nature

> Chose sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexhausted West;
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
> Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

It will always be the glory of America that she offers a career to such men as Lincoln and Grant, who, in monarchical or aristocratic States, could never have risen to the destiny for which they were created. He was the typical American; not Washington; Washington was the product of the monarchy under which he was born, and, in spirit, belonged to the Old World. Is it possible to think of Washington, in a public address, asking, "Shall we carry on the war with an elder stalk squirt charged with rose-water?" Is it possible to think of Washington, at midnight, dancing about in his chamber, with long, lean legs protruding from a somewhat abbreviated night-gown, as Lincoln did when Stanton carried to him the news from Gettysburg? General Washington would have arrayed himself in full regimentals before receiving the tidings; or, he would have said, "Mr. Stanton, I shall be at the President's office to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, if you have any important communication to make."

Andrew Jackson was born under a monarchy; anybody might know that; and he believed devoutly in the divine right of His Imperial Majesty, the Czar, Andrew the First.

Lonely and sorrowful in his life, Lincoln was fortunate in his death. Years could have added nothing to his fame. Wolfe, had he lived a hundred years, could never again have fought a battle which gave a continent to the English-speaking race. Nelson,

had he sailed the seas for many a year, could never again have found a fleet of the enemy to annihilate; nor could Mr. Lincoln, by any possibility, have had the opportunity to carry his country through another war for the national existence, nor was there another race waiting to be emancipated. When there remained nothing that earth could give, God himself bestowed the honor which He reserves for only a few of his most beloved children, the crown of martyrdom; and "he went up to heaven" (as O'Connell grandly said of Wilberforce), "bearing three million broken fetters in his hands."

History has long ago pronounced its award. Venerated by his countrymen, worshipped by the race which he freed, honored by those who had been his sharpest critics, his name is a spell to charm with through the civilized world, calling sleeping nations into life, awakening hope in the burdened and oppressed. Patiently he waited for victory in life; and it came. Patiently he has waited for recognition in death; and it has come. History is slow in its advances; but it arrives.

Those men, if I may call them men, who jeered at him as an uncouth backwoodsman, a boor, a clown, a baboon, a gorilla—where are they to-day? Oblivion searches for them in vain; while he, reversing the laws of nature, grows larger and more distinct as he withdraws into history.

> He knew to bide his time,
> And can his fame abide,
> Still patient, in his simple faith sublime
> Till the wise years decide.
> Great captains, with their guns and drums,

(and, I may venture to add, some captains not so very great, who have only drums, who have left their guns at home,)

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour;
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

THE SIXTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1892

Address of

REV. G. E. STROBRIDGE, D.D.

GEORGE E. STROBRIDGE

Dr. Strobridge was pastor of the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, located at West Fourth Street, New York City. He has retired from the ministry. As a preacher and writer he was well known.

ADDRESS OF

REV. G. E. STROBRIDGE, D.D.

Mr. President, Members of the Republican Club and Gentlemen: I would be glad to have you all understand that I feel that I am at present undertaking a large contract. If you had asked me in the brief space of some twenty minutes allotted traditionally to an after-dinner speech, to tell you how much the Cleveland Democrats loved the Hill Democrats, I could get through in the time and have still space to tell just about how much time Senator Hill has spent at Washington. And, indeed, I would still have a margin out of the twenty minutes to take you up in thought to Albany and allow you to listen to the serenade given to the Democratic majority by the sweet-faced Mugwumps; but to ask any one to do justice to this great subject in this limited time is like trying with a pocketknife to cut down one of the great pines of California. I have a fancy that you will think when I get through the sermon has broken down under the text. There is a line which some of us that possibly visit the churches a little more than some of the rest of us—have heard occasionally, "Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song." I have a fancy that you will forget presently both the singer and the song in this instance. But at all events, I ask you to remember what I say, for the sake of the subject I have. If you don't recall much of what I say, please to observe that I have undertaken at least to speak about a great name.

Macaulay, in one of his spasms of asperity, breaks out with this remark: "The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle." There are many who will think that this observation is as unfair as it is caustic. But, however that may be, you, Mr. President, in announcing this toast, have just pronounced a name which has always and everywhere a spell to charm the multitude, because it is a great name! a name which dignifies us in its utterance, because it is of itself a badge of nobility! a name which stirs always a whirl of enthusiasm, because it stands for the incarnation of the most important principles that ever roused a great nation to action or led humanity to an advance movement!—the name of Abraham Lincoln, "the war President, statesman, patriot; the great and good man!"

Truth was the pole-star of his mind. His one concern was to be guided by it. The right was the only oracle at which he made any inquiries. His utterance was free from confusion, because his thought was unmixed with any falsehood. When he spoke, you recall the maxim, "The clear is the true."

His mental processes were all logical, and his conclusions were rightfully his, because he had travelled in thought all the way up to them. With him action was the response to reason rather than the product of passion. He could deliberate when smaller and excited minds insisted upon action, but no difficulties could discourage nor dangers deter his action when its hour and opportunity had arrived.

Because he reached his conclusions by these legitimate processes and knew that he was right, he was absolutely immovable in his firmness, and stood amid storms of persuasion like a rock amid the hissing but helpless spray. His judgment was of the forecasting sort. Beneath his sombre but never stern brow, his calm and

sometimes sad eye took in long reaches of time, and this country has not yet outgrown his predictions.

Great, however, as he was in mind, he was equally great in heart. Adversity found him always braced and steadied by an unflinching fortitude. Justice to him was sacred as the presence of the Deity itself. However men might differ in other respects, all were equal in their claim upon justice. To make him conscious of an unjust act would have been to make him conscious of exquisite pain.

He was "Honest Abe" before he became President Lincoln. And it is to the credit of the American people that it was largely because he was the first that he became the second. When postmaster at a little cross-road village, he brings forth the old leather bag and counts out in triumph to the inspector the last cent due to the government. He dismisses untouched any lawsuit in which truth declines to be his client. And, as a principle which it were well for every tempted lawyer to observe, he has left this aphorism: "The law never sanctions cheating and a lawyer must be very smart indeed who can twist it so that it will seem to do so."

His heart would swim sometimes to the surface in tears, as over the untimely death of Ellsworth. His tenderness made him attentive to little children, and moved him to leave his busy desk and hasten to visit the soldier under sentence of death, talk lovingly with him and rescue him from his terrible fate. When but a stripling, having landed a flat-boat in New Orleans, he chanced to witness an auction in that city, and he said: "My heart bled at seeing that family separated and sold. My God! if ever I get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard." That was the first sentence of the Emancipation Proclamation, given out years before the official document was issued. That proclamation broke

upon the shore-line of history in clanging bells, falling fetters and shouts of free men. But the wave started far back there in New Orleans; it began as a silent swell out in the midocean of Lincoln's great heart.

He was an unselfish man. Wielding almost unlimited power, no one suffered wantonly at his hands or from a personal motive. At the opening of his second administration, he said, "While I am deeply sensible of the high compliment of a re-election, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result." At the opening of his first administration, when he might have justly dismissed William H. Seward from his cabinet because of an offensive note, he magnanimously chose to judge the man not by his mistakes, but by his merits—he rescued him from political suicide and gave him the opportunity to win, as he did, a first place among the great secretaries. When his irrevocable decision to accept Mr. Chase's resignation was announced, he said, "And yet there is not another man in the Union who would make as good a Chief Justice as Chase. And if I have the opportunity I will make him Chief Justice of the United States." He was as good as his word, the occasion came, he promptly honored it, and the man who had apparently sought to annoy the President and disturb the country at a critical moment, is by the grace of that same President sent down into history decorated with the ermine of the chief court of the world. Magnanimity could mount no higher, never had it worn a nobler crown!

The patience of Mr. Lincoln was phenomenal. It was not the quiet of torpidity or indifference, but it was the masterful control of powers throbbing with activity. He could command himself. He could bide his time. He could and always did stop on the safe side of the premature. But when patience had fulfilled

her mission, then restraint was changed to aggressive energy, and might became force. Thus it was he could wait without complaining while McClellan was delaying, but after that he could move like a thunderbolt when Grant was advancing.

As we look back now to those years thickened over with clouds and shot with streaks of blood we say: What man of all the world could have guided so safely this nation? A man he was whose faith in eternal principles was unfailing. Listen, above the storm we hear his voice in these clarion words—"Let us have faith that right makes right and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." When the night is blackest, we may harken at the door of his private thought and hear him say:

"My soul be true!
Though on the shrine of truth the blaze
Shed in the dark its dying rays.
Keep though thy vigil, in such ways
The Heavens smile on you."

Thank God! his soul was true. He did keep his sleepless vigil. And therefore not only did the Heavens smile on him, but the clouds rolled back, the long night ended, and as on no other people the Heavens also smiled on us!

This is the man to whom we are happy to-night to pay high honors, great in mind, great also in heart, an all-around great man. His character was not a bulge, it was a circle. His greatness was not an eccentricity, it was a symmetry. Its lines were not an hyperbola chasing away from the center, but the sweep of a magnificent circumference around which the sturdy virtues march and within which the gentler graces sing!

What he said and did was in keeping with what he was. Words falling from his letters, addresses, messages and proclamations will be texts for freedom and humanity in all languages down to the end of time. And a nation saved from ruin, man's capacity for self-government established beyond all debate, the rupture of the Union of these States forever distanced in the march of events, every star snatched out of the eclipse of secession and planted to shine again in the congenial blue of the flag, a race rescued from bondage, slavery eternally impossible on this continent—all these are accomplished facts, compacts made with all time, and each one signed by the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Not only has his work been so done that it never can go back, but it must advance and has steadily gone forward. The pen that wrote the Emancipation Proclamation was lifted and pointed like a prophet's staff to the Constitutional amendments that gave citizenship and franchise to the race but lately wearing chains, and it is still pointing to the yet unfinished legislation which will make the black man's suffrage secure against bribery, menace or fraud. Wonderful man that he was! Out of the quiet of his Illinois home he stepped upon the pivotal point in this nation's history, turned it into another course, and sent it bowling along the upward path of progress with such a momentum that the little men and diminished politicians who venture to stay its career will receive the simple consideration of being ground to dust and dashed aside.

And in all this he was our own Lincoln! In our deliverer we borrowed nothing from alien lands. The stream of his ancestry had parted with foreign shores so far back that it had shaken itself entirely free from the sediment of monarchical ideas, and had run itself pure in freedom's healthy soil. Slavery and disunion

were an American problem, and it was worked out to right results in the American way, and by the greatest American of them all.

He, the most honored son of this century, has raised in this land the standard of manhood. Go stand in front of St. Gaudens' matchless bronze, and you will think and rightly think that it ought to be more than ever mean and difficult and unmanly in this country to be dishonest, because he was honest; cruel because he was tender; selfish because he was magnanimous; hasty because he was patient; despotic because he was just; despondent because his faith never failed.

We may tarry to notice briefly one more lesson taught by this life and death, and that is, Sacrifice is ever the one price of liberty and progress. He who lives to-day may declare,

> "I am the owner of the sphere,
> Of the Seven Stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of the Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

But we are not to forget what it cost of struggle, agony, and death to secure all these for us. John Brown said that he was worth more to hang than for anything else, and it is not aside from the truth to add that the rope with which he was strangled was needed to drag the car of our nation's progress out of the mire of conservatism and compromise, and whirl it along its present rapid and brilliant path. The world gets a new uplift whenever some manly life is bit off by the feverish jaws of sacrifice. Over a soldier's grave on one of the Southern battlefields was found this inscription:

> "Whether on the tented field,
> Or in the battle's van,
> The fittest place for man to die
> Is where he dies for man."

This is true and has always been true all the way from Hermann, the German liberator in the first century, to Lincoln, the American liberator in the nineteenth century. He willingly lost his life for a great cause; he fell the last and sufficient offering into the gulf of civil war. The chasm closed. The war is over! There is no dispute now save the honorable strife between the ardent sons of the South and the stalwart sons of the North, as to which shall hasten first to the defense of the common flag.

Abraham Lincoln's work is done; it is well done; it can never be undone. We say of him as Carlyle said in closing his essay on Goethe, "Vixit, vivit!" "He has lived, he still lives."

From out the west, of broadening plain
Where skies bend low o'er wavering grain
Our Leader came, unmarred from nature's mould,
In honor clear, in truth and conscience bold.

A broken State he caught in giant hands,
And bound it fast in blood-cemented bands.
The Union's safe, forever safe! and more,
This land is free from shore to shore!

Each man's a man, no serfs or chattels here,
Brows black as well as white God's image bear.
No lash now falls when unpaid toilers lag,
All stripes are laid alone upon our flag.

It bears those gleaming lines of red,
To show how heroes died in others' stead;
And Lincoln's blood flows there, the price
Of freedom's costly sacrifice.

THE SEVENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 11, 1893

Address of

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

Colonel Ingersoll was born in Dresden, N. Y., 1833, but spent his boyhood in Wisconsin and Illinois. He practised law in Illinois. In 1866 he was appointed Attorney-General of Illinois, and in 1876 won national fame as an orator in a speech in the Republican National Convention, nominating James G. Blaine. For many years he was noted as a cultured and powerful opponent of the Christian religion and most of his lectures and books had this origin. Among the latter were, "The Gods," "Some Mistakes of Moses," "Prose Poems," etc.

ADDRESS OF

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Club: Abraham Lincoln, the genius of goodness, strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle, just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all and over all were an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all great historical characters are impossible monsters, distorted by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. To these great oaks there clings but little of the soil of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who loved, and lived, and hated, and schemed, and fought, we know but little; the glass through which we look at him is of such huge magnifying power that the features have grown exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines in Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mould so that he may be known, not as he really was, but as they think he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone. He had no ancestors, he had no fellows, and he has no successors.

How can we account for this great man? First of all, he had the advantage of living in a new country of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope.

He preserved his individuality; his mental independence; his self-respect.

He knew and mingled with men of every kind—and, after all, men are the best books—he became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought.

He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common every-day facts. He loved and appreciated nature, the poem of the year, the beautiful drama of the seasons. In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—at least three—honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society cultivation is often more important than soil, and a well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society, to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is often sufficient. In a new country they find out what a man really is; in the old he is apt to pass for what he resembles.

People only separated by distance are much nearer together than those divided by walls of caste. After all, it is of no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and where failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chains. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and the setting sun. You become acquainted with the stars and with the

clouds. The constellations become your friends. You hear the rain on the roof, and you listen to the sigh of the wind. You are thrilled by that resurrection called Spring; you are touched and saddened by Autumn, the curse and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape, every landscape is a poem; every flower is a tender thought, and every forest is a fairy land. In the country you preserve your identity, your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation. In the country you keep your cheek close to the breast of nature. You are calmed and ennobled by the space, the amplitude and scope of earth and sky, and you are ennobled by the constancy of the stars.

Lincoln never finished his education. He was a learner. To the night of his death, a pupil, an inquirer after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called finishing their education.

I have sometimes thought that many colleges were places where pebbles were polished and diamonds were dimmed, and I have often thought, with fear, suppose Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

Lincoln was a perfectly natural man. He was also a great lawyer, and why? There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is sword and shield.

Lincoln understood the nature of man, and as a lawyer he always endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of the case. He was not willing to deceive himself, no matter what his interests said, what his passion demanded. He was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to decide and pronounce judgment against his own desire.

He was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears,

complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light, and his words, candid as the mirror, gave the perfect image of his thought.

He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to learn, never too dignified to admit that he did not know, and no man born beneath our flag had keener wit or kinder humor.

I have sometimes thought that humor is the pilot of reason.

People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side. Humor stands in the mind like a sceptre, a good-natured critic and gives its opinion before judgment is pronounced. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason and of genius. In anger, reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch of the mind. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell what we wish to hear. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy. Solemnity is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning of a stupid.

Lincoln was natural in his life and thought. He was the master of the story-teller's art; in illustrations apt; in applications perfect. Liberal in speech, shocking pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It cannot be taught. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and that candor often deceived the deceitful.

He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant, that is to say without bigotry and with-

out deceit. He was an orator, clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought, and if you wish to be sublime you must be natural. You must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart. Above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech, too much polish suggests insincerity. The great orator idolizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate thrill and throb, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures, perfect in form and color; brings to light the gold hoarded by memory, the miser shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift. Hope enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, quickens the conscience, between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and elocutionist, between what is felt and what is said, between what the heart and brain can do together, and what the brain can do alone, read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten, it will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionist believes in the virtues of voice, the sublimity of syntax; the majesty of long sentences and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural, and he places thought and feeling above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words. He knows that a great idea is like a great statue, and he knows that the greater the statue the less drapery it needs.

Let me read from this beautiful souvenir a few lines of what I call sculptured speech, and these words are as applicable to-day in many of the States of this Union as when they were first uttered. Let me read:

"And when by all these means you have succeeded in humanizing the negro, when you have put him down and made it impossible for him to be but as the beast of the field; when you have extinguished his soul in this world, and placed him where the ray of hope is blown out as in the darkness of the damned, are you quite sure that the demon you have roused will not turn and rend you? What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlement, our bristling seacoast, our army and our navy.

"These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of these may be turned against us without making us weaker for the struggle.

"Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defence is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere.

"Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors. Familiarize yourselves within the bondage and you prepare your own limbs to wear them."

Lincoln was an immense personality. Firm, but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism; firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously, and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself and for that reason lenient with others. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a nobleman, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers one hundred dollars and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected of making a display of wealth, of a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth

of goodness even to the best he knew, a great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean. By his candor, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible but popular to be natural, to be true.

He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectful, of the cold and formal. He wore no official robes either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different from what he really was. He had the unconscious naturalness of nature's self. He built upon a rock. It did not satisfy him to have other people think he was right. He wanted to think that he was right. He built upon a rock, and the foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose, and through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, with malice toward none, and with charity for all, with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. There was no cloud in his brain. There was no hate in his heart. Stone after stone was made, until at last the proclamation found its place, and on that the goddess now stands. He knew others because he was perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, everything for principle, and to the great man, place is only an opportunity for doing good. He cared nothing for money, but everything for independence.

When no principle was involved, he was easily swayed, willing to go slowly if in the right direction. Sometimes willing to stop, but he wouldn't go back, and he wouldn't go wrong.

He was willing to wait. He knew slavery had defenders, but no defense. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither great, rich, nor poor, nor small. They were right or wrong.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real, that which is beyond accident, policy, compromise and war, he saw the end.

He was patient as destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face. Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is very easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity, but if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test.

It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase it, power could not awe this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices, he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from the dead.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

THE EIGHTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1894

Address of

BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Newman was bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church from 1888 till his death. He was born in New York, 1826. He received his education at Cazenovia Seminary, studied theology and entered the Methodist Episcopal ministry in 1849. The years 1850-1887 covered pastorates in Hamilton, N. Y.; Albany, N. Y.; New York City, and Washington, D. C.; the foundation of schools, conferences and colleges; extensive travel (Palestine and Egypt, 1860-1); the chaplainship of the Senate, 1869-74; and consular work, 1874-6. He was noted as a pulpit orator and lecturer, and as the author of many books, among them "From Dan to Beersheba," "Christianity Triumphant," "America for Americans," "The Supremacy of Law."

ADDRESS OF

BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Republican Club of the City of New York: On this memorable occasion let us call the roll of honor, recount the great benefactors who have blessed mankind, and call up the great statesmen of the past, and you will agree with me that there is one name that is worthy of immortal renown and deserving of imperishable fame, and that name is Abraham Lincoln. Human glory is sometimes as fickle as the winds, and as transient as a summer day, but some things are fixed beyond revocation. Lincoln's place in history is assured. Empires may rise and fall; republics may be born and die. Liberty may be a homeless wanderer among the tribes of men, but so long as men shall revere wisdom and admire patriotism and love liberty, so long will they recall his illustrious name with acclamations of gratitude and delight.

He has all the symbols of the world's admiration, embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogized in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on the canvas, loved in the hearts of his countrymen, and alive in the memories of mankind, he is destined to live among the few mortals God has ordained into immortality thereunto.

Some men are eminent while living, but their memory passes from the vision of the world because their words and deeds are of little worth to history, their fame is buried with them largely

because their mission was limited and transient, because the world had taken possession of greater thoughts, because documents have been discovered that revealed their selfishness. The sun of many a conspicuous man has gone down while yet it is day; but Lincoln's fame can never suffer from either of these causes, for his life mission was this great country, and vast as humanity and enduring as time; and it is not possible, gentlemen, that any thought can occupy the mind of humanity greater than obedience to law in opposition to rebellion, or greater than freedom or liberty in opposition to slavery.

Knowing him as we did in private ways and public walks, amid the sanctities of home and the duties of the presidential chair, in social correspondence and in public utterances, the grave does not contain aught against his fair fame as a man, a citizen or a president. Some men are not honored by their contemporaries, benefactors of mankind though they have been. They die neglected, unsung and unmonumented, but future generations call their memories forth and embalm them in affection and gratitude. Lincoln had a three-fold greatness; great in life, great in death and great in the history of the world.

And why was he great? What had he accomplished to merit this renown? Ask the old flag that floats over a unified republic; ask this prosperous country of ours with its happy homes, its fertile fields, its metallic mines and mineral mountains, its splendid commerce and its hitherto prosperous manufactories. Ask the Grand Army of the Republic. Ask millions of freed men advancing to a better civilization; ask the nations of the Old World who now have a profound respect for this proud and glorious country of ours.

Great men appear in groups, and in groups they disappear from the vision of the world. Isolated greatness is a stranger to our

race. Solidarity is the law of national progress. Wherever there is one who is eminently great, around him are coadjutors. Take for instance that magnificent group of historic characters in the sixteenth century—Maximilian I. and Charles V.; Francis I. and Henry VIII.; Isabella and Ferdinand; Columbus and Luther; and then as contemporaries, Napoleon in France, Wellington in England and Washington in America, and all the galaxies of glory that have been resplendent in any country. Remember that historic group of our own country, Lincoln and Grant; Seward and Chase; Stanton and Sumner; Morton and Conkling; Sherman and Sheridan; Porter and Farragut. Beat that if you can.

We are to measure Lincoln by the greatness of his associates. Some men are great because of the littleness of their surroundings. He only is great, Mr. President, who is great amid greatness, and this law of historic groupings is true of our day in piping times of peace. Genius is not aflame and greatness is not apparent; but when the crisis comes God lifts the curtain from obscurity and the man of the hour comes forth. The crisis is upon us. It reminds us of the darker days of 1860, but on the throne of the universe is the God of our fathers, and we have nothing to fear, with a Sherman in the Senate, and Reed in the House, and McKinley in Ohio, and God over all.

Our English cousins remind us of the lowliness of the birth of Mr. Lincoln, of his neglected childhood, of his terrible struggles against poverty, but we are not ashamed of the lowliness of his birth; we are proud of his greatness as illustrative in him of the possibilities of the American citizen. We never placed a premium upon neglected childhood. Of the nineteen presidents of this republic, fourteen were university men, having graduated with the highest honors, and, with two or three exceptions, all occupied a high social position from the cradle to the grave. But

I confess to you, my honored friends, that I would rather be the rail-splitter of Illinois, or the canal-boat driver of Ohio, or the tanner of Galena, and die the honored President of the United States, than to be born a royal prince and die a royal scoundrel.

Lincoln was a providential man, but he had so much humility that while he believed that God had raised him up to save a great nation and to advance the great interests of humanity, he never had pride enough to suppose that he was greater than Congress or greater than the American people. His character was strangely symmetrical; temperate but not austere; brave but not rash; constant but not stubborn; he laid caution over against hope, lest hope should be premature, and hope over against caution, lest caution should fail in the hour of dread and danger. His love of justice equaled his love of compassion; his self-abnegation found its highest expression in the welfare of the people, and his honesty was never suspected; his integrity was never questioned. The beauty of his moral character has thrown into the shade the splendor of his intellect. The time will come when the severest critic of mental philosophy and mental development will sit in judgment of admiration upon the splendid furniture of that great mind. He was a logician by nature. His terse and beautiful rhetoric rivals the utterances of the greatest orators of the past and present; and when the orations of the Roman Forum, and the Greek Bema, and the British Parliament have ceased to inspire the admiration of the scholar, Lincoln's inaugurals and his Gettysburg panegyric will excite the admiration of the critic and the scholar in all lands and under all circumstances.

We are to measure him by the obstacles he surmounted; by the results that he achieved. It is not philosophy, gentlemen, for us to judge of a man aside from his surroundings. Every age has its heroes, every crisis has its master. Every man must stand on

his own pedestal of renown. It will not do to say that Talleyrand was greater than Lincoln, or Pitt was greater. We do not know what Talleyrand would have done if he had been in Lincoln's place, or what Pitt would have done, nor do we know what Lincoln would have done had he been in the position of either. We must, therefore, judge of the man's greatness by his own surroundings, by his own age.

He entered political life amid the most virulent convulsions in the annals of time. He was in a death grapple with a people that we had as companions of a hundred years; a proud, chivalrous people with an army of the bravest soldiers, commanded by generals that were equal to the marshals of France, backed by a people that had been educated in treason and by a womanhood schooled in rebellion. Nay, more than this, in all these terrible purgatorial years through which the nation passed, his hopefulness inspired the despondency of the North when our armies were defeated in the South. He arose in supernal majesty against foes abroad and copper-head Democrats at home. You are therefore, to judge of him by these great achievements. Nay, more than this, if there is anything that places him highest in our estimation it is the singleness of his purpose as the President of the United States. He knew the philosophy, Mr. President, of a supreme thought, and that supreme thought was to maintain the Union of the United States. His guide was the Constitution. He would consent to no compromise. He would not abate one jot or tittle. He would have the Union or nothing. He would have the Union with slavery or without slavery. As a great constitutional lawyer he grasped this fundamental fact: he said the slave would be better off in the Union of the United States than in a Confederacy with a live slave for its chief corner-stone. The emancipation of slavery was a subordinate consideration with

him, and all other cognate thoughts were subordinate. But like a magnificent vision, the perpetuity of the nation arose before him and he bent all his energies for that preservation.

Would you ask for a higher or nobler standard? Remember his rare discrimination, his sagacity in selecting men to maintain that Union, to perpetuate it, which, I trust, will be perpetuated until the last syllable of recorded time. And in nothing more is the greatness of his mind displayed than in his persistent and enthusiastic support of General Grant to crush the rebellion. Jealousy and ambition were rife. Wild passions of war had given birth to a pandemonium of defamation. Grant was opposed at every upward step. He was neglected or left without command; he was maligned, and in every possible way obstacles were thrown in his path. But Lincoln stood firm by him, and these two men go down hand in hand into history amid the benedictions of a grateful people.

It is well, therefore, Republicans, that you gather here once a year around this festive board to commemorate the character of this illustrious man. Gather here to rekindle the fires of patriotism; gather here to protect the purity and the freedom of the ballot in the North and in the South. Gather here to swear by the better angels of your nature, that the Republican party shall have a new baptism of patriotism, and once more control the interests and destinies of this country. That by your voice and your energies and your patriotism you shall see to it that those great principles advocated by Mr. Lincoln shall never be neglected, and above all, that the free trade of the South shall not destroy the protected industries of the North.

THE NINTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1895

Address of

HON. JOHN M. THURSTON

JOHN MELLEN THURSTON

Ex-Senator Thurston was born in Montpelier, Vt., in 1847, but moved to Wisconsin in early boyhood. His youth was one of rugged struggle against adverse conditions in the effort to secure an education; during his college course at Wayland University, Wisconsin, he supported himself by farm work and the roughest manual labor. He was admitted to the Bar in 1869, and started practice in Omaha. He soon won prominence in local municipal affairs; became a member of the Legislature of the State of Nebraska in 1875, and U. S. Senator for Nebraska in 1895. He was Chairman of the Republican National Conventions of 1888 and 1896, and U. S. Commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition in 1901.

ADDRESS OF

HON. JOHN M. THURSTON

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen of the Republican Club: In the days of Abraham Lincoln, a deserter or a conscript was not received with favor. I am both. I enlisted for a Michigan banquet, and I find myself drafted in New York. To the charge of desertion I plead detention by imperative professional duty. As a drafted man I throw myself upon the mercy of the court. I have already disappointed one magnificent audience, and am about to disappoint another. I say it, advisedly, for you coming here to sit at the feet of a master, find only a humble disciple of that great lawyer, orator and logician, whose place upon your program no living man can adequately fill. I am from the regenerated West, where the bison and the Populist no longer bellow and cavort, where fusion is confused, and where the political ragtag and bobtail have taken to the woods. The West is once more Republican and American. Strong in the knowledge of her growing power, her coming empire, she leaves sectionalism and provincialism for those who educate their children, spend their vacations and receive their political ideas abroad. This mighty West has furnished all the Republican presidents and some of the statesmen of the country, and I assure you that the supply of raw material is not exhausted yet. We shall offer you the best we have in 1896. But the people of the West are not patriots for office. Their Republicanism does not depend upon

the location of candidates, and the nominee of the next national convention will receive the vote of every Western state in this country. We will stand by our farms and our mines, but not to the injury of the commerce or the capital of the East.

I love my State, her sturdy people, her matchless progress, her growing industries, her thriving cities, her mellow sunshine, yea, her mighty storms, but I love my country first. Nebraska put one star in the azure of the flag and New York put another, but when they took their places in that flag, they were no longer the stars of New York and Nebraska, but stars of the mightiest nation of the earth, shining for the protection and prosperity of every American citizen.

I am commissioned to-night to speak of Abraham Lincoln, the simplest, sweetest, saintliest, sublimest character of the age. Sixty million free people join with us in commemoration of his birth, yet he wielded no sceptre and wore no crown; but in his life he exercised greater powers, called into existence grander armies, and won for his country and humanity grander victories than any who preceded him upon the earth, and in his death he reached to the full stature of immortal fame.

It is not my purpose to-night to review the life of Abraham Lincoln, for that is a part of the history of our country. That history remains with all loyal men, it is emblazoned upon the nation's battle-flags; it speaks from silent lips; it lingers in the shadow of desolate lives; yea, and it blooms in beauty above the sacred dust of those who fell by river and by sea. It should be cherished in every public school; it should be preached from every Christian pulpit; it should be honored, venerated, loved, wherever liberty is dear to man.

I shall refer to-night to only one event in the public career of Abraham Lincoln, but the happening of that event was the har-

binger of a new civilization, the dawn of a new epoch in human affairs. Not long since, as I sat in a crowded court room, engaged in the trial of a case involving the title to a valuable tract of real estate, there came to the witness stand a venerable white-haired negro. Written all over his old, black face was the history of three-quarters of a century of such an existence as few persons have ever known. Born a slave, he had stood upon the auction block and been sold to the highest bidder; he had seen his wife and children dragged from his side by those who mocked his breaking heart; he bore upon his back the scars and ridges of a master's lash. When asked his age he drew himself proudly up and said: "For fifty years I was a chattel; on the first day of January, 1863, Old Uncle Abe made me a man."

The act which set that old man free was the crowning glory of Lincoln's life, for by it he not only saved a nation, but emancipated a race.

We of the Anglo-Saxon tongue are justly proud of Magna Charta, that great constitutional enactment, set up by the Barons of Runnymede against the unlimited exercise of kingly power. We are justly proud of the Declaration of Independence, that first complete written assertion of the equality of men, and the right of government by the people. The genesis of American liberty was in the Declaration of Independence, but the gospel of its new testament was written by Abraham Lincoln in the Emancipation Proclamation. And the Magna Charta of man's real freedom and equality is the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

I am a believer in the overruling providence of Almighty God. I cannot so far belittle the miracle of my own existence and the incomprehensible splendors of the universe as for a moment to believe that they came of chance. What thoughtful student of his-

tory can deny that this continent of ours has been under the guidance of an especial Providence, which kept it through all ages of early man until the civilization of the Old World had grown and expanded and was ready for transposition to the New; which put the preposterous idea of a round world into the quickened brain of the Genoese sailor; gave him courage to go from court to court until his prayer was answered by the sympathetic queen? It filled his sail with favoring breezes, stood at the helm and guided his ship aright; when he landed on the unknown strand, he had raised above him the great white cross of a Savior's love, the emblem of immortal hope.

Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, Grant; discoverer, father, preserver, hero. Did chance select them each for his glorious work so gloriously performed? Let the fool answer how he will, I prefer to see the finger of Divine design. The rail-splitter of Illinois became the President of the Republic in the darkest hour of our history. Inexperienced and untried in public affairs, he originated national policies, overruled statesmen, directed armies, removed generals, and when it became necessary to save the nation, gave a new interpretation to the Constitution of the United States. He amazed politicians and offended the leaders of his own party, but the people from whom he sprang trusted him blindly, and followed him by instinct. The child leads the blind, not by greater strength or intelligence, but by certainty of vision. Abraham Lincoln was above the clouds and stood in the clear sunshine of Heaven's indicated will.

So stands the mountain,
While the murky shadows thicken at its base;
Beset by the tempest, lashed by the storm,
Darkness and desolation on every side;

No ray of hope in the lightning's lurid lances,
No voice of safety in the crashing thunderbolt;
But high above the topmost mist,
Vexed by no wave of angry sound,
Kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars of night,
The eternal summit lifts its sunny crest,
Crowned with the infinite serenity of peace.

God said let there be light, and there was light: light on the ocean, light on the land. God said let there be light: light on Calvary, light for the souls of men. God said let there be light, and there was light: light on the Emancipation Proclamation, light on the honor of the nation, light on the Constitution of the United States, light on the black faces of patient bondsmen, light on every standard of liberty throughout the world.

Divine justice would not permit that the nation should be preserved under a Constitution which meant the perpetuation of human slavery. The careful student of that great conflict readily discovers that up to the time of the Emancipation Proclamation, the doubtful tide of battle set most strongly against the Union shore, reverse followed reverse until the boasting host of the Confederacy seemed apt to make their declaration good that they would proclaim the Confederate government from the steps of the National Capitol. But from the hour when the cause of the Union became the cause of humanity; from the hour when the flag of the republic became the flag of liberty; from the hour when its stars and stripes no longer floated above a slave; yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth, that dear banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it never wavered in their onward march to victory.

With the single exception of Chancellorsville, and that stub-

born, doubtful day at Chickamauga, no decisive field of battle was ever lost by the men who sang with double enthusiasm:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

From the Potomac to the Shenandoah, from Chattanooga to the sea, the war-worn, battle-scarred veterans took new hope, touched elbows with new courage, saw in each other's eyes a new fire. Sang with a new inspiration that glorious anthem:

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With the glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on."

The blue and the gray lie in eternal slumber side by side, heroes all; they fell face to face, brother against brother, to expiate a nation's sin. The lonely fireside, the unknown graves, the memory of the loved, the yearning for the lost, desolated altars and the broken hopes are above recall. The wings of our weak prejudices beat in vain against the iron doors of fate, and through the mingled tears, that fall alike upon the honored dead of both North and South, turn hopeful eyes to that new future of prosperity and power, only possible under the shelter of the dear old flag. To the North and South; the master and the slave; the white man and the black, Abraham Lincoln was God's providence.

What is the heritage to us? Lincoln on the immortal field of Gettysburg said, "A government of the people, by the people, for the people." A government of the people so broad that it covers land, home and liberty to the down-trodden and oppressed of all

the earth, so strong that the sheathed swords of its citizen soldiery need never again be drawn to protect it from foes without or dissensions within; so liberal that in its sky the star of every faith may find a place and by its altars individual conscience fears neither Church nor State; so well beloved that the bright bayonet does honor in every American hand, and the certain bulwark of its liberty in every American heart.

A government by the people in which the unit of political power is individual citizenship. Government of the people is organized to protect the weak against oppression by the strong, to protect the poor against unjust exaction by the rich, to protect the ignorant from the subtleties of the learned. The ballot-box is the safety of a people's government and of the United States of America. That government that will not protect its citizens in the exercise of their highest privilege of citizenship should not be permitted to cumber the earth. God's justice will mark it for destruction as it has marked other nations for lesser crimes.

What we need in this country is the Emancipation Proclamation and the stars and stripes at every polling place. We need a revival of the American flag. Let it float over every American school-house; let the true story of every American battlefield be taught in every public school. Set the stars of the Union in the hearts of our children, and the glory of the republic will remain forever. It does not matter whether the American cradle is rocked to the music of "Yankee Doodle" or the lullaby of "Dixie," if the flag of the nation is displayed above it, and the American baby can be safely trusted to pull about the floor the rusty scabbard and the battered canteen, whether the inheritance be from blue or gray, if from the breast of a true mother and the lips of a brave father its little soul is filled with the glory of the American constellation.

A government for the people, for the American people; not for those alone of native birth, but for the men who will loyally and in good faith subscribe to the Constitution of the United States and obey the laws of the land. Every man who loved our country well enough to fight for it, if need be to die for it; every man who loved it well enough to bid good-bye to his native land, look for the last time on the graves of the loved ones, and chance himself to the ocean and the unknown shore beyond in the hope of securing to himself and children liberty and opportunity, is worthy of American citizenship and to participate in the best government on the earth.

Open the gates of Castle Garden wide to every God-fearing, liberty-loving, law-abiding, labor-seeking, decent man. But close them at once and forever upon all whose birth, whose policy, whose teachings, whose practices would endanger the safety of American labor.

It is related that in Pittsburgh, on the night of the last election, after the returns had made it certain that the country had gone Republican, two hard-handed workingmen, clothed in their working blouses, climbed to the top of a smokeless chimney and there, in the glare of the city's electric light, nailed to it an American flag, and when the morning sunshine blessed the earth it kindled the waves of that dear old flag with glory. That flag on that dismantled chimney meant that prosperity would come back to the United States with the triumph of the Republican party. It meant that whatever labor is to be done for the people of the United States shall be done by the people of the United States under the stars and stripes. It meant that the hope of the common people, the salvation of American labor, the permanency of American institutions, is only safe with the party of Abraham Lincoln. And this government of the people shall not perish from

the earth. Our nation has stood for twelve decades, a menace to oppression and hope for the oppressed. Mother of republics—her lullaby is sung over every cradle of liberty throughout the world. The last throne has disappeared from the western continent, and the conscience of the twentieth century will not tolerate a crown.

On Freedom's scroll of honor the name of Abraham Lincoln is written first. The colossal statue of his fame stands forever on the pedestal of a people's love. About it are the upturned, glorified faces of an emancipated race; in its protecting shadow, liberty, equal rights and justice is the heritage of every American citizen. The sunshine of approving Heaven rests upon it like an infinite benediction, and over it calmly floats the unconquered flag of the greatest nation of the earth.

THE TENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1896

Address of

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, LL.D.

Senator Depew was born in Peekskill, N. Y., 1834. He graduated from Yale in 1856 and was admitted to the Bar in 1858. In 1861-2 he was a member of the Assembly of the State of New York and in 1872 declined the appointment of U. S. Minister to Japan. He has been since 1866 closely associated in the management of the New York Central & Hudson River R. R., its predecessors and allied lines; from 1885-98 he was president of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and afterwards chairman of the boards of directors of the various railroads comprising the N. Y. C. Lines. Since 1899 he has been United States Senator from the State of New York. He is a director of numerous railroads and banking corporations and is distinguished as an orator and after-dinner speaker.

ADDRESS OF

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Celebrations of the anniversaries of heroes and statesmen, of battlefields and significant events, have, as a rule, only an historical interest. They lack the freshness and passion of touch and attachment. It has always been the habit of peoples to deify their heroes. After a few generations they are stripped of every semblance to humanity. We can reach no plane where, after the lapse of 100 years, we can view George Washington as one of ourselves. He comes to us so perfect, full-rounded, and complete that he is devoid of the defects which make it possible for us to love greatness. The same is largely true of all the Revolutionary worthies, except that the Colonial Dames have raised—or lowered—Benjamin Franklin to the level of our vision by deciding that he was so human that his descendant in the fourth generation is unworthy of their membership. Thank Heaven, we can still count as one of ourselves, with his humor, and his sadness, with his greatness and his every-day homeliness, with his wit and his logic, with his gentle chivalry that made him equal to the best born knight, and his awkward and ungainly ways that made him one of the plain people, our martyred President, our leader of the people, Abraham Lincoln.

The Revolutionary War taught liberty from the top down; the Civil War taught liberty from the people up to the colleges and pulpits. The Revolutionary struggle was the revolt of property

against unjust taxation until it evoluted into independence. It was the protest of the leaders in commercial, industrial, and agricultural pursuits against present and prospective burdens. Sublime as were its results, and beneficial as was the heritage which it left behind, there was a strong element of materialism in its genesis and motive. The Civil War threw to the winds every material consideration in the magnificent uprising of a great and prosperous people moved to make every sacrifice for patriotism, for country and for the enfranchisement of the bondsmen. The leaders of the Revolutionary struggle represented Colonial success. Washington was the richest man in the United States. Jefferson and Hamilton, Jay and the Adamses were the best products of the culture of American colleges and of opportunity. In the second period, when the contest was for the supremacy of the principle of the preservation of the Union against the destructive tendencies of the State rights, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay represented the American farmers' sons who had also received the benefits of liberal education. In the third period the protest against the extension of slavery, the war for the Union—with the contributions which came to our statesmanship from the newly settled territories, we had the heroes born in the log cabins. Their surroundings and deprivations were not those of poverty, but of struggle. The great leader was born in the log cabin. A little clearing in the wilds of Kentucky, a shiftless wandering to Indiana, and a repetition of the experience, another shiftless movement to Illinois, with no better results, a neighborhood of rough, ignorant, drinking and quarreling young men, and with no advantages of books, of household teachings, of church influences, of gentle companionship—these were the environments from which there came, without stain, the purest character, the

noblest, the most self-sacrificing and the loftiest statesman of our country or of any country.

The age of miracles has passed, and yet, unless he can be accounted for upon well-defined principles, Lincoln was a miracle. At twenty years of age, dressed in skins, never having known a civilized garment, he was the story-teller of the neighborhood, the good-natured giant who, against rough and cruel companions, used his great strength to defend the weak and protect the oppressed. He thirsted for knowledge, and he exhausted the libraries for miles around, whose resources were limited to five volumes, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Weems' Washington," a short history of the United States and the Bible. As a laborer upon the farm he was not a success, because he diverted his fellow-laborers from their work with his marvelous gift of anecdote and his habit of mounting a stump and eloquently discussing the questions of the day. As a flat-boatman upon the Mississippi, he was not a success, because, while he was among the class which delighted to call itself half-horse and half-alligator in the mad debauches on the route and in New Orleans, he was not of them. As a keeper of a country store he was not a success, because his generous nature could not refuse credit to the poor, who could never pay. As a surveyor he was a failure, because his mind was upon other and larger questions than the running of a boundary line. As a lawyer he was successful only after many years of practice, because unless he was enlisted for right and justice, he could not give to the case either his eloquence or his judgment. As a member of the Legislature of Illinois he made little mark, for the questions were not such as stirred his mighty nature. As a member of Congress he came to the front only once, and then on the unpopular side. The country was wild for war, for the acquisition of territory by conquest,

and for an invasion of the neighboring republic of Mexico. When to resist the madness of the hour meant the present, and perhaps permanent, annihilation of political prospects, among the few who dared to rise and protest against war, and especially an unjust one, was Abraham Lincoln.

The orators of all times have had previous orators for their models; but Lincoln formed his style by writing compositions with a piece of charcoal upon shingles or upon the smooth side of a wooden shovel, and copying them afterward upon paper. In this school, poverty of resources taught Lincoln condensation and clearness, and he learned the secret of success in appealing to the people—that is directness and lucidity. Cæsar had it when he cried: "Veni, vidi, vici!" Luther had it when he cried: "Here I stand; I can do no other; God help me. Amen." Cromwell had it when he cried to his soldiers: "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry." Napoleon had it when, before the battle of the Pyramids, he called upon his soldiers to remember that forty centuries looked down upon them. Patrick Henry had it when he uttered those few sentences which have been the inspiration of the school books since the Colonial days. Webster had it when he said, "Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever." Grant had it when he said, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And Lincoln had it when he drew to him his people and the men and women of his country by the tender pleadings of his first inaugural, by the pathetic, almost despairing appeal of his second inaugural, and by that speech at Gettysburg which made every hero, who had died a soldier, again in the person of a new hero created to take his place by that marvelous invocation. He expressed in a single sentence the principle and policy of the purchase of Louisiana, and the supremacy of the United States upon the North American continent

when he said, "The Mississippi shall go unvexed to the sea." He added to the list of immortal utterances which go down the ages to lead each new generation to higher planes of duty and patriotism, "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

The reception held by the President day by day was a series of amusing or affecting scenes. He at once satisfied and reconciled an importunate but life-long friend, who wanted a mission to a distant but unhealthy country, by saying, when all arguments failed, "Strangers die there soon, and I have already given the position to a gentleman whom I can better spare than you." But when a little woman, whose scant raiment and pinched features indicated the struggle of respectability with poverty, secured, after days of effort, an entrance to his presence, he said, "Well, my good woman, what can I do for you?" She replied, "My son, my only child, is a soldier. His regiment was near enough our house for him to take a day and run over and see his mother. He was arrested as a deserter when he re-entered the lines and condemned to be shot, and he is to be executed to-morrow." Hastily arising from his chair, the President left behind Senators and Congressmen and generals, and seizing this little woman by the hand he dragged her on a run as with great strides he marched with her to the office of the Secretary of War. She could not tell where the regiment then was, or at what place, or in what division the execution was to take place, and Stanton, who had become wearied with the President's clemency, which, he said, destroyed discipline, begged the President to drop the matter; but Mr. Lincoln rising, said with vehemence, "I will not be balked in this. Send this message to every headquarters, every fort and every camp in the United States, 'Let no military execution take place until further orders from me. A. Lincoln.'"

He called the cabinet to meet, and as they entered they found

him reading Artemus Ward. He said: "Gentlemen, I have found here a most amusing and interesting book which has entertained and relieved me. Let me read from a new writer, Artemus Ward." Chase, who never understood him, in his impatient dignity, said, "Mr. President, we are here upon business." The President laid down the book, opened a drawer of his desk, took out a paper, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish to read you this paper, not to ask your opinion as to what I shall do, for I am determined to issue it, but to ask your criticism as to any change of form of phraseology," and the paper which he read was the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation, which struck the shackles from the limbs of 4,000,000 of slaves. And when the cabinet, oppressed and overwhelmed by the magnitude of this deed about to be done, went solemnly out of the room, as the last of them looked back he saw this strangest, saddest, wisest, most extraordinary of rulers reading Artemus Ward.

To-day for the first time since Lincoln's death, the twelfth of February is a legal holiday in our State of New York. And it is proper that the people should, without regard to their party affiliations, celebrate in a becoming manner the birth and the story and the achievements of this savior of the republic. But it is equally meet and proper for us who are gathered here as Republicans to celebrate, also, the deeds and the achievements and the character of the greatest Republican who ever lived. This party to which we belong, this great organization of which we are proud, this mighty engine in the hands of Providence for the accomplishment of more for the land in which it has worked than any party in any representative government ever accomplished before, has its teachings and inspirations more largely from the statesmanship and utterances of Abraham Lincoln than from any other man. The first speech he ever made was a speech for that

policy which was the first policy of George Washington, the first policy of the greatest creative brain of the Revolutionary period, Alexander Hamilton, the principle of the protection of American industries. With the keen and intuitive grasp of public necessity and of the future growth of the republic, which always characterized Lincoln, he saw in early life that this country, under a proper system of protection, could become self-supporting; he saw that a land of raw materials was necessarily a land of poverty, while a land of diversified industries, each of them self-sustaining and prosperous, was a land of colleges and schools, a land of science and literature, a land of religion and law, a land of prosperity, happiness and peace.

Abraham Lincoln would draw the last dollar the country possessed and draft the last man capable of bearing arms to save the republic. He would use any currency by which the army could be kept in the field and the navy upon the seas. When the peril was so great that our promise to pay only yielded thirty cents on the dollar, he prevented the collapse of our credit and the ruin of our cause by pledging the national faith to the payment of our debts and the redemption of our notes and bills at par in money recognized in the commerce of the world. The Republican party stands for a policy which will furnish abundant revenue for every requirement of the government, and which will maintain the credit of the United States at home and abroad up to the standard which is justified by its unequaled wealth and power.

All hail the spirit, all hail the principles, all hail the example, the inspiring example of that man of the people, that wisest of rulers, that most glorious of Republicans, Abraham Lincoln!

THE ELEVENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1899

Address of

REV. MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER, D.D.

MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER, D.D.

Dr. Stryker was born in Vernon, N. Y., in 1851. Graduated from Hamilton College, 1872, and from the Auburn Theological Seminary in 1876. From 1876-92 he filled pastorates at Auburn, N. Y.; Ithaca, N. Y.; Holyoke, Mass., and Chicago; since 1892 he has been president of Hamilton College. He is an authority on hymnology and has published several volumes of hymns and poems and one of sermons.

ADDRESS OF

MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER, D.D.

Mr. President and all fellow Republicans, without distinction as to present condition of servitude: Though it is somewhat out of my line, you will permit me to remark that clubs are trumps; and I suppose I should add of them all this club is the ace. Certainly in the last twelvemonth a remarkable hand has been played for all it is worth. And the superiority of the American lead to "bumble puppy" has been demonstrated, and the absurd finesse from the two-spot to a jack—from the platform to the candidate—having failed the best hand has won by tremendous odds, with what Charles Lamb delighted in—"A clean hearth, a good fire and the rigors of the game." Of a wise and timely administration the best pledge so far is afforded in the appointment of that old Oneida County boy, Lyman J. Gage, to be Secretary of the Treasury. His clear head is mounted upon a first-class backbone. He will do. I, for one, am thankful that Mr. Speaker Reed is still at the old stand, where he can be gotten at in 1900. Brighter days are at the door, empiricism is passing. A trusty leader, with his party about him, shall carry us over the glad threshold of the new century.

But to my errand—the holiday and the man. Thanks, under God, to him whose singular greatness is the token of all these your greetings, we have a republic undivided and indivisible. Your name and history is national; so be your sympathies and your

endeavors. He whom we are met to celebrate was a Republican, and was not ashamed to say so. Confusion is revealed in the sterility of the hybrid. Be it ours to wear the name of Republican as he defined and ennobled it, who held party as an instrument, politics as his opportunity, patriotism his motive, and the people's ultimate truth his goal.

Upon this radiant and solemn anniversary you are assembled to relight the torch of the wide-awake and the flambeau of mourning, gazing through all upon yonder untorn emblem, the guerdon of our awful travail when freedom was reborn and the guidon of our forward marching. Beautiful flag! He loved it and maintained it. Dearer for his true sake! In the crises and exactions of the unrevealed years may the great price of which he was part never be forgotten; may its folds never be dimmed by dishonor nor its glory abated by the recreancy of those nursed under its shelter! Having beamed over broken manacles, may it never blush over broken promises! From fort and fleet, from school and capitol and home, let it float unsullied—the morning bloom of freedom and equal justice to all who hope because they remember. And if by foes without, or dire foes within, its true meaning shall ever be menaced, may it be protected and lifted higher yet by hands that shall take heart of grace in recalling that knight of the axe and master of the pen who made ours, whatever else it shall be, Lincoln's land.

Eighty and eight years ago his birthday. Long ere this, even with no foreclosure, he would have died. How swift are the years! Thirty-six backward, and last night the fair skies weeping, he was saying his good-by to Springfield neighbors. Thirty-six years to-morrow, and in the House of Representatives, while hate howled its impotence, the electoral vote was officially declared. Let not that time of astonishment and trembling be named with-

out recalling how Dix and Holt and Stanton stood fast, while Floyd and Thompson and the rest were rotting like maggots from a corpse! And with the true in deathless fame name that last of the better Whigs—that rugged Virginian—Winfield Scott, whose loyalty alone safeguarded the all-important seat of government, and who, when Wigfall asked whether "if for an overt act he would dare arrest a Senator of the United States," replied: "No; I would blow him to hell!" Such determination sent the familiar spirits of secession to their own place. There was a "dread Scott" decision worth having.

Far more, gentlemen, than we are wont to realize, does the dissemination of their whole biographies spread the influence and perpetuate the motives of our lamented and departed leaders. Through all the first half of the century the popular knowledge of Washington thus diffused was an incalculable, however unrecognized, force in educating that loyal sentiment lying back of the tremendous resolution which the sixties registered and fulfilled. Speaking of the hold had upon him by the story of the Jersey campaign, Lincoln himself said: "I remember thinking that these men must have been encouraged by something uncommon to suffer so willingly."

The lately issued volume that has gathered so much that is new and nearly all that can be authentic concerning Lincoln's early life merits our fullest attention. With every item and shred of such a story every American heart should be familiar. But to my thinking the numerous and various portraitures, many of them not before printed, are of pre-eminent importance. These even alone, in a sequence which clearly exhibits the development of his character, contain the supreme biography. The last seven years of his life are in those likenesses; there is the story of the great war. His brow changes from 1861 to 1864 as if under the pressure of

thrice as many years. And under the shadow and palimpsest of strife is—peace! His representative responsibility for a people's trial and doubt and victory is told there, and

"There was manhood in his look
That murder could not kill."

What a personality, and what a story! How acutely, how exhaustlessly fascinating in its pathos! My poor sickle can only glean. At first, as we think of his heredity and environment, we wonder how such a man could have issued from such circumstances; but, reflecting, we discern that those antecedents were not accidental, but providential, and that the God who intended the result furnished the discipline.

Sprung from the loins of the people to be their leader and commander, he was one by whom it shall always mean more to be an American and a man! God was the tutor of this great commoner, and, as he so often said, "God knows what is best." One of that God's surprises—his career—is a standing rebuke of all dilettante idleness and freezes the sneer upon the thin lips of caste. He inherited his father's frame and his mother's heart as his sole fortune. They were enough. They gave him, as his preeminent traits, that courage and that sympathy which were the outfit of a peerless manhood.

Humanly speaking, he was never brought up—he came up by the hardest struggle, dismal lack and stark necessity. But up he came, and up he stands forever, distinctly the typical American nobleman. Let those who would hold the stirrup of alien underlings and play the flunkey to titular rank, however rank its ignobility, summon their scant brains to consider this indigenous soul and to learn that no cradle of Plantagenet or

Hanover, of Bourbon, Hapsburg or Brandenburg, ever rocked so much of immortal renown.

Opportunity for the lowliest to become the loftiest—this is the lesson of that frontier hovel. Spite of all contrary opinion, true beauty and integrity of manhood is not incompatible either with harsh beginnings or with the strenuous exactions of affairs. His education, as Lincoln said, was "picked up under the pressure of necessity." Of school attendance one year was all he had. But always a learner, he came at last in practical wisdom to be a scholar, and to the last day of his life he grew in mental and moral stature. How must that example of painful struggle toward self-improvement shame the most of us! For who of us has made his best of those advantages for which this backwoodsman pined in vain?

His books were chiefly these: Burns, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Shakespeare, Weems' "Life of Washington," the English Bible. But these he knew. Of the Bible he memorized much. Its style and natural phrase were at his large command, and its supreme ideas, as well as its elastic idiom, gave power to many of his most critical utterances. This apparatus of education, gentlemen, if small, was not meagre—allegory, humor, moral imagination, dramatic feeling, patriotic history, folk-lore, devotion—these were in those few but potent books. He mastered his material, and one language sufficed him. No one can ponder the substance, the solidity, the tact, the appeal of the majestic second inaugural and not feel that here was a master of arpeggios. Who, to take an earlier instance, can consider his acumen and precision of emendation in the matter of Seward's State despatch over the matter of the Trent affair and not confess Lincoln as "cunning with the pen" as he was astute in diplomacy? Carlyle wrote, "All true greatness is melancholy." There ran through this introspect-

ive soul a deep vein of sentiment. The sad-faced child became a brooding and silently yearning man. He saw visions and dreamed dreams. His adroit humor is pathetic as we think how truly he could have said, after Desdemona,

> "I am not merry; but I do beguile
> The thing I am by seeming otherwise."

There was a minor note which gave the people's heart a near access to him which few had as individuals; for most reverently we can say that he, too, was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Much misery had taught him mercy, and there is a most plaintive longing in that admonition to his little Tad—"My boy, I would have the whole human race your friends and mine." Lincoln's love of that poem, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" has re-written it, and not for "Trilby," but for his sake who loved it dearly, shall we still sing "Ben Bolt." For he, too, had his "sweet Alice"—long dead.

Farmhand, flatboatman, store clerk, land surveyor, militiaman, country lawyer, then all and at one the heart and the will of a mighty party—nay, of a people; then the object-lesson of the world; then the lament of a generation; then—immortal! The path fitted the goal. For his sake, if for no other, the Potomac and the Ohio and the Sangamon are the "three principal rivers" of America. What a time was that for which he came to his more than kingdom! Curtis said: "The world sneered as it listened and laughed at a republic founded upon liberty and afraid to speak the word at home. Our feet had slipped to the very brink of the pit and were scorched with fire." The Missouri compromise had been repealed, the "dread Scott" decision had seemed to make the

Ship of State a slave-ship! The President's place, as one has sternly said, was vacant, while James Buchanan drew the salary!

The Chicago convention of 1860 did not at all realize what it had done in placing its banner in Lincoln's hand; but which one of all his apparent peers could so have borne it? Neither he nor the wisest could then have comprehended his mission or its grandeur. But he went on his way "with firmness to do the right as God gave him to see the right," and the common people, who once had flocked to listen to his court pleas, still flocked and still listened to their leader.

With what broad sagacity he composed that first cabinet, and with what surprise they discovered the calm self-reliance and determination of their master! From the onset his remarkable estimating of men, his keen perception of aptitude, his dignified independence, his finality of cautious decision, stood revealed. No "boss" whispered behind that chair which some before him had occupied, but which Lincoln filled successfully. He redeemed the chief magistracy from those associations of mediocrity which a Tyler, a Polk, a Pierce had imposed upon him. Such as this unshorn Nazarite be all our Presidents to come! Seward had imagined that for himself to be Secretary of State was to be first in the cabinet group, but he learned that even he was as a boy driving with a father's hands over his upon the reins! He recognized the situation, as later Stanton also did—Stanton, so magnanimously appointed, and whose affection was at once his own rarest honor and to his chief the most masculine tribute. Would that Chase had been as great!

Then came the solemn "So help me God!" of that fourth of March, and, when, after the long suspense during the first part of that deliverance, the shout of the concourse broke out in floods, rebuking the faces of disloyal hate that glowed about, this Union

knew that it had found not only an official, but a man! As over Israel's first king, "Certain sons of Belial said, 'How shall this man save us?' but he held his peace." Fast went the strange foreboding days until there came the hour of that other Kentuckian—Robert Anderson! Then rang out the awful trumpet, and every good hand was at the halliards. Up went the flag to the watchword of John A. Dix. This city was scarlet with it as never since—save once. The Sixth Massachusetts marched out of your Astor House to the tune of "Yankee Doodle!" After her swept your own true Seventh to the Capitol. Stephen A. Douglas declared: "When hostile armies are marching under new and odious banners against our common country, the shortest road to peace lies in the most unanimous and stupendous preparation for war!" There leaped the live thunder, and every rattling crag of liberty answered it.

Sounded out mightily the first of those proclamations demanding the great price of freedom! From the lumber camps of the Androscoggin and the Escanaba; from the quarries of Vermont and New Hampshire; from the fishing smacks of Massachusetts and the spindles of Rhode Island; from the colleges of Connecticut and New York and Ohio; from the mines of Pennsylvania and Michigan; from the counting rooms of the cities of Sam Adams and Alexander Hamilton and Ben Franklin, and cities a hundred more; from the Adirondacks and the Alleghanies and the far Sierras; from village and prairie and lakeside and highway, there rose the answer of the free—"All up!" The old Liberty Bell that had so long slumbered, found its voice again. The giant was awake.

Froude, of whom Birrel writes that his "antipathies seemed stronger than his sympathies," declared in February, 1864, "Washington might well have hesitated to draw the sword against

England could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now." The trouble with some Britons, gentlemen (thank God not all), has been that they spelled the word prophets with an "f" and an "i." There was another England—the England of the Prince Consort and of John Bright. But desperate indeed were those ransoming years. In 1860 we only hoped that we had a country. In 1865 we knew that it was more than we had asked or thought.

While the plough rusted and the anvil was dumb, one high soul never doubted nor hesitated. Leading always, even when he seemed only to follow, he was the piston behind which the pulse of the people pushed irresistibly. Firm, conservative, moderate, sure, this great emancipator understood that there is both a time to wait and a time to strike. Too swift for some, too slow for others, his vast common sense, his judgment, that became an intuition, perceived both the right word and the right moment. Wendell Phillips, whose electricity was so much of it generated by the reaction between metal and vitriol, called Lincoln a "tortoise"; but Lowell said "he knew to bide his time."

At a New Orleans slave auction in the forties, he had said of that devilish system: "If I ever get a chance to hit it, I will hit it hard." When the hour struck he crushed it forever, and now there is none so low but does him reverence. Can you not see him (when at last the dream of Sophism was broken to awake and find itself empty), pressing the streets of fallen Richmond, and can you not hear that aged negro: "May the good Lord bress you, Massa Linkum"? Silently the great man raises his hat, bows and passes by. There fell the benediction of a disenthralled race, and there responded the salutation of a martyr—the true "Moriturus, saluto" of a gladiator in the Arena of Time and from under the shadows of Death.

What words, what elemental words, he spake—this unconditional man! What a repertoire is his untarnished phrases of patriotism and high devotion! His proclamations were battles, conclusions, anthems! Apt in adage and apothegm, his illustrated speech, so homely yet so constructive, was like that of Æsop, and his plain wisdom was most of all like that of Socrates. "I have talked with great men," said Lincoln, "and I do not see how they differ from others." No, not in talk, in meaning, nor in wit, so much as in the will to use it wisely. Lincoln had that true oratory which in Webster's words, "does not consist in speech, but exists in the man, in the occasion, and in the subject." Candor, conviction, clearness—these were his; and of him David Davis said: "All facts and principles had to run through the crucible of an inflexible judgment."

This homely oracle, though never clouded by abstractions, was withal a supreme idealist. He saw above the storm the white-winged Angel of Peace, and therefore with all his heart and soul he urged forward the necessary war.

Having handled every rung of the ladder, Lincoln was in all things practical. He would jettison any theory to save the fact. Intense, yet tranquil; temperate, yet unaustere; bold, but never rash; informal, but self-respecting; as modest as resolute, his were no footlight graces.

He felt for others, and plain men trusted him by instinct. Himself walking upon hot ploughshares, he smiled and looked up! He loved the whole nation and the whole nation now loves him. In him the South that was, lost its ablest friend, and the South that is, has come to know it.

In the study of that lofty individuality I note first his courage. Of desponding temperament, he was the stubborn conqueror of his own fears. That critical utterance concerning "a house di-

vided" recalls it. Manipulators shrank, time-servers winced, friends protested, but with all the fearlessness of Luther at Worms he said: "By this statement I will stand or fall." That declaration was at once a war and a peace—peace with honor. There this Atlas bowed his back to lift a world! Detraction and jeers but steadied him. His was that forbearance which, in the words of Governor Black's late inaugural, "is the highest proof of courage." When the timid press ranted, raved, caricatured, he told the story of the man who prayed in a frightful thunderstorm, "Oh, Lord, a little more light and a little less noise." He replied to nervous advisers in 1863: "Grant tells me by the Fourth of July he will take Vicksburg, and I believe he will do it; and he shall have the chance." It was done. In April, 1864, he put his whole confidence in the same Grant, saying to him as he went down to that awful reaping, "With a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you!" When Early, in 1864, checked but not stopped by the tremendous resistance of Lew Wallace at Monocacy, thundered at the very gates of Washington, Lincoln never doubted, but waited for the Sixth Corps and deliverance.

His courage was rooted in his sublime faith. It was exceptional, absolute, grand. It moved mountains. His central power was moral. Herndon said, "His conscience is his ruling attribute." Mr. L. E. Chittenden in his invaluable "Reminiscences" has collected in a whole chapter Lincoln's own and many words as a devout believer in the power of the Highest. It should forever stop the mouths of gainsayers, whether infidel or theological. "Whatever shall appear to be God's will I will do," was his constant attitude, and than that naught can deeper go.

This is of record: Upon the third day after the "Peach Orchard," Lincoln called upon the wounded Sickles. Talking of the great slaughter, with streaming eyes the President told of his own as-

surance of the result of his praying in his own locked room as never before: "I told God that I had done all that I could, and that now the result was in His hands; that if the country was to be saved it was because He so willed it. The burden rolled off my shoulders, my intense anxiety was relieved, and in its place came a great trustfulness; and that was why I could not doubt the result of Gettysburg." Others may say for themselves what they like of that; I say that this is the demonstration of the anointed—of the Nation's High Priest.

Diplomat, strategist, master of speech, monarch of occasions, humane, believing, often did he weep; but never did he flinch or falter; and when he was not it was with "abundant entrance" that he went to find his Anne Rutledge and his Lord! "Oh, piteous end!" "Fallen, cold and dead" the captain lies. That face, with all its rugged honesty, its homely beauty, its lines of leadership in suffering, its august peace, is gone! The long columns that tread Pennsylvania Avenue, with the smoke of the great sacrifice behind them, shall not salute the chief.

But those other squadrons invisible that crowd the air—the loyal legious of those who have passed from the camp-fire to the Hosanna, from the blood-red bayonet to the wreath of amaranth, "the great cloud of witnesses"—there he is, passed over to the ranks of the immortal great. At its very meridian, snatched from our skies, that soul shines on and will shine "till the stars are cold."

The completions of such a life are not withheld—they are transfused. We are to-day what Lincoln helped us to become. That God he so trusted and served grant that this may be the nation Lincoln strove and died to make it! His work is not yet done. That tale, fit for the foundation of a mighty drama, worthy of a deathless epic, will never be exhausted while the last American

remains who is a man. The hills sink as we leave them, the mountains rise.

Once more, all true Republicans, by this immutable renown are you bidden to that patriotism to which all other narrower titles are but subordinate and instrumental. This people's man certifies to us that the republic must voice the people, else it shall sink into autocracy, plutocracy, oligarchy, anarchy. God purge us of bad men and their bad ways.

Still sings Columbia:

"Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains;
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new era in their brains;
Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands
And to cleanse old error's fen;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
Bring me men!"

We shall be just as good a party as we are determined to be. We shall have just as good leaders as we deserve—no better. We must summon to our ranks and be worthy to keep there all who love our nation's truth. We must be sworn anew not to surrender our independence to unauthorized proxies. We must hold to the most exact audit the men we select and trust—to watch, to cheer, to correct, to promote or to depose them.

"Oh, Ship of State!
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
* * * * * * *
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee."

THE TWELFTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1898

Address of

HON. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Senator Beveridge was born on a farm in Adams County, O., in 1862; though after the war the family moved to Illinois. His early life was one of constant struggle and privation in the effort to secure an education. At fifteen he had already worked as plow-boy, teamster, common laborer and logger; but he managed to attend high school at Sullivan, Ill., and in 1885 graduated from De Pauw University. He read law in the office of Senator McDonald; was admitted to the Bar and rapidly made a name for himself in the conduct of cases. He is regarded as one of the best campaign speakers in the Republican party and is a frequent magazine contributor. Since 1899 he has been U. S. Senator from Indiana.

ADDRESS OF

HON. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: To-day, when the Republican party is marshalling its forces for its second great battle for civilization, it is an inspiration to remember that Abraham Lincoln was a Republican. He was a Republican in order that he might most truly be an American. He was a Republican because Republicanism meant equal opportunities for all—because it meant the rights of man reduced from theory to practice. Abraham Lincoln was a Republican because the Republican party was the first organization that ever asserted and accomplished the nobility of labor—the first to put the plough, the loom, the anvil and the pick in the heraldry of honor and of glory. He was a Republican because the Republican party was practical—because it changed dreams into deeds, proposed as well as opposed, builded where it tore away, and destroyed only when destruction would not be fatal to that which should remain. This soul of the common people was a Republican because Republicanism meant the nation triumphant over sections; because Republicanism meant the organized conscience of the people guided by their sanity; because it meant the common man working out the problems of civilization through the methods of conservatism. Abraham Lincoln was a Republican because he believed in a national government strong enough to live; because he believed that maintenance of law needs no apology; because he believed, to use his own words, that

"there is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by a mob." He was a Republican because he was a logician of progress, and, therefore, understood that a home market is the major premise, a foreign market the minor premise, and American supremacy throughout the world the conclusion of the great argument of commerce. He was a Republican because, above national prosperity, above national peace, dearer than all besides, Abraham Lincoln counted the honor of the American people and raised his warning hand to Congress even when war called out the emergency financial powers of government. And our hero was a Republican because the Republican party meant a new hope to all mankind; because in the word Republican, as Abraham Lincoln uttered it, was mingled the music of falling fetters, the songs of toiler in factory and field, the shouts of happy children made heirs of opportunity and the anthem of God's plain people raised to their just estate. This was our leader—this is our master still. Let those who will adopt repudiation's financial creed, embrace the sectional doctrines dug from Calhoun's grave and accept the gospel of hate preached from pessimism's pulpit. But "with malice toward none and charity for all," the host of conservatism, called the Republican party, believing ever in the eternal good, will receive our principles, our policy and our inspiration from Abraham Lincoln, the first of Republicans.

Abraham Lincoln is the nation's well-beloved, and so all men write unto his life their individual opinions. But we the heirs of his party and his purposes, have a right to know the truth. This great achiever was practical. When preparing for his work he said: "How to do something is the desideratum." And, seeking an answer he found that, where manhood suffrage prevails, no thought can be written into law, no purpose find fulfillment except through that organization of those who think alike, called a

political party. And so he believed in this co-operation, in principle, that brotherhood of belief called partisanship. He was himself a partisan—the partisan of a cause—that cause the saving of a nation. All else compared to that was unimportant. That was why he wrote that impatient tempest of patriotism, Horace Greeley, "My paramount object is to save the Union." That was the issue that burned from every star in the flag. Until that was settled—until the nation's life was safe—he asked patriots everywhere to forget everything but that and become in every election the partisans of civilization. And to-day, when the honor of American people is the issue; to-day, when free institutions are on trial; to-day, when questions that search out the very heart of organized society are involved, the spirit of Abraham Lincoln commands all who agree on the principles of conservatism to forget incidental differences and strike together everywhere and always until repudiation, sectionalism and the spirit of class are utterly exterminated. Any issue that beclouds the issue of all issues is an instrument of defeat. In Lincoln's day one issue was supreme—loyalty to the nation. Had he not acted on that, and that alone, New York to-day would have been the port of a section instead of a metropolis of the mightiest nation on the globe.

To-day disintegrations are advocated. Bizarre beliefs abound. Old convictions are being unanchored. And it is time the steady elements of the American people answered the command of conservatism to "Fall in." We hear of a new Declaration of Independence. I prefer the old Declaration of the fathers. We need no new philosophy of society of politics to-day. We only need a renaissance of common sense. The political philosophy of Abraham Lincoln is guide enough. If you ask me to state that philosophy in a phrase I should answer that his life spells out these two immortal words, patriotic conservatism. He knew that the

conservative elements of the American people are always in the majority. No matter what individual views on incidentals might be, he knew that the sight of the country's imperiled flag would marshal those elements into an irresistible host. He knew that they need only to see the main issue and they will respond. And so out of the men of all parties who agreed on the issue of integrity of the nation, Abraham Lincoln fashioned that splendid party of conservatism which met the emergency of war and won, met the emergency of reconstruction and won, met the emergency of resumption and won, met the problem of national prosperity for thirty years and solved it, and stands to-day strengthened as it was created by the conservative elements of all parties, ready to meet the emergency of repudiation and industrial chaos and triumph as of old. Across the page of events the spirit of Lincoln has written the mission of the Republican party. The mission is conservatism—the rejection of extremes—the conduct of the government by common honesty and common sense rather than by fanaticism and revenge. Conservatism is merely progress by the processes of growth. It is government by experience instead of experiment. It is moderation instead of violence.

How does the present situation require Lincolnian conservatism?

On the one hand the tendency of the Democracy of to-day is toward destruction. The Huns and Vandals among them are on the march. There is an implied promise of piracy in every utterance of some of the leaders. They awaken expectations which nothing but the abolition of property and the reversal of civilization can fulfill. Every sane man knows that free silver alone would not quench the flames which reckless extremists are fanning. The readjustment of society is the ultimate answer to the implied question which the new commune thoughtlessly puts to civilization. That is one extreme.

On the other hand, there are abuses of capital which furnish the pillagers a war cry—improper uses of riches which the Catilines use as examples to discredit all wealth; vulgar ostentations of money which unsheathe envy and whet hatred; a meddling with the making and the execution of the laws; a controlling of the natural laws of trade by unlawful devices. But these financial developments are not structural defects. Free institutions are not responsible for them. They are merely a natural tendency developed beyond their rightful sphere and requiring rebuke, regulation and restraint. These developments have no party, gentlemen. They use all parties for their purpose. There are only two things in civilization which are absolutely non-partisan—a mugwump and a trust.

What is the policy of the Republican party in this situation? Go, as Lincoln always did, to the plain people and learn from them. They will tell you that our policy is Lincolnian conservatism. Abraham Lincoln's plain people are weary with both extremes. They demand that the party of Abraham Lincoln shall, with one hand, take by the throat that idiot Greed, who gives the demagogue his incendiary text, and with the other hand take by the throat the demagogue himself and knock their heads together until robbery is knocked out of the one and anarchy out of the other, and common sense and patriotism knocked into the heads of both. The producing millions demand a truce to needless agitation. They demand an opportunity to create prosperity. They demand that the honor of the nation be put beyond the reach of the demagogue or fool. They repudiate revenge as a motive of political action. They expect improper commercial developments to be corrected without violating the principles upon which civilization rests. They demand laws so just and so equally enforced that the lips of sedition will be padlocked by the peace they

bring. In short, Abraham Lincoln's plain people demand Abraham Lincoln's conservatism, and Abraham Lincoln's party is here to give it to them.

The plain people! There is the source of Abraham Lincoln's wisdom. Lincoln, the rail-splitter, and Emerson, the scholar, agreed. The unprejudiced instinct of the masses is unerring. The common sense of the plain people, who in peace create the wealth, and in war carry the muskets of the republic, is ultimately an unfailing guide. Abraham Lincoln was one of these. Their conscience was his oracle. Their thought was his counsel. He preferred the matured judgment of the ploughman, the blacksmith and the merchant to the opinion of any doctrinaire who ever lived. And the lesson of his life to the party he so loved is to take our orders from the plain people who founded the Republican party, and for whom alone this republic is worth preserving.

Abraham Lincoln coined the phrase "The plain people." He bequeathed it to us, and it is ours. It is and shall forever be the Republican party's shibboleth. But demagogues have learned its power, and used it, too, until, like liberty, crimes are committed in its name and its Lincolnian meaning is obscured. The professionally miserable are not the plain people. The "plain people" are not those who preach the gospel of despair; not those whose trade is discontent and whose occupation is idleness. A man does not become one of the plain people by merely getting into debt—nor cease to be one of them by getting out of debt. Rags are not a necessary badge of the "plain people," although a pauper may be one of them—nor is wealth, although a millionaire may be one of the "plain people," too.

But Abraham Lincoln's plain people are those who understand that labor is the law of life for all, be they railroad presidents, or section hands. They are those who believe in that old phrase, "the

brotherhood of man." They are those who acknowledge and accept the opportunities of American institutions. The plain people of Lincoln's love are they who understand that Liberty did not intend to abolish Labor, Thought and Thrift, that blessed trinity that presides over all prosperity. They are those who believe that Nature should not be repealed—those who do not expect law to do for them what they should do for themselves. These are the plain people that produced an Abraham Lincoln and a Republican party, and it is time that those who misuse the term should be reminded of what it means, and rebuked in the reminding.

Abraham Lincoln was the spirit of the plain people incarnate and therefore he was the spirit of nationality incarnate. For the plain people know no sections—they only know American citizenship. Sections only exist in the minds of politicians too small for the nation. Abraham Lincoln knew that the people's Constitution begins with "We, the people"; that the people's nation "guarantee to every State a Republican form of government," and so he sent the plain people, wearing the nation's uniform and carrying the nation's flag wherever the nation's Constitution required it, and asked no treasonable governor's permission. He taught the American people that the golden rule of patriotism is unity. This imperial city is not New York's alone—she is the pride of the entire nation. Your prosperity depends on the prosperity of the American people. You dare not be selfish even if you would. We hear men talking about New York and its business men wanting to injure the American people. How absurd! since injury to the American people is suicide to you, and since injury to you is misfortune to them. Your wisest selfishness is to help the general welfare. Whatever truly blesses Nebraska blesses New York as well. You are not "the enemy's country." New York is too great to be anybody's enemy. To be an enemy to an American

citizen is to be an enemy to yourself. We of the Central West would not let you be our enemy even if you wished to. Why? Because you are too useful, and because you are an American port. No foreign ship can ever shell Indianapolis—no foreign force invade it. Yet, because we believe as Lincoln believed, because the Pacific Coast is our coast and Sandy Hook American soil, Indiana and the republic's heart is in favor of coast defenses and a navy that can render every port of the republic as secure as Indianapolis itself. And I will say, for the benefit of Mr. Roosevelt, that we are not only in favor of the ships, but we are in favor of dry-docks good enough to hold them. For, although we are landsmen, we know enough to know that a ship without a dry-dock is like a man without a wife—it cannot travel far without getting out of repair. If invasion should come to you the West would give her blood to help defend you, our brothers of the flag, and we prefer to help protect you first. All this is true because at the firesides of the West the national spirit of Abraham Lincoln is dwelling still, and the new sectionalism has not gangrened our hearts. All this is true because the virile, unspoiled and exhaustless West, that gave you Morton, Grant and Lincoln, is still true to their teachings and, therefore, still Republican.

Abraham Lincoln knew no class—he only knew the people. Attempts to divide the land into sections and the people into classes is accursed, whether the time be 1860 or 1896. The Constitution says, "We, the people"; therefore, whoever says "We are the classes" is a traitor to American institutions. Classes in a republic is a contradiction in terms. What is the dividing line? Wealth? If so, how much? If a man is poor is he one of the masses? When labor, thought and thrift have filled his pockets is

he one of the classes? If so, all men may destroy the dividing line. If not, there is no line to destroy.

Yet Lincoln's name is used to incite labor against capital. Let Lincoln's words rebuke the maligners of his thought and deeds. This is what he said: "That men who are industrious and sober and honest in the pursuit of their own interests should, after a while, accumulate capital, and, after that, should be allowed to enjoy it, is right." "Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much higher consideration"; but "capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights." That was Lincoln's idea. Labor is as necessary as food; capital is as necessary as civilization. Nothing but malevolence would create hatred between them, or prejudice against either. It is as infamous to lay the practices of financial pirates at the door of capital as it is to lay the deeds of anarchists and outlaws at the door of labor. Evils of wealth there are, and the party of Abraham Lincoln proposes to remedy them by Lincoln's methods of conservatism. Evils of wealth there are, and the American Robespierres propose, not to remedy, but to annihilate by reaction and revenge. The whole issue is summed up in this: The Republican party means evolution; the Democratic means revolution. And in a republic there can be no excuse for revolution.

Lincoln loved the people so well that nothing was too good for them—not even the truth. "I have faith in the people. Let them know the truth and the country is safe." These are Lincoln's words, spoken for this very hour. He did not regard it as a criminal act to buy a government bond. His chief financial concern was to get them sold. He regarded the promises of this nation of honest men as the most sacred things in all this world. He knew that the faith of American institutions is written in the American people's obligations. Why? The bonds of a mon-

archy are the promises of the people's masters; if they default it is only another king dishonored. But the bonds of a republic are the promises of the people; if they default free institutions are dishonored. Abraham Lincoln believed that the obligations of the American people should be made the most attractive investment and kept the best security known to man. So does the Republican party. Abraham Lincoln believed that they should be sold to and held by the people; so does the Republican party. Abraham Lincoln loved the people too much to permit their promissory notes to be libeled even by the Senate of the United States; and so does the people's chosen successor to Lincoln's place and principles, William McKinley. If any man doubts where the Republican party stands, let him inquire where Abraham Lincoln would stand if he were alive to-day, and there he will find the Republican party "standing like a stone wall."

Abraham Lincoln was as sound on finance as he was on liberty. He had indulged in thought on the subject of money. He had read the history of his country. And history and thought inspired this prince of purity to use language for which an Altgeld court-martial would have convicted him of being a hireling of the money power. For Lincoln told Congress that redundant issues of paper money had "increased prices beyond real values, thereby augmenting the cost of living to the injury of labor, and the cost of supplies to the injury of the whole country." These are Lincoln's words, and their keenness cuts the heart out of inflation, and inflation is all there is of Bryanesque finance. History and thought had taught Abraham Lincoln that inflated prices mean immediate loss to labor and ultimate loss to all. He had mastered first principles. He knew that a government cannot make money; that the only way a government gets money is to take it by taxation or to get it by borrowing; that if the government can make

money all taxation is a crime; and that if it cannot make money its credit is a principal asset. And, taking first principles for his premises, he stated the necessary conclusion—for Lincoln was a logician and did not stop on the road of his reasoning to refresh himself with his own rhetoric—and become intoxicated on mixed metaphors. He did not understand this latter-day logic which eliminates the conclusion from a syllogism, substitutes a philippic for the syllogism itself, calls the whole process oratory, and writes quod erat demonstrandum beneath a jeremiad. But he stated his conclusion with truth's simplicity and said: "A return to specie payments at the earliest period should ever be kept in view. Fluctuations in the value of currency are always injurious, and to reduce this fluctuation to the lowest possible point will always be a leading purpose in wise legislation." That is not the language of Wall street, gentlemen—nor of Lombard street—it is the solemn warning of the savior of the country. And Abraham Lincoln said all this, too, when the angel of war sowed fire and death throughout the land, and the nation bound up its wounds with the money of emergency. Shall we depart from his principles now, after a generation of prosperity and in a time of profoundest peace? By our belief in his wisdom, no! We appeal from his misinterpreters to Lincoln's very words. We appeal from passion to reason. We appeal from sectionalism to nationality. In the name of Lincoln we appeal to that infallible judge—the conscience of the conservative masses whom our hero loved to call the plain people of the republic! With that ultimate judge, whose voice is indeed the voice of God, we fearlessly leave the rendering of this decree of destiny.

Mr. President and gentlemen, standing at the daybreak of the twentieth century, Abraham Lincoln's party tells free institutions to take courage. With his life as an inspiration, with his prin-

ciples as a guide, we will, we can know no defeat. We fight a battle of patriotic affection. Even our opponents are our brothers —kinsmen in liberty. We appeal to them as did our master "with malice toward none and charity for all." In our hearts there is no hate. We seek no partisan victory which does not mean a healing to the nation and a hope to all mankind. We are enlisted in a holy crusade of patriotism. We go forth as our fathers did at Lincoln's call, to preserve and not destroy. We fight because we love and not because we hate. With a past with memories so heroic and so glorious, so sacred and so sweet that mankind has set them next to the memories of the Cross—memories which that old sword that father left to some of us calls upon from our full hearts—memories of Donelson and Vicksburg, of Mission Ridge and Appomattox and all those heroic fields of glory—and, finally, with memories of him whose name brings loving tears to every patriot's eye—of him, our leader, master, friend and friend of all mankind—with memories like those to chasten, ennoble and direct, we turn our faces full to the morning, ready to perform the mission which he gave into our keeping, "to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle," and to see "that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from this earth," because it is the wisest, safest, purest, most prosperous and most honorable government known to man.

THE THIRTEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 13, 1899

Address of

REV. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.

HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.

Dr. Duffield was born in Princeton, N. J., in 1854, and is a graduate of Princeton University. Since 1891 he has been pastor of the "Old First" Presbyterian Church, New York, and is prominent as a pulpit orator.

ADDRESS OF

REV. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.

Mr. President and Senator: It is altogether possible, sir, that the developments of history may teach us to reverse this order of address and address you as Mr. Senator and after that as Mr. President. It is not popularly supposed that a canon of the church is a rapid-firing gun.

This committee has touched me off with very little warning to myself, and if the discharge should go wide of the mark, or if it should prove a blank cartridge, I hope you will credit that to the committee and not to myself. "Brethren," said an old negro minister, "I have a three-dollar sermon and I have a two-dollar sermon, and before I preach I will have a collection taken up to find out which is most appropriate for this audience." The fact is, that for the present audience there is nothing that can be too good, but to-night, fellow Republicans, you will have to take simply the best that I can hastily bring.

The toast, as the president of the club has remarked, is an inspiring one, and it is also an embarrassing one. The very name of Lincoln sets every drop of patriotic blood a-tingling. His story is the Iliad of our American history, and when the conflict of heroes upon the plain of Troy shall have been forgotten, many a heart with tear-wept impulse will read the simple chronicle of the life of that humble man who was honored of God to equip this great nation for the mighty task to which to-day the same finger

of God is beckoning her. I labor under the additional embarrassment, fellow Republicans, of never having come in personal contact with this remarkable individuality. That little cockade of red, white and blue that was pinned upon the lapel of my boyhood's jacket, the echo of the awful guns that roared upon Sumter, the stately swinging tread of armed men hurrying into the front of battle, the shuddering dawn of that April morning when the country was plunged into sackcloth by the news that her beloved President lay dead, all these things are recollections of my earlier years that arise to perish never. But it was not my happy lot to look upon the face of him who carried upon his heart in those faithful hours, the great destiny of this nation. And, gentlemen, to those who saw him then it seemed as though the vision of the eye somehow dulled the keener optic sense of the soul, and as we are carried from him by the passage of years he is lifted into clearer light and we can mark with truer measure the grandeur of his outline.

Mr. Lincoln was little known before the Chicago convention of 1860, when he was somehow to become the standard bearer of the Republican party in the throes of the great conflict which was beginning already to make itself felt throughout the land. At the bugle call of the new formed party there stepped down from an attorney's office in the far West a gaunt backwoodsman who entered the arena where Titans were stripping themselves for battle, and there went up from every quarter of the compass an instinctive cry, Who is Abraham Lincoln? And from every quarter of the heavens there ran back answers that peal strangely in our ears to-night. Who is Abraham Lincoln? And the East replied he is only an accident; he is a creature of the mob; he is lifted upon the cross of an unreasonable enthusiasm, for all of the delegates to the Chicago convention from these Eastern states were

on their way homeward to this seaboard, trailing in the dust the banner of the Empire State, and they could only see in Abraham Lincoln in that hour one who had with uncouth hand dashed the chaplet from the hands of the polished and splendid William Seward, and they could not but look upon him as the accident of the hour. Who is Abraham Lincoln?

And from the West came back the answer, he is an experiment. His neighbors had taken his measure; his friends knew that, though he was as shell-barked as hickory, he was just as solid at the heart and just as tough in every fibre of his character, but they also knew he was all unused to government, that he was not schooled in the niceties of the technicalities of diplomacy, and they knew that his election had been largely a victory of merit and had been due to the pride of neighborhood, that he was a new creation of that then young and rising West, that, feeling the power of its strength, was rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Who is Abraham Lincoln? And from the South there came back the bitter cry, he is the gauntlet flung in the very face of our most cherished institutions, he is the gage of battle; for remember, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, it was that antediluvian period in our history when the office of President was vacant, and a party named Jimmy Buchanan was drawing the salary, it was the period in our national history when Adams, of Georgia, arose in the United States Senate and declared he would as soon kill the rest of his slaves at the foot of the Bunker Hill monument. But Mr. Adams forgot that where the Bunker Hill monument stands American liberty was born, and at her very birth she had strangled the twin serpents of tyranny and injustice, and that she had been clothing herself for all these years with the thoughts and sentiments of freedom, and all she needed was to be aroused to plant her war-shod foot upon

the hydra-head of disunion and of slavery. But those, friends, were the days when the South was spoiling in its efforts after compromise, and so the nomination of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency was regarded in the South alone as the pretext for unbuckling the sacred girdle of our national union. There was another curious answer to this question, it came from the abolitionists in the Republican party itself. Abraham Lincoln was not an extremist and therefore political fanatics branded him as a traitor.

Abraham Lincoln was of all things a practical man, and he stood in politics for the best that could be had, not all that might be desirable, and, therefore, he was anathematized by political visionaries, and that little group of men whom you cannot but regret, high of thought, pure of feeling, strong in speech, voicing the emotions of their hearts through the lips of Wendell Phillips, great orator as he was, shrewd, shrewish, able to scold in periods of polished rhetoric and to utter sentiments that had in them more of the venom of Xantippe than of the wisdom of Socrates, when he heard of the work of the convention said, "What, that wolf hound?" Oh, friends, ask to-day who is Abraham Lincoln. Go the wide world through and ask any man who believes in simple manhood and bares his brow before the grandeur of character, who is Abraham Lincoln, and there will spring instantly into the mind a vision of that well-known and widely-loved face, that massive brow on which dark care seemed ever seated, those lustrous, deep-set eyes with a wistful far-off look as though they pierce the minds of lesser men, that shaggy mane of unkempt hair, those cheeks sunken and scarred with sorrow and with sacrifices, that jaw so strongly set and hinged, all uniting in features over which the cloud and sunshine play across the depths of the unfathomable sea. And the passing of years haloed that head with a more beautiful light, and we are learning the truth of what

Walt Whitman long ago said, "Lincoln is the supremest character upon the crowded canvas of this nineteenth century."

Mr. Lincoln was a lonely man. He can be put into no class. He rises in our history with the hauteur, dignity and grandeur of an obelisk. He is the Melchisedek of our story, with no lineage and no ancestry. He towers above the rarely eminent men which God gave to his time. Round about Mr. Lincoln in his cabinet sat a trio of marvellous statesmen; there was his courtly Secretary of State, Mr. Seward; there was his profound and sagacious Secretary of Treasury, Mr. Chase; there was his indomitable Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Mr. Seward was a skilled and an experienced diplomat, but he simply learned that he was only prime minister after all and that Mr. Lincoln was President. Sagacious and experienced was that Secretary of Treasury, but Mr. Chase came to learn that the President was taking soundings in deeper waters than his plummets could fathom. Most indomitable, like a god of war, was that Mars-like Stanton, clad in complete mail, but that inflexible resolution, when the kindly purpose of Mr. Lincoln's views came sweeping down on that iron plane—the miracle of the Scriptures was repeated and "The iron did swim."

Mr. Lincoln was privileged to have on the field of battle a train of warriors worthy of being mentioned beside the royal fighters of King David of the old scripture days. There was that silent, sphinx-like man, whose tongue was still, whose sword was eloquent, whose deeds speak to the generations to come, who fought the fight of humanity in the dark glades of the Wilderness, and who fought the fight of the hero on the lonely summit of Mt. McGregor. There was the gallant Sheridan, whose fiery heart and earnest ardor outran the fleet-footed coursers of his command; Sheridan, that splendid cavalier sans peur et sans reproche,

the hero of the American army. There was the Cromwellian figure of Grant.

Mr. Chairman, this splendid mirage of triumph has at last reached the eternal sea, and its memory shall never grow dim in the hearts of the lovers of their country. Grand men! But we know now, whatever we thought then, that Mr. Lincoln was sweeping a wider horizon and was more nearly to the heart of things and understood better the impulses and the issues of that day than these great leaders of men.

He was a lonely man. He was born to loneliness as a heritage. He was a great deal of the time in the dim recesses of the Western forests. He learned what the wilderness and the streams could teach him, and he grew up far from the conventional restraints of society; he grew up under conditions where nothing was recognized as worthy except inherent manhood, and from his boyhood he drew the breath of loneliness. He was created with a hunger for knowledge, in his coonskin hat and buckskin suit he marched back and forth every day nine miles to the schoolhouse. He touched every side of life until he came to be the martyred President. He was a hostler, a surveyor, a Mississippi boatman, a storekeeper, he was entered in a lawyer's office. He was like some great pine tree that winds its roots into a soil that is little but rock and feeding upon its inhospitable condition raises its columnar top into the sky, defying the storm and deriding the hostilities of the tempest.

Let me tell you about the first speech that Mr. Lincoln is said to have made. His friends thought he would be a good candidate for the Legislature, so they put him into nomination; he came from his retreat in the woodlands to a country town where he was to meet his opponent. As he approached the town he passed the house in which his antagonist dwelt. He saw rising from the roof

a thin spire of iron, and he says, "What's that?" "Oh," said his friend, "that is a lightning rod," and he explained the uses of a lightning rod. Mr. Lincoln had never before seen such an appendage to a dwelling, and he thought over it a good deal until his time to speak. The man against whom he was running was the first to occupy the platform, and he addressed his fellow-citizens by saying that they would not throw him overboard for this unknown man, whose life they did not know and with whom they were not acquainted, who had come up there from the unexplored tracts of the wilderness. Mr. Lincoln arose and said, "Friends, you don't know very much about me. I haven't had all the advantages that some of you have had, but," he said, "if you did know everything about me that you might know, you would be sure there was nothing in my character that made it necessary to put on my house a lightning rod to save me from the just vengeance of Almighty God!"

There are three great papers in the story of English-speaking peoples that mark the progress of the race. One is the Magna Charta, and one the Declaration of Independence, and one the Emancipation Proclamation. The Magna Charta was produced by a company of belted knights with glittering steel, swords bared, with lances in rest; the Declaration of Independence was uttered to the world by a splendid company of scholars, but the Emancipation Proclamation was wrought out by one lonely man sustaining a burden that might have borne to earth an ancient Atlas. It was the time when disaster and reverse was hovering over the American arms, when the great efforts that had been made to go on to Richmond resulted only in going back to Washington, and Lincoln, one eventful day, called together his cabinet. Said he to them, "Gentlemen, I have called you together to state to you what I propose to do." He said, "I do not ask any advice as to the

doing of it, but I shall be very glad to hear from you as to the best method in which it may be done, but I intend to issue this proclamation." He then read to them that paper which he had wrought out in solitude. A great hush fell upon the company of his advisers. Soon Mr. Seward suggested the change of a sentence. Mr. Bates said, "I think that this will cost you the fall election." Mr. Chase told how he thought certain parts of it might be made stronger. Mr. Seward finally said, "Mr. Lincoln, if you issue this proclamation just at this present time it will sound like a cry of despair. Wait until we have won a great victory and then let loose this thunderbolt." Mr. Lincoln then said, "Very well, gentlemen, I will wait," and like Siegfried in the play, who in the hollow of the mountain forged the sword with which he should do to death the dragon, Mr. Lincoln in quiet tempered that bolt with which he was at one blow to strike off the shackles of millions of souls. Well, by and by came Wednesday and the Cabinet sat on Saturday, and the proclamation went forth on Sunday, and the sons of men throughout the world shouted as if they were the witnesses of a new creation, for there came to us a new heaven from which the dark cloud of judgment was rolled back, and a new earth that was printed with no foot of a slave; and the Americans could say for the first time that their land was not only the land of the brave, but the home of the free.

Mr. Lincoln was a profoundly religious man, he subscribed to no particular "ism"; he enrolled himself in no special church. It would have been to my thinking almost a false note for this unique and solitary character to have done so. In society he always looked to manhood rather than to etiquette; in law he always consulted common sense more than he did the statutes; in prestige and in religion he asked for a sincere heart more than for a mere creed. Mr. Lincoln refused to wear the strait-jacket

of a bigot who says I am holier than thou, and he just as strenuously refused to wear the mantle of the fool who says in his heart, or he will say it with his lips if you make it a sufficient financial inducement for him to do so, he will say there is no God. But from the very moment that he took the cars at Springfield and tracked through the snow fields of that late springtime and asked his neighbors and his whole people to pray to God for him, until the hour when his great spirit went back to the Giver of it, he followed the teachings of God as though he saw that pillar of cloud and of fire at all times.

There was a delegation that went to Mr. Lincoln at one time in a dark day of our story, and they wanted him to abandon the conflict; they wanted him to give up his unequal warfare, as they called it, and restore peace to this unhappy land. His reply to them was, "Gentlemen, you remind me of an experience of my early life. I was working for a farmer, as a farm hand for old Deacon Jones. In the middle of the night I heard him call to me 'Abraham, Abraham, get up, the world is coming to an end.'" Says he, "I looked out of the window in my little attic room in the old log cabin, and I saw the stars raining from their places in the heavens, and my heart gave way within me, and I trembled with fear, feeling that the judgment hour had come. But, gentlemen, as I looked, I saw behind that blinding meteoric shower the old North Star shining just where it always had been, and the Dipper which I knew was there in all its glory, and I came to the conclusion that the world was not at an end, and I would steer by the stars that God had set to remain in his heavens."

Friends, we are at an another hour when opinions are divided. There are those that make the air to quiver with apprehension; there are those who tell us that we violate the Constitution and that we are false to the Declaration of Independence, but yet

through the shower of meteors, through the roar of all the disturbances of this time, we will still behold the star of American independence, the star that shines for the right of liberty, the right of political liberty and religious liberty; that star is still fixed and immovable in God's heavens. By that we steer, by the light of it our fathers saw over the sea to lay the course of the Mayflower, until its prow had touched on Plymouth Rock. By that star Washington laid his course from Bunker Hill until it led to victory and Yorktown. By that star our martyred President guided his course from Sumter to Richmond. And that star is now sending its beams into the waters of a far-off sea, it has risen upon the horizon of the Orient, it is hanging like a beacon above those distant islands, and its shining will tell the world that a new day, a day of liberty for man, has arisen upon the face of the earth.

THE FOURTEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1900

Address of

HON. ROBERT G. COUSINS

HON. ROBERT G. COUSINS

Congressman Cousins was born in Cedar Co., Iowa, in 1859. He graduated from Cornell College, Iowa, 1881. He was admitted to the bar in 1882 and has since been in active practice. Since 1893 he has represented the Fifth Iowa District and has won prominence as a congressional orator.

ADDRESS OF

HON. ROBERT G. COUSINS

In every part and in almost every city of America, on this last anniversary in the century which produced him, a grateful people meet to pay their homage to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Not that it is possible for human speech to add to his renown, but rather that we may dedicate ourselves and the nation which he loved to a better understanding of his character and to the principles for which he lived and died.

The nineteenth century brings to the threshold of the twentieth, perhaps the greatest and most distinguished names ever given to the list of the immortals by any single century of human progress, and chief of all those names is Lincoln.

Somebody said that the history of a nation is the history of its great men. If our century has produced greater, better, nobler men who have achieved more for the human race than any other century, it indicates, if it does not prove, the progress of our world. It is a great thing to feel that this is true.

The dream of the eighteenth century was free government—democracy—the thought that civilized and enlightened mankind could govern themselves, and that security, progress and endurance would attend that system. But it was doubted by the world even when our independence was achieved, doubted when Abraham Lincoln was born, doubted when a free people chose him as President. The test of rebellion had not yet been made. When it

finally came, most of the Old World's intellects volunteered the force and influence of their opinions against the possibility of the unity and survival of the republic. Even Mr. Gladstone expressed a disbelief in the possible restoration of the Union. But it should always be remembered in justice to that empire of the snows, ruled by the Imperial Czar, that when the supreme test of Republican government and human liberty was being made, no voice of discouragement ever emanated from the Russian Empire.

The problem of human slavery—whether one human being could rightfully be claimed as the property of another, was the contention on which the tremendous test of Republican government arose. Being a question of both property and morals, all the prejudices and all the selfishness of human nature were necessarily aroused. Destiny had not seen fit to give the new republic the simple problem of solving the question of its unity, identity, and federal authority by a mere abstract interpretation of the Constitution upon the direct issue as to whether, for any cause, the Union might be dismembered. It seemed as though Infinite Wisdom sought to couple with the problem every passion that could come from human avarice, every prejudice that might arise from forfeiture, every bias that material considerations could arouse. The terrible test must be made for all time and with every aggravation that could possibly attend it. To reach the summit of free government and to there proclaim to all the world and for all time the unity and independence of the American republic, the pilgrim of human progress must bear the heaviest pack that all the hands of prejudice and politics and doubt could pile upon his back.

But it must be remembered that in our world of strife and toil and suffering and glory, nothing which is easy can be great.

In the rumbling thunder of that approaching storm could be

heard summons only for the bravest and the mightiest men. It was no place for pigmies. In the lightning's flash of the awful hour, human intellect, stimulated to intensity, must foresee the way by which the dearest hope of all the centuries could march to certain and enduring victory, and carry its cause into the permanence of the ages. Ah, America, how great shall be the gratitude to him who, standing in the flashlight of that crisis, shall discern with certainty the way for the new republic to work out its ultimate salvation—the way for liberty to live—the course by which a nation torn asunder shall reach a perfect and enduring Union!

Fifty years have passed and gone—half a century since all men learned his name—and now we come again as citizens of that permanent and perfect Union, to voice our gratitude to him who studied out the way, to him who said, "We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

He came into the contest as a countryman, out of the loins of labor and from the very heart of the continent. No trumpet sounded his arrival. No family of pedigree gave him prestige. He had to reason his way out of the woods into the world, out of poverty into position, out of politics into statesmanship, out of greatness into glory, and finally he went from life into the calendar of saints which never happens except by the unanimous consent of all mankind.

America first knew him when he finished with Stephen A. Douglas. The torch of his intellect, shining above all others, attracted attention. He had driven Douglas to evade the tenet of his party, that slavery was a creature of the Constitution, illimitable and uncontrollable, and made him say: "The people of a territory can, by lawful means, exclude slavery from their limits, prior to the formation of a State constitution."

This declaration of Mr. Douglas was made in answer to Mr. Lincoln's famous second interrogatory in joint debate, and it ruined Douglas with the extreme Democrats. It was heterodox for one undertaking to speak for the Democracy and for slavery to admit that slavery could be anywhere or in any way impeded. The question was propounded by Mr. Lincoln against the advice of all his political counsellors. They feared it would give Mr. Douglas a chance to say what he did say, and thereby strengthen him with the conservative Republicans of Illinois. But by being careful, in Illinois, he became an outlaw in Mississippi. Mr. Lincoln foresaw this. He was looking to the future and to a wider horizon than that of a single State. Some people thought that his heart was set on the Senatorship of Illinois, but he was talking for the ages. He was running for a seat in that exalted place at the right hand of Infinite Justice. He was getting rid of Mr. Douglas so that the extreme Democrats in the coming presidential campaign would nominate a candidate as extreme and as bad as they were themselves. He was driving the friends of human slavery to their logical position, and he was demonstrating to the world the wickedness of that position. He was serving the conservative men, the reasoning men of both parties, for the final conflict that was coming on the wings of war. This was fine work. Its diplomacy was worthy of a Talleyrand; its reasoning worthy of Abraham Lincoln.

When he had done with Douglas he was wanted everywhere. His reason had set a torch upon the hilltops. The close of the senatorial contest in Illinois was but the beginning of that larger contest which involved all States and all the future. The people of the country who had been confused by constitutional niceties were everywhere repeating over and over again the wondrous words:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this country cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction or its advocates will push it farther until it becomes alike lawful in all States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

Perhaps never were words spoken by man which made such deep impression on the public mind. It was a prophecy carrying conviction with its very utterance, and everywhere men wondered and inquired among themselves "what manner of man is this?" Ohio must have him in the campaign, Pennsylvania, Iowa, New Hampshire and Minnesota—every place in which the light of his unrivaled wisdom had proceeded, called for him, and as Lord Lytton said about his famous Doctor Lloyd, finally, "Abbey Hill let him feel its pulse." He was invited to New York. He came to Cooper Institute, and in the presence of such men as William Cullen Bryant, David Dudley Field, and Horace Greeley, he who has been mentioned as the "rude lank Westerner," spoke to an audience described by the Morning Tribune as an "assemblage of the intellect and mental culture of our city."

It was here that he described the friends of human slavery and their audacity as "sinners calling the righteous to repentance." It was here that his genius gave him national renown and his logic unfolded the principles of the Constitution from its originators and marked out the way of life for the republic. It was here that he made it possible to be President, and finally to be crucified.

The dreaming child of the Kentucky woodland, the country boy of Indiana, the flat-boat pilot of the Mississippi, the village postmaster, lawyer, legislator and logician of Illinois, the orator and statesman of America, became our President. In the midst of the dissolving Union, standing before the Chief Justice who was to administer the oath of office, he had to say: "A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted." And then came the sentence which voiced the sentiment of loyalty in America for all time and showed the metal of this courageous and patriotic President:

"I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual."

Then finally came that matchless utterance of loyalty and love, that lifts the name of Lincoln into the loftiest place of literature:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

There have been men who ruled in this world by force and arbitrary mandates and history calls them great. But in a republic, ruling power is granted only by the individual judgment and approval of the millions which can only be reached by reason. When Abraham Lincoln had finished his first inaugural and taken the oath of office, he had convinced the better judgment of America not only of the justice of the Union's cause, but of his pre-eminent worthiness to represent that cause. His thought had reached the hearthstone, his argument was on the lips of countrymen; his love had touched the hearts of loyalty; his gentle spirit permeated

every fireside; his matchless genius took possession of superior minds; his wondrous reasoning reached, like penetrating light, the intellects of all the lands and consequently at his beck and bidding stood the grandest army ever organized upon this earth from civil life—The Grand Army of the Union.

Confronting it, there was the greatest force "ever forged into a thunderbolt of rebellion" against any nation. The conflict that ensued was awful and unequaled in the annals of our world. The memories of broken hopes, of blighted love, of scattered families remain forever as the shadows and the lines of care upon the sad and love-illumined face of the immortal Lincoln. Every sorrow touched his tender heart and every sacrifice that heroism gave its country left a scar upon his sorrowful and homely features. But in all the trials of that tremendous war, his judgment proved unerring and his never-failing reason was the guiding light. His was the master mind, not only in the matters of momentous policy and statecraft, but wisely practical in all the details of departmental difficulties. Not only was he the most unerring judge of men, but wondrous in his judgment of maneuvering and in foreseeing and in planning for emergencies. He was perhaps the first promotor of the Ironclad. When he learned that one of the Confederate batteries at Charleston Harbor had been made to resist the heaviest shot by being covered with bars of railroad iron, he asked Mr. Fox, his Assistant Secretary of the Navy, what difficulty there was in the way of using such a defense upon a vessel. He was told that naval officers feared that "an armor heavy enough to make them effective would sink them as soon as launched." "But is not that a sum in arithmetic?" inquired the President. "On our Western rivers we can figure just how many tons will sink a flat-boat. Can't you clerks do the same for an armored vessel?" From the idea of that conversation undoubtedly the

Monitor was built! The President was the friend of Ericsson and Captain Worden. Two days before the famous battle of the Monitor and Merrimac he said, "I believe in the Monitor and her commander. If Captain Worden does not give a good account of himself I shall have made a mistake in following my judgment. I have not made a mistake in following my clear judgment of men since the war began. I followed that judgment when I gave Worden the command of the Monitor. The Monitor should be in Hampton Roads now, she left New York eight days ago." When he was told by Captain Fox that it was not prudent to place any reliance in the Monitor, he replied:

"I respect your judgment as you have good reason to know, but this time you are all wrong. The Monitor was one of my inspirations; I believed in her firmly when that energetic contractor first showed me Ericsson's plans. Captain Ericsson's plain but rather enthusiastic demonstration made my conversion permanent. It was called a floating battery then; I called it a raft. I thought then and I am confident now, it is just what we want. I am sure the Monitor is still afloat and that she will yet give a good account of herself. Sometimes I think she may be the veritable sling with a stone that shall yet smite the Merrimac Philistine in the forehead."

On the second night after that utterance, anxiously waiting with officers of the Navy, he heard the joyful news of the victory from Hampton Roads. The idea which was developed by Ericsson had become the monarch of the seas and revolutionized the navies of the world.

There seems to be a kind of affinity in great minds for the sea and for sea-craft. No nation has ever become great in the world of nations that has not taken its place fearlessly and permanently as a co-tenant of the ocean. The sea is treacherous to ignorance,

to enlightenment it is kind. Queen Elizabeth used to say, "Quid mihi Maris scribet?" "What does the sea say to me?" On that memorable Sunday night, March 9, 1862, the sea said to Abraham Lincoln, "Henceforth we shall be friends. The child of your mind has become the master of the mighty deep." A little while ago the sea said to President McKinley, "Come this way." And in the gray dawn of the morning Admiral Dewey carried the stars and stripes, the emblem of civilization, by the cannon of Cavite, saying to Gridley, "You can fire when you are ready," and when the smoke had cleared away, the world beheld the banner of the stars triumphant in Manila Bay. It said to Sampson and to Schley, to Clark and to Wainwright, to Fighting Bob and Praying Philip, "Catch Cervera and I'll give your country rich possessions near to Nevis of the Lesser Antilles, the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton," and in less than two hours the sea gulls looked in vain for a Spanish flag! Such are the exploits of the Ironclad, the child of Abraham Lincoln's genius.

Being himself great, he was a judge of greatness. He recognized ability when he saw it. Therefore the greatest military genius of the century did not escape his keen, observing eye. He watched the movement of the Western army. He saw the triumphs at Belmont, Donelson and Shiloh. He saw the army of the Tennessee with the hope of all the centuries, trying to find a way to cross the river with no place to embark and no place to land; he saw the final triumph at Vicksburg, and with the millions of America he called for General Grant to take command of all the Union forces. He listened to some small general enviously say, "Grant drinks," and then he calmly and ironically said, "What does he drink? I want to send some of the same brand to all my generals." Henceforth Grant was unmolested, and within two years from the time America really knew she had a Grant, the

banner of the stars was shining on the Continent, the stars and stripes were floating over Richmond.

Abraham Lincoln saw the final triumph. He witnessed the fulfilment of his mission. He carried out his proclamation of universal liberty. His wisdom bound together the matchless army of the Union which made forever good the declaration of his first inaugural, "The union of these States is perpetual." He went to Gettysburg, and with his living heart upon the hearts of comrades dead, his lips pronounced those words of love and eloquence that live forever as the matchless gem of concentrated speech in all our literature. With stockinged feet before the White House grate, he watched the flickering fire on many an anxious night, just as he had done in old Kentucky and in Indiana and in Illinois in youthtime and in early manhood, and in fancy saw fantastic figures, sometimes droll, amusing him in lonely hours, and then sometimes he saw ambition in its selfish form and hated it. He saw the widowed mother and her hungry child; he saw the lover dying on the battlefield for country's sake and then he saw the face of his betrothed in agony at home. He saw the charge of cavalry and heard the crash of death; he saw the steady lines of infantry starting for the cannoned crest and felt the shot and shell that mangled human forms. And there in the last, long, flickering light, he saw the emblem of the union carried to the eternal heights. With sad but hopeful heart he laid his head upon the pillow in the mansion where Washington had slept; at early morn he awoke from troubled sleep from day to day until 'twas done, the mission of a mighty soul.

Bone of the bone, and sinew of the sinew, heart of the very heart of the American nation, incarnation of its spirit, he reasoned out his course in the darkest epoch of its troubled, glorious history.

The most assuring fact which the twentieth century takes from the last lesson of the nineteenth is this: In the greatest revolution ever known upon this earth—the struggle for the unity and the survival of free government—the guiding spirit of the Union's cause and the greatest general who bore his shield was born and bred and reared in the average environment and among the middle classes of the commonwealth, where the illustrious examples and their wholesome patriotic precepts are learned, revered and practised by the great majority of the successive generations who constitute American citizenship.

Abraham Lincoln was chosen President by the better judgment of the populace which his reason had convinced before the actual strife began. Called again by the unanimous voice of loyalty, when the contest had practically ended, he sat securely in the seat of triumph and of glory, when the greatest tragedy of fact or fiction in the annals of our tragic world took him from the vision of mankind before their grateful hearts could hear his final blessing and his benediction.

I think it was Théophile Gautier who conceived in his imagination a magician who could exchange the souls of men. If by some magic power the soul of J. Wilkes Booth could have been placed in the breast of the martyred President, after the fatal shot was fired, so that it could have gone to the judgment seat with the face of Abraham Lincoln, it might have passed the pearly gates unchallenged. And if the spirit of the murdered President could have entered the breast of that most depraved of all assassins, the murderous hand might momentarily have been forgiven the greatest crime in history, just for the sake of keeping in our sad and grateful world, even for a little while, the loftiest soul, the sweetest spirit, it has ever known in mortal man.

THE FIFTEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1901

Address of

HON. JOHN N. BALDWIN

HON. JOHN N. BALDWIN

Mr. Baldwin was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1858, and practised law there until in later life he was made General Attorney of the Union Pacific Railroad. He removed to Omaha, Nebraska, where he died in 1908. A volume of his speeches has been published in that city. His reputation as a lawyer and orator extended throughout the entire West.

ADDRESS OF

HON. JOHN N. BALDWIN

Mr. President and Gentlemen: From the prairies of the Northwestern States, recently swept by the breezes of the Republican victory, I salute you!

The work of holding some States steadfast, returning to the fold those that had been lost, and making and keeping all Republican, was accomplished by following the precepts and principles of Abraham Lincoln.

Upon an occasion when Republicans have assembled to commemorate Lincoln's birth, life and services, the tillers of the soil extend the hand of Republican fellowship to the master of the mart and bid me greet you! I come as a humble but earnest Republican of the rank and file, feelingly alive to the supremacy of Lincolnian principles, to speak briefly of the virtues which guided Lincoln's private and public life, founded the Republican party, and which must be followed in the solution of future problems and the creation of future policies if that party is to long continue.

Abraham Lincoln stands in no need of a vindicator or a eulogist. "His life speaks its own best eulogy." There need be no fear that if these commemorations should cease, Lincoln would sink in public estimation or his deeds be lost in history. He had received the heart homage of the world before the beauties of his character were pointed out by the critical wand of the orator or the subtler

insight of the poet. Not, however, until poets cease to sing of love, duty, justice, simplicity, sincerity and truth, will men cease to talk about Lincoln.

The hero-worshipper notes carefully the birthtime, place and childhood environment of his idol. We are all familiar with the stressful action through which Lincoln's character was developed and the strange frontier country in which his imagination was unfolded. I believe the cardinal virtues of this life, that have challenged the world's attention, were simplicity, sincerity and truth, and I also believe that the Providence of God ordered and set the scenes of Lincoln's early pilgrimage through life to create, form and fashion these virtues. A family of four, a log cabin, no window, one room and a door. No furniture but rude logs. No machinery, but an axe. No light but the flames from burning brush. No steam, but muscle to rive the rail. No college, but Bible lore, fairy tales and country legends. No art, but the field and forests. No music but the song of the lark. No painting but the sun dipping his golden plumage in the West. It was under these and similar conditions that Abraham Lincoln was born, his character framed, his imagination formed, and his noble and heroic soul entered on life.

Not by birth or opportunity was this man made.

In the strange twilight of the prairies, unheralded and unknown, this grandly simple life began, and yet the whole world has heard the story from his studies by the log-light to the speech at Gettysburg.

In the solitude of the forest, in close communion with nature and nature's God, in the rude, humble toil of the frontiersman, was developed the innate selfhood of the man, the power that touched with the glory of transfiguration that simple, earnest, sincere man, as he uttered the closing appeal of his first inaugural.

To study in libraries, surrounded by works of art and within the hearing of man-made melodies, would have interfered with that necessary, fearless and constant endeavor after truth which made the hand of a rail-splitter pen the Emancipation Proclamation.

We catch a glimpse of the effect of his communion with nature in giving tint or shape to his thoughts, and how vividly he shaped a simple truth, in his speech before the Republican state convention of Illinois, in 1856. He said:

"In 1824 the free men of our State, led by Governor Coles, determined that these beautiful groves should never re-echo the dirge of one who has no title to himself. By their resolute determination the winds that sweep across our broad prairies shall never cool the parched brow, nor shall the unfettered streams that bring joy and gladness to our free soil water the tired feet of a slave; but so long as those heavenly breezes and sparkling streams bless the land, or the groves and their fragrance or their memory remain, the humanity to which they minister shall be forever free."

Simplicity, sincerity and truth—each element necessary to the existence of the other—so early and deeply imbedded in his strong and simple nature, always continued to be Lincoln's noblest characteristics. This great triumvirate of power and virtue kept step with his advance, ruled him well, made him the founder of a great party, the deliverer of a nation, and the preserver of a Constitution.

Abraham Lincoln would have the truth, and the truth which he felt to be true.

Truth, that only one of which there are no degrees, but breaks and rents continually; that pillar of the earth, yet a cloudy pillar; that golden and narrow line, which the very powers and vir-

tues that lean upon it bend, which policy and prudence conceal, which kindness and courtesy modify, which courage overshadows with his shield, imagination covers with her wings, and charity dims with her tears. There are some faults, slight in the sight of love; some errors, slight in the estimate of wisdom, but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

I venture the suggestion that no man will ever write his history and entitle it "The True Abraham Lincoln."

Abraham Lincoln! His simplicity and directness in thought, utterance and writing! He began his studies with a wooden shovel for a slate, logs and boards for paper. He died the greatest master of prose ever produced by the English race.

His sincerity! Enslaved by poverty and deprivation, his young darkly struggling heart longed for freedom. He died the emancipator of a race. His truth! It can be said of him, that which cannot be said of any other uninspired man, that some there are who doubt God, but no one the God-likeness of Lincoln.

It is not that Lincoln needs us, but that we need him, that we are met.

There are practical uses of great men, and when they depart they leave their character and services as public property. The deeds of Abraham Lincoln will live forever. It remains with us and succeeding generations to determine whether his counsel shall prevail, for "the most valuable truths, though known, are useless if not applied."

If certain prophets and philosophers are to be believed, then if we were to detach any arc or segment from the total cycle of human records we should find that it did not at its beginning promise or prefigure as much of good or evil, happiness or misery, liberty or thraldom, a millennial armistice or an æon of war, than the

present course upon which the human race has just started to take its way.

It is said: That this is no longer a government fashioned after the precepts and principles of Abraham Lincoln; that the declaration that "all men are created equal" is unheeded; that capital and labor are opposed and uncommunicating; that it is an age of mammon and machinery; that manufacturers are gorged with the largeness of a plundering tariff; that the existing financial system is a conspiracy against the human race; that imperialism and militarism are the spirit of the times, and that forts are conveniently located so that a standing army can suppress by force discontent among laboring people.

If these conditions do really exist, they put the state in danger, and, if not amended, will destroy it.

If these conditions do not really exist, but by certain peculiar practices, prophecies and platforms are made so to appear to six millions of voters, we have a social anomaly which also bodes peril to the state.

Let us not deceive ourselves. There are social anomalies and phenomena that portend trouble to the republic, and the party of Abraham Lincoln is morally pledged to an honest investigation as to the cause and the remedy. Recent records show that a party in its efforts to investigate and solve these questions and difficulties, summoned the expert, rather than the eyewitness; consulted with prognosticators rather than the practical; gathered men in swarms, and under the influence of its magnetic leader so charmed them that they were ready to receive "the stupidest absurdities as axioms of Euclid"; a party whose leader appealed to the sublimest declaration of independence and equality one moment, and the next to the passions and prejudices of his auditors; fulminated against certain governmental policies and yet swore before the

assessor that under four years of the administration of these selfsame policies, his estate was increased sixteen to one and a fraction over; declared one day that he "did not believe in weighing the dollar against human life and liberty," and the next, weighing his words, shouted, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet." And yet the same records show that these schemes, dreams, falsities, abstractions and practices, destitute of everything but proportion in their presentment, received the support and approval of nearly one-half of the voters of this country.

That such a party with such a leader and with just such simplicity enough to confuse, just sincerity enough to pretend, and just truth enough to deceive, could thus be sanctioned by so large a proportion of the American people, almost passes belief.

The lustre of Lincoln's name is our inheritance and if we expect a continuance of the happy consequence of his labors we must drink deep of the spring of his precepts, draw from the copious resources of his wisdom and move up into the radiations of his spirit. Happy for this people, happy for this nation, that "it is a provision in the moral government of the world, to hold out constantly to mankind both the example of virtue for imitation and its precepts for obedience, and the moral constitution of man is never so depraved as to be totally insensible to either."

It should be noted here that Lincoln's life was devoted to the question of slavery and its cognate questions. The paramount issue then was the maintenance of the government itself—internal regulations were of secondary importance. The great, portentous and momentous questions of finance, tariff, capital and labor, and the policy of acquiring and holding territory without our borders were not present during Lincoln's life, at least in their present proportion. If the proper study of his life has taught us anything, it is that in the solution of these questions Lincoln would have

brought to bear the same methods and principles which guided him in the solution of the great problems he so grandly and so successfully met and solved.

Let us not be discouraged. Only search unweariedly for the truth. We must not assume that the power of wealth is the cause of the discontent of the poor, but must investigate. The right distribution of wealth cannot be fixed by "swarmery." We need a simpler and finer contrivance. In making laws for the protection of the poor and the incompetent, we must not bring about the death of ambition, for ambition is the spring of enterprise, and enterprise the leading spirit of progress. Opportunity must be given to great ability to wield the power of great wealth. There must be protection for the strong as well as the weak, otherwise the arm of enterprise is paralyzed and the power of progress is in abeyance. A law which has not justice for the last dollar of the millionaire will have no protection for the orphan's invested pence or the laborer's savings. The best laws are those which in their administration will "leave capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fairest price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, maintaining peace by defending property, by diminishing the price of law and by observing strict economy in every department of the state."

The poor, the discontented and the distressed, can safely leave their cause in the hands of those who will endeavor, at least, to determine it according to the principles of Abraham Lincoln—he who worked unselfishly for selfish men, "in whose large heart with its large bounty, wretchedness found a solacement, and they that were wandering in darkness the light as of a home," he who stands in crowned sovereignty the simplest, gentlest and noblest of men.

The birth of George Washington was the sign of American freedom; the death of Abraham Lincoln was its consummation. When Washington died part only was free; when Lincoln died there was no slave.

The same spirit of civil liberty that animated Washington in his struggle to make this land free, and Lincoln to make every man free, is to-day moving over the waters of our governmental life. It recognizes no limitations and has no frontiers. It will move as easily and as surely over an ocean as it has over state, treaty and boundary lines.

It may not be in your day or mine; but, as the spirit of Christianity will some day encompass this earth, so will the spirit of civil liberty enter into the formation of all governments and control all nations.

In the work of libertyizing this world the American flag will always be seen in the lead. On whatever land the Stars and Stripes are raised it will be for Freedom; whenever lowered it will be for honor; and wherever unfurled it will be forever and forever.

Along with the utterances of Abraham Lincoln I place that of our President, fighting for peace, aye, a peace-loving ruler in a warring world.

"Peace first; then with charity for all, establish a government of law, protecting life and property, and occupation for the well-being of all the people who will participate in it under the Stars and Stripes.

"If these counsels or this work be of men, it will be overthrown, but if it is of God ye will not be able to overthrow it."

We do not know, but we believe, that Lincoln's wondrous work was done under a higher guidance than ours; and it will not be

overthrown, because it is of the counsel of the same power which ballasts the constellations while penciling the pink.

We do not know, but we believe, that in his last hour, when "all the faculty of the broken spirit had faded away into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then, at last, the night flower of belief alone continued to bloom, and refreshed with its perfume his last darkness."

We do not know, but we believe, that when death's cold kiss made him dreamless here for evermore, instantly he felt the warm touch of the Infinite and became immortal!

THE SIXTEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1902

Address of

HON. JAMES WILLIS GLEED

JAMES WILLIS GLEED, A.M., LL.D.

Mr. Gleed was born in Morrisville, Vt., in 1859. He graduated from the State University of Kansas, 1879, and the Columbia Law School, 1884. Since 1884 he has been in the active practice of law.

ADDRESS OF

HON. JAMES WILLIS GLEED

Forty years have passed since the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. His great secretaries and military commanders, his lieutenants in Congress, his staunch allies, the war governors of the States, the great intellectual, financial and political leaders of that far-off time, his friends and his enemies, both North and South, who could properly be called his contemporaries, are all, or nearly all, at rest. Even the youngest of the boys who fought for and against him begin to be warned by the dimmed eye, the heavy ear, or the faltering step, that the time draweth nigh.

The President of to-day was in his cradle forty years ago. A new generation has come, to whom the stress and storm and passions of the great Rebellion are but as a story that is told; and even to the oldest of my hearers the fife, the drum, the tread of marching feet, the clash of arms and the roar of cannon are an echo and a memory growing ever dimmer and more distant.

During these forty years a thousand books have been written and published about Abraham Lincoln, and ten thousand essays and addresses. His career has been described and his character has been analyzed; he has been placed and sung and glorified till history and philosophy and eloquence and poetry are exhausted and no new thing remains to be said.

But while, as each new anniversary arrives, we can only say the old things, it is fitting and proper that the old things should

be said; and it is certain that they will be said every year more simply and reverently and sincerely. We cannot praise him; we cannot glorify him. We cannot even describe him, no words are simple and majestic enough but his own. I can think of no commemoration on an occasion like this quite fitting and adequate, except the Gettysburg address, the second inaugural, and a few moments of silent thankfulness to Almighty God for Abraham Lincoln.

And yet we must remember that such deep feelings of reverence and gratitude are not native to the human heart—they do not come spontaneously to each new generation—but are born of study and reflection and, therefore, it is necessary that new books should be written and new addresses be made and that the old things should be said and said again.

In the few minutes allotted to me to-night I suppose it is not very important or material what special features of his career or his character or his teachings I endeavor to recall.

Mr. Lincoln in a marvelous way embodies the history and character of the American people. The tragedy of his life, like the tragedy of the nation's life, takes root a long way back. It was in Virginia that the first African slaves were landed. It was a Virginian, Colonel Mason, who said, in the Federal convention: "Slavery brings the judgment of Heaven upon a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." It was another Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, who later said of slavery: "Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; and that his justice cannot sleep forever." When the national punishment came, it was Virginia that suffered most. In Virginia the great tragedy came to an end; it was in Virginia

that the father and mother of Abraham Lincoln were born. Thus the tree of healing springs from the Old Domain where the national disease was first planted.

It is, perhaps, due to slavery that his father and mother can neither read nor write; that he is shiftless, inefficient and nomadic. It is, perhaps, due to slavery that we see the future President born as in a manger, amid surroundings most barren, hopeless and depressing. No angel of the Lord warns the shepherds of his advent. No star comes and stands over where the young child lies. No Wise Men of the East visit his cradle. And had vision warned and star directed and were the Wise Men here, they could not worship; they could not believe that this rude log cabin, without window or door, on this barren farm in Hardin County, Kentucky, holds the savior of a nation. To the Wise Men of the East no place more unlikely to cradle a great statesman than the rude hovel of this vagrant "poor white"; just as to the Wise Men of the West no place more unlikely to cradle a great, rugged, humane man of the people than a mansion of a merchant prince here in New York. Fortunately under our form of government neither Hardin County, Kentucky, nor New York City is barred. Fortunately under our form of government the merchant prince as well as the wandering pioneer may be father to a president. Fortunately under our Constitution we can avail ourselves of wisdom and of worth wheresoever they spring.

Regarding Mr. Lincoln the important thing is, of course, to comprehend what he became, what he did and what he taught; and yet we love to dwell on the becoming—the early processes—and to go over the dramatic outward incidents of his life.

We follow him from Kentucky into Indiana. We see him at school there, in the open woods all day and by the firelight after the day's work is done. We take interest in his college days; we

see him at his athletics in that wide, leafy, whispering gymnasium of his—axe in hand—building him a body of iron; and we see him in his library with the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress and Shakespeare and the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; and somehow we know that these professors of his, Moses and David, and Isaiah, and Bunyan, and Shakespeare, and Washington, and Jefferson, and the Great World of Nature and the Human Struggle and Suffering, are never in the future to be anywise ashamed of their handiwork.

In 1830 we see him moving his family, with their scant and meagre chattels, westward to Illinois; we see him on his southern journey floating slowly down to his first shuddering contact with human slavery—that thing which he said "had and continually exercised the power of making him miserable." We see him hunting his place in the world of work; he is a farm laborer, a flat-boatman, a clerk, a small merchant. He meditates becoming a blacksmith. He is a captain in the Black Hawk War. He becomes a surveyor and a postmaster, and finally devotes himself to the study and practice of the law.

We see him lifted and ennobled by the joy and the pain of a great and tender love. How pathetic the story of Ann Rutledge! He stands by her dying bed; he follows her to the grave; darkness overwhelms him; he sits at night with a friend, unnerved, trembling, tears trickling through his fingers, racked with the thought of the snow and the rain upon the grave; for months he is on the verge of insanity; and the shadow is on his face and the melancholy is in his eyes that are to remain there and grow deeper to the end.

Always after this we feel the man to be above and outside the things he is doing, and apart from them. He does not seem ambitious. He does not seem to struggle. He seems to move pa-

tiently forward, faithfully performing the tasks as they come. He serves in the Legislature; he practises law; he is elected one term to Congress; he finds it disappointing; he applies for the General Land Office; and is refused; he goes back to the practice of his profession, giving up politics, as he thinks, for all time.

And now, after a considerable interval of quiet professional life, comes an ominous and fateful year. The period of mutual restraint, North and South, is at an end; slavery must be extended and live, or it must be restricted and die; the Missouri Compromise is repealed and the great battle is begun.

Fifty-four marks the beginning of the last decade of Lincoln's life. It marks the beginning of his ministry. Now we are to find what manner of man he has become and what place he is to hold in the history of the nation and of the world.

Biography should be read backward—first find what at maturity a man was and did—all else is incidental—and Mr. Lincoln's should begin here. From this on, he stands always in the white light. From this on, we can see ourselves the great, patient purpose driving, the great intellect executing, the great heart suffering. From this on, we need take no man's word for him; we may study Lincoln direct; we have an authentic record—twelve hundred printed pages of his own words—his letters, speeches, messages and proclamations.

And what a marvelous record it is. Let any young American of this or future generations, who seeks the true image, the unbroken melody, take up this record first—and last. And if he shall come to the task a little skeptical; if his observation in a peaceful and progressive age shall have taught him that things are not always what they seem, that high power and high character are not always found in high places, that reputations are sometimes manufactured; that public opinion is often wrong; if

he shall come to the task in a spirit tinged with cynicism; with a vague impression or suspicion that Lincoln's place in history and his hold on human hearts was won by a mere shrewd, good-natured, story-telling politician; that his nomination was in part an accident and in part a compromise; that some or many of his doings and sayings will have to be apologized for; that he was a man who drifted with the current and who happened to be at the head of affairs during a highly critical period; that under pressure he developed good capacities, but that he was so placed as to reap the glory of other people's achievements; that the manner of his death, and the time of it, set a halo and mystic glory around him which make just criticism and sound judgment impossible—if, I say, the young American of this or any future generation shall sit down to read that record with such prepossessions, or with any of them, he will rise up ashamed. He will rise up with the feeling that those twelve hundred pages, recording the thoughts, feelings, purposes, triumphs and sufferings of the last decade of Lincoln's life, make a book matchless since the Bible. It will be to him like a spiritual baptism—a new birth. And ever thereafter, when he listens to the words of any man, however great, however eloquent, about Lincoln, he will feel that he has the measure of the speaker or the writer, perhaps, but never the measure of Lincoln. He will feel ever more deeply that Lincoln, looked at through the eyes of any man however sympathetic, is simply Lincoln diminished, Lincoln lessened; and he will turn back unsatisfied to Lincoln's own printed pages and recorded words.

Oh, the strength and the grandeur of that record! Oh, the beauty, the gentleness, the tenderness of it! It seems to-day forty years after, fresh-wet with tears; the blood stains are not dry; the prayers still beat up to Heaven—or are but just now hushed! The meanest of us rises from it awe-stricken, with bated breath,

humbled, comforted, inspired—with something of that heroic heart new-growing in his own; with something of those melancholy eyes new-shadowed in his, with something of that dauntless courage and invincible purpose knitting itself into his innermost being. There shines the mind, there throbs the heart, there moves the divine, undeviating purpose! Twelve hundred pages of words pressed out like drops of blood and sweat by a great civil struggle—burned out in the fiery furnace of war! No hatred, no scorn, no pride, no exultation, no selfishness, no weakness of any kind anywhere to be found! Every page with something to moisten the eye, to stiffen the will, to exalt the aspirations, to illumine the intellect, to set the heart throbbing or the nerves tingling! On every page some sentence that flashes like a searchlight or rings like a rifle-shot. No other such record is to be found in all literature.

In 1860, just after the Republican national convention, Mr. Beecher said to Mr. Raymond of the Times, "Your candidate (Seward) would not do in a crisis like this; he has too much head, and too little heart." "And yours," said Raymond, "has, I fear, too much heart and too little head."

Wendell Phillips, sincere to the core, refusing to misstate his real views even by the coffin's side and under the pressure of universal sorrow, said in '65: "No matter now that unable to lead and form the nation, he was content to be its mouthpiece and representative."

Had Mr. Lincoln "too little head?" Was he "unable to lead and form?" What does the record show?

Take, for a moment, the great debate with Douglas, which really began in 1854 and lasted until 1860. What shall we expect of this debate? Mr. Lincoln has a great reputation for humor; he has been born and has grown up and has always lived on the

border; he is supposed to be deficient in education; his audiences are supposed to be rude, rough, pioneer audiences. What shall we expect then of this debate? Wit, anecdote, personalities, keen thrusts, excess of emotion and ornamentation, a tinge of coarseness, something of blare and breath and broadness; much to be apologized for and excused, yet all to be redeemed by a certain rugged strength and underlying sincerity—and occasional flashes of insight and foresight proving him a native, though untrained, undisciplined genius?

Will the form and manner be crude and faulty, the matter bold, audacious and free even to lawlessness? We read and rub our eyes astonished. It is all so simple, so lucid, so logical, so chaste and unadorned, so tremendously earnest, and oh, so ineffably fair and candid and kind! No laughter, no personalities, no play upon the emotions, no tricks of oratory; nothing but the light of reason and the steady fire of moral conviction. He does not dazzle, nor drive, nor overwhelm, but he wins, he melts, he persuades, he steals his very enemies away from their most cherished beliefs. We read the speeches of others and we say: "What an orator! How bold! How brilliant! What learning! What logic! What power!" We read this long debate and we say: "How was it possible to think or feel otherwise?"

And as for lawlessness! It was Mr. Beecher, of Brooklyn, who wanted it graven on his tombstone that he "scorned and spit upon the fugitive slave law." Mr. Lincoln said: "Every provision of the Constitution must be obeyed in good faith." It was Boston's voice that condemned that Constitution as a league with hell; Mr. Lincoln maintained it was the Ark of the Covenant.

How shall we mark the great mind, the real leader, in public affairs? Must he not be the man who most fully comprehends existing conditions; the man whose aims are highest, broadest, most

far-reaching, and most steadily maintained; the man who applies to existing conditions those measures best calculated to work the result desired?

Measured thus, what shall be said of Mr. Lincoln? In 1854 he understood, better than any other man, the existing conditions, North and South. He comprehended the entire slavery question. He saw and pitied the bondage of the blacks. He saw and pitied the bondage of the whites. "He who would be no slave," said he, "must have no slave." Slavery was slavery to whites as well as to blacks. The institution was not only morally wrong—it was materially destructive and wasteful. It ate up, it wasted the power and virtue of the very soil. Its steady tendency was more land, more slaves—less product. It must be extended to live; confined to the old slave states it would destroy itself. He saw this. He saw, too, the bondage and the blindness of the people of the North—their servility, their cowardice, their moral lethargy. He saw a part cringing, pliant, prostrate; a part utterly indifferent; almost all, in 1854, selfishly engrossed.

Thus he understood the conditions of 1854. He understood something else. He understood the Constitution; he revered, he worshipped the Declaration of Independence.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." This Mr. Lincoln confessed as the substance of his religion, and this is the very pith and core and essence of his political faith and teaching. It was his religion, his morals, his politics and his statesmanship. "Thy neighbor as thyself," translated into government, meant to him, "All men are created free and equal."

He believed in the Declaration of Independence. He believed that the sufferings, the life-and-death struggle of the Revolutionary fathers, lifted them for the time being to new heights of

spiritual vision; and that in the end they conquered not only the armies of King George, but they conquered themselves and Old World prejudices and inherited evils and errors. The Declaration was the source of all his political sentiments; he frequently said so. It is the text of all his political teaching and the motive of all his political measures. It runs like a strand of gold through the whole fabric of his life. It is the very background and atmosphere of the picture—the theme and melody of the whole majestic composition—"All men are created equal—all men are created equal."

He believed in equality. In that attitude of mind under which society says to each new soul as it appears, not: "What have you?" —not, "What bring you?" "Whence come you?"—race, caste, class, color?—but simply, "What are you—what can you do?"

Lincoln believed in equality. It was not a "self-evident lie," it was not a mere glittering generality; it was a great political and spiritual truth; it was a wide-sweeping, all-embracing, life-giving principle; the very sun of the true social and political system.

He not only believed in the Declaration as a religion, but he understood it as a policy—he saw more and more clearly, as time went on, the extreme wisdom of it. He saw more and more as time went on, the spread of intelligence that lay in it, the growth of virtue that lay in it, the increase of wealth that lay in it, the perpetual harvest of patriotism, of manhood, of national strength and power, to spring from that simply stated truth if really understood and faithfully followed.

And how has history justified his faith! It is a great argument for this great doctrine of equality that it has made us rich; it is a greater argument that it gave us that splendid army of volunteers in '61; it is the greatest argument that when our exist-

ence as a nation hung in the balance, when the Declaration itself was on trial for its life, this doctrine of equality gave to us, gave to that army and gave to humanity the life and services of Abraham Lincoln.

Now one more factor in the problem. He appreciated the value of the Union. The Union was everything. The extreme Abolitionists, hating slavery, were demanding immediate, universal emancipation; otherwise, disunion. The extreme Southern leaders understanding slavery, that it must be extended or die—were demanding extension or disunion. Mr. Lincoln saw that to give up the Union was to confess the failure of free constitutions before the world—the inability of democracy to maintain itself in a crisis. It meant the negro abandoned. It meant weakness, waste and perpetual warfare—if not chaos—to North and South. The anti-slavery cause, the cause of the Constitution and of the Declaration, all hung on the preservation of the Union.

Restrict slavery, give it no new land to feed on, let the nation as a nation stand once more on the Declaration, preserve the Union and slavery will starve and suffocate. The spirit of slavery and the spirit of the Declaration "cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and Mammon; and whosoever holds to the one must despise the other." This he said to the people of Illinois in 1854; and in 1858 he tolled forth the same warning to the whole nation.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect that it will cease to be divided."

Thus Mr. Lincoln, understanding slavery and hating it, understanding the Declaration, the Constitution and the Union, and loving them, framed the issue. Slavery is wrong; it shall not be ex-

tended, but restricted and left to destroy itself. The Declaration is right and shall be restored. The Constitution shall be preserved and the Union forever maintained. This was the broad issue. Lincoln made it in fifty-four; he made it broad; he kept it broad. On this issue thus framed, the whole battle was fought from fifty-four clear down to Appomattox.

Is there no evidence here of intellect, of understanding, of real leadership?

The position taken and maintained in this great debate was not compromise—as many charged then. It was a wide view of the present, a far view into the future—as we understand now. It was not compromise in any sense; it was complete comprehension, complete wisdom, complete sanity.

Mr. Lincoln was always supremely sane.

We love the leader of a forlorn hope; we love the man who will sacrifice all for a cause; we admire the man who speaks out—who utters all that he thinks or feels—and even a little more out of the excess of courage and sincerity; the heart leaps in sympathy with him who will not equivocate, will not excuse, will not retreat a single inch, and who will be heard—and even with the blind old fanatic who, single-handed and alone, takes up arms against a nation.

Such things awe and dazzle us like a storm. But beyond the roar and dazzle of the storm, above the angry cloud, behind the thunderbolt, is the Firmament, is Providence, is Supreme Intelligence and Changeless Purpose. "God dwelleth in eternity and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men." And as the scales fall from our eyes, shall we not more and more see and feel how much greater, grander, and more sublime is the silent, suffering intelligent patience and endurance of Lincoln, than the holy scorn and righteous, tempestuous wrath of these others?

And so the period of debate came to an end, and the period of action arrived. The nation, blind and tormented, was feeling about for its deliverer; and we cannot believe that the hand that groped in darkness was left to chance or fortune; we must believe that it was by some divine guidance that it rested finally upon Abraham Lincoln.

With that pathetic farewell to his friends at Springfield, he journeyed down to Washington. We know what he finds there. Mr. Buchanan willing, as he said, to give up a part of the Constitution, or even the whole of it, if perchance he might save the rest, had left everything undone that ought to have been done. A great rebellion has been inaugurated. Mr. Lincoln confronts not mere ill-controlled mobs risen against the very idea of government, but seven sovereign states—later eleven—fully organized, officered, armed, equipped with all the machinery of government running smoothly and all compact and united for the protection of a vast material interest. With the seceding states have gone senators, representatives, secretaries, federal judges, foreign ministers and consuls, army and navy commanders, inferior officers, heads of departments and clerks without number—carrying over to the enemy all the resources of knowledge, skill, experience, and leadership—depriving the federal government of its very memory and leaving every department confused, unnerved and paralyzed. Hidden disloyalty, more deadly than open desertions, lurks in every branch of the civil service. No man knows whom to trust. The treasury is empty. Arms, arsenals, ships, navy yards, fortifications, and garrisons have been betrayed or abandoned. Foreign governments are unfriendly, prejudiced and ready to intervene. The people of the North are torn with conflicting views. For them no obvious material interest is at stake—their lives are not threatened, their property not endangered; and on the question of

right and wrong public opinion is for the moment divided, confused, without form and void. Darkness is on the face of the deep and even when the light dawns and the dry land of righteousness, the granite peaks and fertile plains of loyalty appear, there also appear here and there throughout the North the bogs and swamps and rotten morasses of sordid self-interest, secret sympathy, and silent treachery!

To bring order out of such chaos, to put down such a rebellion, is the task confronting the new Executive. And it is not enough to restore order and put down the rebellion; it must be done without the destruction of popular institutions; without injury to free government; it must be done in such a way as to make the Union, when restored, as nearly as possible a real Union; it must be done in such a way as to leave no wasting wounds—no incurable diseases in the body politic.

And more, the crisis is new in human experience. There is no history, no precedent to go by. Rebellions have indeed been put down, but not by such governments as ours. The very material Lincoln has to work with is of a new sort. Napoleon put down a revolution, but the people had long been accustomed to despotic rule. There was civil war in Cromwell's time, but the people were wonted to one-man government. But here is a people, free, peaceful, unused to arms, jealous of power, and accustomed to no government at all in the Old World sense. Thus out of the character of our people and the form of our government a hundred vast and perplexing questions arise that are not new here alone, but new in the world.

To such tasks, under such conditions, comes Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, Illinois, age fifty-two, attorney-at-law, commercial rating three thousand dollars besides homestead exempt. He comes without military experience, without diplomatic experience, with-

out any experience at all, we may almost say, in the administration of large affairs. His personal acquaintance is small. He is a stranger to his own party; and that party really a minority party, is new and strange to itself—made up of discordant elements bound together only by a determination that the Union of the whole country must and shall be preserved.

The tasks are gigantic enough; the conditions to the last degree perplexing; his experience and preparation almost nothing.

On the other hand, there is the just God in Heaven in whom he trusts; and there is the American people whose temper and power he understands. He trusts in God; he understands the American people.

The American people! Ah, there was the arsenal! There was the courage, there was the conscience, there was the overwhelming power! Latent, dormant, for the time being, yet there was the power; there it was, spread across the continent like a sleeping sea! There it lay in the hearts of some millions of common American men—and boys—and women! There it lay as it lies now, in the stored intelligence, skill, conscience, self-control, devotion, and invincible courage of the American people. Intelligence, conscience, strength, heroism were common then, as they were three years ago—as they are to-day. What we had then, what we have now, was, and is, an almost limitless store of human skill and capacity. It was this which constituted our real wealth then. It is this which constitutes our wealth and strength to-day. This Mr. Lincoln understood. He knew the common people. He knew the farm boys who could be turned into captains and colonels—good enough in time of war. He knew the canal drivers, the real estate agents and the tanners who could command armies and win victories.

He said in that special message of his, "So large an army as the

government has now on foot was never before known without a soldier in it but who has taken his place there of his own free choice.

"But more than this: There are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all arts, sciences, professions and whatever else is known in the world, and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a president, a cabinet, a congress, and perhaps a court, abundantly competent to administer the government itself."

It was this high and sympathetic estimate of the talent and capacity of the American people which enabled Mr. Lincoln to rally and make effective the real strength of the country.

We cannot follow him in detail through those four years of blood and fire—we cannot tell the story of the war—but there it is in that record! There you see him pleading with the South; uniting the North; holding onto the border states; watching the newspapers; watching elections; watching public demonstrations; watching Congress; controlling the various executive departments; flanking copper-heads and peace Democrats; flanking his own unreasonable friends; flanking regiments of office and commission-seekers, as well as regiments of rebels; raising troops; creating a navy; studying maps; planning campaigns; making, encouraging, stimulating, rebuking and unmaking generals; protecting the public credit; pondering foreign relations; solving great constitutional problems; encouraging and comforting his soldiers and his people; issuing a steady stream of messages, proclamations, decisions and various state papers—all calm, matured, prudent, eloquent, wise; destroying four million slaves and putting in their places four million free men; rebuilding from the outside loyal state governments; collecting and spending millions upon millions of wealth; holding as in the hollow of his hand the lives and properties of

more than half a continent; wielding a power really as great and absolute as any despot ever had in history, yet exercising that power reluctantly, mercifully and with scrupulous and painful regard to every constitutional limitation and every individual right.

There he stands for four awful years, hasting not, resting not, looking forward and backward, surveying all, controlling all, like Fate or Providence itself. Calmly he takes each man's censure; steadfastly he reserves his judgment; nothing too soon; nothing too late. The people must have time to think; the battle is theirs. Emancipation cannot come at once; its necessity must be seen; the border states must, if possible, be held. McClellan must be kept awhile; till the people and the army can see him as he is. Negro regiments will not do at first, but negro regiments come as Northern prejudice melts. On this general and that, on this question and on that, he bides his time. The present is not all; there is the future. The army is not all; there are the people. In the midst of a war, the most gigantic of modern times, every move and measure must in sixty-four, in accordance with the constitution, be submitted to the people; the people must be held as well as fields of battle—for Democratic measures will never save a nation.

And so in the fulness of time all is submitted to the people and by the people approved; and the war goes on and the great task is finally performed. The clear, simple, definite issue is abolished; the Declaration restored, the Constitution intact, the Union preserved, and established on a firmer foundation. Is there not some evidence here of intellect and leadership?

We know from many speeches delivered on that journey from Springfield to Washington, that Mr. Lincoln himself had Raymond's doubts about his head and Phillips's doubts about his fitness to lead. Let us hope that in those last bright days in early

April, 1865, when he was down there at City Point sending in glad tidings hour by hour to the stern old lion of the war department—the victory sure, the burden lifted—that he allowed himself a little pleasant human consciousness of the greatness of his leadership and the grandeur of his achievements; that for one fleeting moment he opened his heart to "the gentle pride and joy of noble fame."

Great as was Lincoln's intellectual endowment, it was not his greatest.

> "A power was his beyond the touch of art,
> Of armed strength; his pure and mighty heart."

We may pass over the dry, uninteresting, unpoetic virtues. He had no vices; he was scrupulously honest and scrupulously truthful. These things make an admirable man, but not necessarily an adorable one. Lincoln was adorable! His soul seems indescribably spacious. The mere cataloguing of admirable characteristics with incidents and illustrations will not convey the full sense of his magnanimity.

Take his loyalty, his faithfulness, his deep and abiding reverence for his country's institutions. He hated slavery. Notwithstanding this, he said: "We are under a legal obligation to catch and return the runaway slaves. I confess I hate to see them hunted down and carried back to their stripes and unrequited toil, but I bite my lips and keep quiet." At another time he said, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel; and yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would preserve, protect and defend the

Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath, nor was it in my view that I might take an oath to get power and break the oath in using the power."

Thus in every emergency we find him slow and reluctant in the assumption and exercise of unusual or extraordinary powers and swift and eager in laying them down. To him, the law, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, are sacred and holy.

He was very anxious about the election in 1864. Doubtless he had some wish for personal approval and vindication, but we cannot see this personal motive in him very strong. We know he was weary; we know he was heavy-laden; we see him as pictured by Carpenter, gazing out toward the Virginia horizon and repeating to himself:

"How sleep the brave who sunk to rest
By all their country's wishes blest,"

and he goes on: "How willingly would I change places with the humblest private who sleeps to-night on the banks of the Potomac!" This was his deep mood; the end was drawing nigh for him; he had passed through the fiery furnace; the desire for earthly reward could not have been pulling very hard at his heart-strings then; but he believed that the fate of the blacks, the fate of the nation, the fate of humanity, hung upon that election; and he was extremely anxious for Republican victory. And yet, desiring it so much, wielding a power so vast, observe how fair, how just, how scrupulous he is!

Consider his unselfishness. See how devoted he is to his cause and how careless of his own personal success—how inconsiderate always of Abraham Lincoln. In '54 he gave way to Trumbull to make sure of a vote in the Senate against the extension of slavery.

In '58 he deliberately risked defeat by Douglas in order to make sure of national Republican success in '60. In the Douglas canvass he says: "I claim no extraordinary exemption from personal ambition; that I like preferment as well as the average man may be admitted; but I protest that I have not entered this hard contest solely or even chiefly for a mere personal motive."

We cannot think of Lincoln as in the ordinary sense ambitious. Public affairs do not present themselves to him as an arena, a racecourse, for Abraham Lincoln; but as a field or a vineyard to be made fruitful for the common good.

When he comes to the presidential chair, how free he is of all consciousness of Lincoln, how unspotted by pride of any sort, how extremely careful of the feelings and prejudices and honor of other men, how careless of his own. The first inaugural is so pathetic in its appeal to the seceding states that it has been criticised as unmanly. To the border states he said: "I do not argue. I beseech that you make arguments for yourselves."

All there is of Abraham Lincoln—his pride and dignity and honor, so-called, and reputation—every feeling and emotion of just and proper resentment—everything but principle—he is ever willing to sacrifice to attain the great end.

Greater than all this was his justice, his fairness toward the South, his sympathy with the Southern people, his magnanimity toward even the leaders of the Rebellion.

In the matter of slavery the South was guilty, but the North was not innocent. The South kept slaves, but the North used the sugar and cotton and so shared in the profit. "God gives to both North and South," he said, "this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense cometh."

He did not slur over or ignore the guilt of secession, but if you will observe him throughout the four years of his service, with

the press misrepresenting him; radical anti-slavery leaders stabbing him; the public at times misunderstanding him; the governors and generals complaining of him; his enemies jeering, his friends faltering, doubting and scolding; with armies meeting disaster after disaster; with the Union he loved shattered into fragments; with the slavery he hated securing perhaps a still firmer foothold; with the cause of popular institutions trembling in the balance; with the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the wail of the widowed and fatherless ringing in his ears; torn, wounded, crushed in every way; suffering as only One suffered—there yet is not a note of scorn, not even an epithet of hate, not a word of bitterness in all that matchless record!

He had the gentlest, tenderest heart that ever beat. He could be firm. General Grant wired in August, 1864, that he was unwilling to break his hold where he then was. To which the President replied, "Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip and chew and choke as much as possible." This is an order stern and strong enough to please the most resolute, and yet we know he had the gentlest, tenderest heart that ever beat. It was always so.

Riding across the prairies of Illinois with his fellow lawyers on the circuit, he discovered one day some new-fledged birds, blown too early out of the nest, in great distress. He stopped, dismounted, gathered the little frightened creatures in his great hand and hunted till he found the nest and put them back. Walking down a street of Springfield on one occasion after his return from Congress, he found a little girl weeping. She was to go on a journey, her trunk was packed, the train was almost due, but the baggageman was missing. It was all arranged in a moment, and a huge ex-Congressman, with a trunk on his shoulder and a little girl by the hand, reached the station just in time.

William Scott, a lad from Vermont, stood guard one night in place of a sick friend. The next night he was detailed on his own account. He was caught asleep, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot by his own comrades. And thereupon, the great gentle-hearted President of the United States, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, throwing aside all his overwhelming cares and duties, went in person to Chain Ridge and hunted up William Scott, and investigated the circumstances, and issued such orders that William Scott died a martyred hero fighting for his country, and not a condemned and disgraced traitor.

Hundreds of such instances are known. He is always saying, "It will do the boy no good to shoot him." Everywhere you find yearning and pathetic appeals for opportunity to pardon. He never seeks excuse for severity—but always excuse for clemency. He is always trying to evade what he calls "this butchering business." His tenderness of heart is by no means confined to questions of life and death. He appeals to have a boy's pay restored. "Loss of pay falls so hard upon poor families. He wants no stain or shadow upon any soldier's record for immaterial causes. Nothing more impresses you in his letters than the effort he makes to wound no man's feelings unnecessarily. When he says it pains him not to make the appointment asked for, you know it does. His sympathy is not assumed—it is not diplomatic; it is not "a glove of velvet on a hand of steel"; it is deep, sincere, inexhaustible. This is not a hand of steel at all, but a warm, kind, human, ungloved hand of flesh and blood.

With so much gentleness, tenderness and sympathy, no wonder he is described as—

> "That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
> For storms to beat on."

And how the storms beat and what suffering is his! His proclamations plead and pray. His military dispatches sob. "How is it now, how is it now?" he asks. How pathetically thankful he is for every bit of good news. "A thousand thanks for the relief your dispatches give me." He suffers, but he does not flinch, he does not stop his ears; he will, he must, know all, feel for all, care for all. Yet each added month of torture finds him gentler, kinder, tenderer. He loves most who suffers most. Nothing in all that record to incite any man to hate; not a page to harden any man's heart; nothing that does not seem to cleanse and melt. "Die when I may," he said a little before the end, "I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow." And so through all this rude business of battle he planted flowers to the end.

His religion was to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God. How deep through all his fiery trials was his trust, how simple and sincere his faith, how complete his submission. "And thus having chosen our course," he said in the beginning, without guile and with pure purpose, "let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts." And toward the end, "The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom."

Mr. Lincoln was not a self-made man, nor a luck-made man, but a God-made man. God needed him and God made him. God guided and sustained him. "And he was not, for God took him." When the great sad eyes were closed, Stanton said, "And now he belongs to the ages." A million soldiers sobbed, "My Captain, O

my Captain!" A nation bowed its head in grief and hearts were washed with tears.

Thank God for Abraham Lincoln. However lightly the words may sometimes pass our lips, let us speak them now and always of this man, sincerely, solemnly, reverently; as so often dying soldiers and bereaved women and little children spoke them. Thank God for Abraham Lincoln—for the Lincoln who died and whose ashes rest in Springfield—for the Lincoln who lives in the hearts of the American people—in their widened sympathies and uplifted ideals. Thank God for the work he did, is doing and is to do.

Thank God for Abraham Lincoln!

THE SEVENTEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1903

Address of

HON. FRANK S. BLACK

FRANK SWETT BLACK, LL.D.

Ex-Governor Black was born in Limington, Me., in 1853, and graduated at Dartmouth, in 1875. For several years he was employed in editorial and literary work. He was admitted to the Bar in 1879. From 1895-7 he served as a member of Congress and from 1897-99 as Governor of the State of New York.

ADDRESS OF

EX-GOVERNOR FRANK S. BLACK

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, there are subjects upon which nothing new can be said, but which still arouse the fervor awakened at their first enunciation. If the song was true when it started on its journey it will be sung as long as human hearts vibrate and human tongues retain the power of speech; it will be lisped by those tottering on toward the end and echoed by those whose hearts are filled with the promise and the glow of youth. If the product was genuine when it passed from the Creator's hand, it will neither be dimmed by age nor cheapened by familiarity; for honor is not decreased by contact, and truth is never out of tune. If none of the old stories are ever to be retold, many a noble inspiration must be lost and many a tender chord must remain untouched.

This is the age, I know, when the search is at its height for the new and marvelous, and in this eagerness the primeval forests are swept away, the bowels of the earth are punctured, and even on the remotest sea the observant eye detects the flutter of a sail. The watchword is energy, the goal is success, but in the fever of modern enterprise a moment's rest can do no harm. We must not only acquire, we must retain. We must not only learn, we must remember. The newest is not always the best. The date or lustre of the coin does not determine its metal. The substance may be plain and unobtrusive and still be gold. Whoever chooses without

a proper test may die both a pauper and a fool. The paintings of recent times have evoked the praise of critics, and yet thousands still pay their homage to an older genius. Modern literature is ablaze with beauty and with power, and yet millions are still going to one old and thumbworn text for their final consolation.

Remembering the force of these examples, it will be profitable sometimes to step one side for the serious contemplation of rugged, lasting qualities, in whatever age or garb they have appeared. The hero of an hour will pass as quickly as he came. The flashlight will dazzle and blind, but when the eyes are rubbed the impression has passed away, but the landscape that comes slowly into view with the rising sun, growing more resplendent and distinct with his ascending power, and fading gently from the vision at the approach of night, will remain in the mind forever to illuminate, to strengthen and to cheer. And men are like impressions. There are more examples of the flashlight kind than there are fireflies on a summer's night, but there is no nobler representative of the enduring and immortal than he in whose name this event is celebrated. Whoever imparts a new view of his character must tell it to the newborn, to whom all things are new, for to the intelligent and mature his name and virtues have been long familiar. His was the power that commanded admiration and the humanity that invited love; mild but inflexible, just but merciful, great but simple, he possessed a head that commanded men and a heart that attracted babes. His conscience was strong enough to bear continual use. It was not alone for public occasions nor great emergencies. It was never a capital, but always a chart. It was never his servant, to be dismissed at will, but his companion, to be always at his side. It was with him, but never behind him, for he knew that a pursuing conscience is an accuser, and not a guide, and brings remorse instead of comfort.

His greatness did not depend upon his title, for greatness was his when the title was bestowed. He leaned upon no fiction of aristocracy, and kissed no hand to obtain his rank, but the stamp of nobility and power which he wore was conferred upon him in that log hut in Kentucky that day in 1809 when the eyes that first beheld that sad and homely face were the eyes of Nancy Hanks—and it was conferred by a power which, unlike earthly potentates, never confers a title without a character that will adorn it. When we understand the tremendous advantages of a humble birth, when we realize that the privations of youth are the pillars of strength to maturer years, then we shall cease to wonder that out of such obscure surroundings as watched the coming of Abraham Lincoln should spring the colossal and supreme figure of modern history.

Groves are better than temples, fields are better than gorgeous carpetings, rail fences are better than lines of kneeling slaves, and the winds are better than music if you are raising heroes and founding governments.

Those who understand these things and have felt the heart of nature beat will not wonder that this man could stand the shock and fury of war, and yet maintain that calm serenity which enabled him to hear above the roar of the storm that enveloped him the low, smothered cry that demanded the freedom of a race.

If you look for qualities that dazzle and bewilder you must seek them elsewhere than in the character of Abraham Lincoln. It was not by show or glitter, or by sound, that the great moments of history were marked and the great deeds of mankind were wrought. The color counts for nothing. It is the fibre alone that lasts. The precept will be forgotten unless the deed is remembered. The wildest strains of martial music will pass away on the wind, while the grim and deadly courage of the

soldier, moving and acting without a word, will mark the spot where pilgrims of every race will linger and worship forever.

No character in the world more clearly saw the worth of substance and the mockery of show, and no career ever set in such everlasting light the doctrine that although vanity and pretence may flourish for a day, there can be no lasting triumph not founded on the truth.

The life of Lincoln moved upon that high, consistent plane which the surroundings of his youth inspired. Poverty is a hard but oftentimes a loving nurse. If Fortune denies the luxury of wealth, she makes generous compensation in that greater love which they alone can ever know who have faced privations together. The child may shiver in the fury of the blast which no maternal tenderness can shield him from, but he may feel a helpless tear drop upon his cheek which will keep him warm till the snows of time have covered his hair. It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character. And character is best formed amid those surroundings where every waking hour is filled with struggle, where no flag of truce is ever sent, and only darkness stays the conflict. Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, the love that is great enough, and I will raise from them the best there is in human character.

This lad, uncouth and poor, without aid or accidental circumstance, rising as steadily as the sun, marked a path across the sky so luminous and clear that there is not one to mate it to be discovered in the heavens, and throughout its whole majestic length there is no spot or blemish in it.

That love of justice and fair play, and that respect for order and the law, which must underlie every nation that would long endure, were deeply embedded in his nature. These, I know, are

qualities destitute of show and whose names are never set to music, but unless there is in the people's heart a deep sense of their everlasting value, that people will neither command respect in times of their prosperity nor sympathy in the hour of their decay. These are the qualities that stand the test when hurricanes sweep by. These are the joints of oak that ride the storm, and when the clouds have melted and the waves are still, move on serenely in their course. Times will come when nothing but the best can save us. Without warning and without cause, out of a clear and smiling sky may descend the bolt that will scatter the weaker qualities to the winds. We have seen that bolt descend. There is danger at such a time. The hurricane will pass like the rushing of the sea. Then is the time to determine whether governments can stand amid such perilous surroundings. The American character has been often proved superior to any test. No danger can be so great and no calamity so sudden as to throw it off its guard. This great strength in times of trial and this self-restraint in times of wild excitement have been attained by years of training, precept and experience. Justice has been seen so often to emerge triumphant from obstacles which seemed to chain her limbs and make the righteous path impossible, that there is now rooted in the American heart the faith that, no matter how dark the night, there will somehow break through at the appointed hour a light which shall reveal to eager eyes the upright forms of Justice and the Law, still moving hand in hand, still supreme over chaos and despair, the image and the substance of the world's sublime reliance.

I should not try, if all the time were mine, to present Lincoln as an orator, lawyer, statesman or politician. His name and his performances in the lines which he pursued have been cut into the

rock of American history with the deepest chisel yet made use of on this continent.

But it is not by the grandeur of his powers that he has most appealed to me, but rather by those softer, homelier traits which bring him down to a closer and more affectionate view.

The mountain that pushes its summit to the clouds is never so magnificent to the observer on the plain below as when by some clear and kindly light its smaller outlines are revealed.

And Lincoln was never more imposing than when the milder attributes of his nature came in view. He was genuine, he was affectionate, and after all is said and the end is reached what is there without these two? You may measure the heights and sound the depths; you may gain the great rewards of power and renown; you may quiver under the electric current of applause—the time will come when these will fall from you like the rags that cover your body. The robes of power and the husks of pretense will alike be stripped away, and you must stand at the end as you stood at the beginning, revealed. Under such a test Abraham Lincoln might stand erect, for no man loved the humbler, nobler traits more earnestly than he. Whatever he pretended to be, he was; genuine and sincere, he did not need embellishment. There is nothing in the world which needs so little decoration or which can so well afford to spurn it altogether as the absolutely genuine. Imitations are likely to be exposed, unless carefully ornamented. Too much embellishment generally covers a blemish in the construction. It therefore happens that the first rate invariably rejects adornment and the second rate invariably puts it on. The difference between the two can be discovered at short range, and safety from exposure lies only in imperfect examination. If the vision is clear and the inspection careful, there is no chance for the sham ever to be taken for

the genuine. And that is why it happens that among all the forms of activity in this very active age no struggle is more sharp than that of the first rate to be found out and of the second not to be. It is easier to conceal what a thing is than to prove it to be what it is not. The first requires only concealment, the second requires demonstration. Sooner or later the truth will appear. Some time the decorations will fall off, and then the blemish will appear all the greater because of the surprise at finding it.

None have less to fear from such a test than Abraham Lincoln, and his strength in that regard arose, it seems to me, from the preservation through all his life of that fondness for his early home, of the tender recollections of his family and their struggles, which kept his sympathy always warm and young. He was never so great but that the ties of his youth still bound him. He was never so far away but that he could still hear the note of the evening bird in the groves of his nativity.

They say the tides of the ocean ebb and flow by a force which, though remote, always retains its strength. And so with this man, whether he rose or fell, whether he stood in that giant-like repose that distinguished him among his fellow men, or exercised that unequaled power, which, to my mind, made him the foremost figure of the world, yet he always felt the tender and invisible chord that chained him to his native rock. In whatever field he stood he felt the benign and sobering influences of his early recollections. They were the rock to which he clung in storms, the anchor which kept his head to the wind, the balm which sustained him in defeat and ennobled him in the hour of triumph.

I shall not say he had not his faults, for is there any hope that man will pass through this vale of tears without them? Is there any danger that his fellow-men will fail to detect and proclaim

them? He was not small in anything; he was carved in deep lines like all heroic figures, for dangerous altitudes and great purposes. And as we move away from him, and years and events pass between us, his form will still be visible and distinct, for such characters, built upon courage and faith, and that loyalty which is the seed of both, are not the playthings, but the masters of time.

How long the names of men will last no human foresight can discover, but I believe that even against the havoc and confusion in which so many names go down, the fame of Lincoln will stand as immovable and as long as the pyramids against the rustle of the Egyptian winds.

THE EIGHTEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1904

Address of

HAMILTON W. MABIE, LL.D.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, A.M., LL.D.

Mr. Mabie was born in Cold Spring, N. Y., in 1846. He graduated from Williams College and Columbia University. He has been for several years associate editor of "The Outlook"; and is the author of numerous volumes of essays, of which the best known are "My Study Fire," 1890 and 1894; "Essays in Literary Interpretation," 1892; "Books and Culture," 1898; "William Shakspere—Poet, Dramatist and Man," 1900; "Works and Days," 1902; "The Great Word," 1905.

ADDRESS OF

HAMILTON W. MABIE, LL.D.

Mr. President and Gentlemen—Among the fairy stories of achievement that have been told, or better still, that have been lived on this continent, none certainly is more inspiring than that which is told of the man whose memory we recall to-night. And I can think of nothing for the moment more profitable than to trace the stages by which this man fitted himself for the great work which he so magnificently performed. It has been the theory in this country—we are fast learning better—that heroes are born, not made. As a matter of fact the hero must not only be born, but made. In our emphasis upon individual initiative, upon the native force of the man, upon the power of character, we have sometimes undervalued the power and the necessity of education. We are in the condition, I think, of the man who was asked if he played the violin, and replied: "I don't know; I never have tried." This attitude was illustrated by the small boy in the country town, the hope and pride of his family, who was sent to the office of the village lawyer to study law, and at the end of the first day when his father said to him: "Well, Jim, what do you think of the law?" "I don't think much of it," he replied; "'tain't what they say it is. I am sorry I learned it."

Every natural force, every native talent, which is to reach its end, its highest development, must be trained, and there never yet was a great force well directed to a great end which was

not intelligently directed, and never a great man climbed to a great height who did not plan his ascent, never a great achievement made that was not made as the result of a long preparation. The victories of life are not to be explained on the ground where they are won. The victories of life, like victories of war, are won years in advance of the day when the battle is waged. The victory in Port Arthur a day or two ago was not won suddenly, because a group of audacious and brave men dashed without intelligence or forethought or premeditation into that great harbor. It has been in the way of being won every day for the last ten years. The battle of Manila was not won in the harbor of Manila; it was won years before at Annapolis, and it was won again in the preparation at Hong Kong. Never a great deed done that is not done because a man has made himself ready to do the deed. No man ever yet rose obscure, summoned by any sudden call in any great assembly, and sat down famous because the hour inspired him. No man, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, from long and suffering experience, ever has anything in him when he is on his feet that he did not have in him when he sat in his chair. But when, as sometimes happens, a man is suddenly called out by some sudden emergency and says the word that goes ringing home to the very heart of the Nation, you will find that that speech has been in preparation perhaps all the earlier years of his life, just as Webster's superb description of British rule following the sun's came to him years before its delivery on the citadel of Quebec and awaited the hour and the place when it could be brought from the silence in which it was waiting all those years. No man ever does anything great by accident. Men do great things because they have the capacity to do them and because they have trained that capacity. They make great

achievements because there is in them the force of heroism and because also they have prepared themselves to snatch the prize when the opportunity arises.

Abraham Lincoln is often numbered among the uneducated, and his career is pointed out among those careers which are supposed to stimulate the man who relies wholly on natural capacity, native pluck and ambition. All these qualities Abraham Lincoln had, but I venture to say that no man in Abraham Lincoln's time was better educated than he, and perhaps no man was so well educated as he to do the work which God appointed him to do.

He was born of heroic stock, and he educated himself to be the hero that he became. There is no accident in that long career, no chance in that magnificent ascent from the old frontier to the martyr's place in Washington and to the larger place in the Pantheon of the world's heroes. Every step of that ascent was made with patient feet and intelligent purpose, and with forecast and grasp on the things that were to be done and the preparation that was to be made for the doing of them. I believe that Abraham Lincoln's education can be traced just as definitely as the education of William E. Gladstone, as thoroughly trained a public man as our time, or perhaps any time, has known. Do not make the mistake, however, that we are so much in the habit of making, of identifying education entirely with academic or formal processes. Fortunate is the man who has the aid of the best instrumentalities and influences in his training; but a man does not need to go to a university in order to become educated, and there are thousands of men who do go to universities without becoming educated. Education may be gotten along the solid highway which it has taken the best thought and the best brain and the greatest self-denial of men in all generations to build, or it may be taken in every by-path by which an inspiring and fore-

casting soul makes its way out of obscurity into reputation and influence.

Born on the old frontier, under conditions so crude and harsh that it is almost impossible for us to recall them vividly to-day, the man whom we honor to-night had the smallest possible opportunities of formal education. His schooling altogether, as he has told us, was by "littles," and those littles were compassed within a year. Of the text-book, the blackboard and the recitation he knew little; but from the beginning he seems to have been possessed with one of the greatest passions and one of the most liberating that can take hold of a man's soul—a passion for knowledge. In every class of which he was a member he stood at the head, and by the testimony of the boys who stood with him, he easily passed them all. Every book he could lay his hands on he mastered. From the very beginning his eager feet seemed to have turned to the fore; that open, keen, acute mind of his seems to have fastened upon everything that could educate him; every bit of knowledge, every bit of spare time. Lincoln compassed one great secret; he learned the secret of putting detached five and ten minutes together, and sometimes I think that a man that has learned how to husband his minutes and put the detached minutes together, has gained the power of becoming a highly educated man. Lincoln had a few books. You know it has been said that only three books are necessary to make a library—the Bible, Shakespeare and Blackstone's Commentaries. All these books Lincoln had; every one of those books Lincoln knew intimately. But Lincoln had other books as well. He had, to begin with, that great literature in sixty-six volumes with which many of us are now so unfamiliar, that we call the Bible; a library which includes almost every literary form, which touches the loftiest heights of human aspiration and sounds the depths of human ex-

perience and conveys truth to us in the noblest eloquence, both of prose and of verse. This library was sufficient in itself for a man who could read it as Lincoln could, without the aid of commentaries and with the flash of the imagination, the power of going to the place where a book lives, which is worth all other kinds of power in dealing with the book. Such a man could be lifted out of provincialism, not only into the great movement of the world, but into the companionship of some of the loftiest of souls that have ever lived, by this single book. And then he had that mine of knowledge of life and of character, Æsop's Fables, at his fingers' ends, so that in all his talk, and later in public life, these fables served the happiest uses of illustration; and he had that masterpiece of clear presentation, Robinson Crusoe. He was intimately familiar with that well of English undefiled which I think more than any other influence colored and shaped his style —Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

We who read not only three or four newspapers in the morning but a half a dozen different editions during the day, who live not only in our own time but in the minutes of that time, who rarely have a chance to read a book, what do we know in this busy age of the education that a man can get out of four great books which deal not with the passing moments but with the centuries, and for that matter, with the eternities? This was the education that Abraham Lincoln had.

He borrowed that old-fashioned book which is responsible for a great deal of misinformation, Weems' Life of Washington. And when, in 1861, he spoke in the Senate at Trenton, he said that so thoroughly had he absorbed that book, that he could see Washington crossing the Delaware and could recall all the details of the brilliant march on Trenton and the brilliant march on Princeton; those demonstrations of the patient generalship of Washing-

ton which first caught the attention of Europe and made him an authority in the eyes of military experts. Lincoln borrowed that book of a neighbor and took it home. After he had read it he put it between the logs of the log cabin and in the night it rained, and the water, penetrating the mud, soiled the book and discolored it. When he saw it in the morning, he was in great trepidation. He went to the man who owned it and told him the story, feeling that nothing he could do could compensate for the injury to that priceless volume. And this neighbor said: "Well, Abe, seeing it's you I won't be hard on you; you give me three days' corn shucking and you may have the book." And Lincoln took the book and after he had read it he said to the same neighbor: "I do not always intend to be logging and flat-boating and shucking corn; I am going to study for a profession."

Later he came upon Shakespeare and Burns, whom he learned afterwards to love, and whom he knew so intimately that he became an acute critic of both writers. Now the man who knows his Shakespeare knows pretty much all that is to be known of life; and if he can put the Bible back of it, he has a very complete education.

All the accounts tell us that Lincoln was always at work with his books when he was not at work with his plough or some other instrument. Whenever there was five minutes of time Lincoln was using that time for study. At the end of the day he came home, cut off a bit of corn bread, and, as one of his companions tells us, drew up a chair, cocked his legs up higher than his head, took out his book and read until the light faded; and then he read by what artificial light he could find. So that in season and out of season this boy's passion led him from book to book, until within the range of fifty miles there was not a volume which he had not read.

Well, gentlemen, this would have made him what Bacon calls a full man, but it would not have made him the man of expression which he later became. He not only had the passion for knowledge, but he had the passion for expression, and there was not a flat surface or smooth surface of any kind within his reach that did not bear witness to his endeavor to train himself in the use of language. The flat sides of logs, the wooden ash shovel, the sides of shingles, scraps of paper, anything on which a man could make a mark; on all these things Lincoln put his hieroglyphics, and these hieroglyphics were to spell out his fortune, his influence and his power in the future.

Years afterwards, when he was making those marvelous speeches in this part of the country which began in Cooper Union in this city, a professor of English in one of our universities went to hear him, attracted by his attitude on public questions, and was astonished at his command of English, the purity, lucidity and persuasiveness of his style. He heard him three times in succession and then called at his hotel and sent his card up, and when Mr. Lincoln came into the room he said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, I have come here to ask you a single question: 'Where did you get your style?'" Mr. Lincoln was astonished to know he had such a thing as style, but the question being pressed home to him, he thought a minute and said: "When I was a boy I began, and I kept up for many years afterward, the practice of taking note of every word spoken during the day or read during the day which I did not understand, and after I went to bed at night I thought of it in connection with the other words until I saw its meaning, and then I translated it into some simpler word which I knew."

Now, gentlemen, if you knew the "Pilgrim's Progress" by heart and you made it a practice every night to translate everything you had heard during the day into language of the quality of the

Pilgrim's Progress, there is no English education I venture to say in any university which would so thoroughly equip you to a command of language and the power of persuasion. And that was the way that Abraham Lincoln learned to use the kind of English that he had at his fingers' ends.

That was a talking age—an age electric with the stir of great questions. Men never met anywhere in Lincoln's neighborhood and time that they did not instantly fall into discussion. Books were few, newspapers much fewer in that time than this. Whenever men met they began to talk. In every little gathering at the crossroads, in every country tavern and country store and school-house the endless debate went on. Lincoln had the best practice which a man who was going to do his work could possibly have had in these endless discussions, in these countless school-rooms in the Central West of that day; and it was noted long before he had become a mature man that wherever that gaunt figure was seen and that voice was uttering its speech, men were glad to listen, just as they used to gather around the ragged gown and the worn-out shoes of Sam Johnson at Oxford, because this ragged undergraduate had something to say in a kind of English that everybody could understand.

Lincoln had insatiable curiosity and he had rare opportunities; he had this book education, persistently and intelligently carried on; and he learned his language because he saw the value of it and discovered the individual method; and he had the practice in speech of the time and the country in which he lived. All these specifically trained him for expression.

But where did the man's larger education come from—his grasp of great questions, his ability to discern fundamental principles, his insight into the life of his time? Ah, gentlemen, that is the education he got in the University of America. It is here that

we come face to face with the fundamental influences, and I believe the very noblest characteristic of the democratic life. There are many points at which it is a serious question whether a democracy is the best form of government. If it be true, as a great German publicist has said, that administration is two-thirds of liberty, then certainly we have a great deal to learn before we have developed the highest uses of liberty and mastered all its resources. So far as protection to the individual is concerned, so far as guardianship of privacy is concerned, so far as comfort is concerned, so far as ministration to the sense of beauty is concerned, we have a great deal to learn from our friends across the sea, and it will be a blessed thing if we learn it in a century.

And it is a serious question, too, whether the democratic form of government is not the most expensive form of government in the world. So far as we have failed to realize the ideals of those who cared most for it, we have failed because we have not been willing to pay the price which our government exacts. It is true, as Benjamin Kidd said, that the fundamental defect in America is the lack of civic self-sacrifice, and our institutions will never be what they can be until our American people are willing to pay a great deal more in time and strength and thought for their public life than they have ever yet been willing to pay. But one great redeeming quality at the heart of it all, the influence that issues out of our life itself—of which Abraham Lincoln was the product—is the American spirit. Out of the very heart of our life came the influences which shaped Lincoln. There is nothing so searching as the atmosphere of the country in which a man is born. To be born in England is to be born to an inheritance of fifteen hundred years of free civic life, to belief in patriotism and honesty and honor and to respect for capacity and contempt for weakness. To be born in America is to be born to the conception

that a man is a man, no matter what his condition is; that every man carries his fortune in his own hands, that all things are open, and that in a democratic society every man goes to the place where he belongs.

Now that spirit playing on Abraham Lincoln made him the man that he was, opened every door to him, stimulated his ambition and drove him step by step up that long ascending way. No man has ever yet shown a more remarkable power of being trained by conditions and events than he—a poor, uneducated, untrained boy on the old frontier, then a provincial lawyer, then a State legislator, then a representative of his State in Congress, elected by a section of his country, he became at last the President of the United States. And it is his superb and unique honor that he outgrew every trace of sectionalism as he went along. And although he was called upon to rule over a divided household he thought of it always, and he dealt with it always, as if it was one and indivisible.

I do not need to tell you that a man who has this capacity for growth; who left the frontier behind him, who outgrew Sangamon County, who was larger than Illinois, who was greater than the North, who became at last the President of the whole United States, even in disunion, the first national President, was not machine-made. A politician in his skill, his knowledge, his adroitness, he was a statesman by instinct and dealt with fundamental principles; when he thought of the country he thought not of the North, of the South, of the East or of the West, but the United States of America.

Several years ago I was coming down from the Senate Chamber in Washington in company with two of the oldest members of that body, veterans in the public service. They began to recall earlier times in their history, and they recalled that almost tragic

morning when Mr. Lincoln came to his Capitol rather as a fugitive than as President of the United States. They remembered how he came on to the floor of the House of Representatives, the body of which they were both members, at that time, and how, as they looked across in the dull light of that late February or early March morning and saw that tall, gaunt, unkempt figure standing there, although they both knew him and respected him, their hearts sank and they wondered whether that ungainly man could be equal to the crisis which they saw fast approaching. You know how the men of his own party questioned and doubted, you know the misgivings of the people at large, you know what a storm of criticism and comment, suggestion and appeal broke over him; you know how he seemed to waver sometimes from side to side, how he seemed to be watching the current of public opinion. As Mrs. Stowe has beautifully said, he was like a great cable, rising and falling with every tide, and yet fast bound at either end. You know how one by one the men of his own official family had to learn that he was the master of his own administration; you know how gradually the faith in his judgment and sagacity grew in his own party ranks; you know how the people came to trust him; how even his enemies, at least those who stood against him, at last began to discern his nobility and his generosity; and then at the very climax of his career, when the clouds parted at last and the sun shone after that dreadful tempest, and the birds sang once more, that last thunderbolt struck him and there began that marvelous transformation which changed the uncouth boy of the old frontier into the hero of the Nation and one of the great heroes of modern times.

First, untutored vigor, then tempered strength, then a great human character with infinite depths of patience and infinite power of endurance. First, as Thorwaldsen has said, the clay

model, then the plaster cast, then the finished marble. And when at the end of that struggle the oldest of American universities gathered her children about her to commemorate her own heroic dead, and called upon one of the greatest American poets to sing their requiem, Lowell made the "Commemoration Ode"—one of the nearest approaches to great poetry yet achieved on this continent —a pedestal on which to place the statue of one whom he called "The First American."

THE NINETEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 13, 1905

Address of

HON. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER, LL.D.

Senator Dolliver was born in 1858, near Kingwood, Preston Co., W. Va., and graduated from West Virginia University, in 1875. He was admitted to the bar in 1878 and established a practice in Iowa. From 1889-1901 he was Member of Congress from the Tenth Iowa District, and from 1900 U. S. Senator from Iowa.

ADDRESS OF

HON. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: It has been a good many years, fourteen, I think, since I had the opportunity of joining this club, and one would think that the lapse of that time would be enough to get a man out of the habit of making after-dinner speeches unless he had become, like my friend, Secretary Root, and others here, hopelessly addicted to it.

The first thing that strikes me is that a good many people have joined this club since I did, and the next thing, that you have had the wisdom to invite your wives here to see that you get home all right.

It is a circumstance of unusual interest that the President is here; not counting it beneath our highest official dignity to mingle freely with his political associates, in the party organization of which he is a member, and to add the inspiration of his eloquent counsel to their celebration of the birthday of the first great Republican leader. For, while the memory of Abraham Lincoln is too great to be claimed by a political party, too great to belong to a single nation, too great to be absorbed in the renown of one century, yet there is a sense so sacred that it barely admits of the suggestion in which his name is our peculiar possession, the most precious thing in our Republican inheritance. The ministry of his life was to all parties; to all peoples; to all ages. But to the children of the old Republican homestead has

been confided, under the bonds of an especial obligation, the care of his fame and the keeping of his faith.

Within less than half a century this man, once despised, once derided, once distrusted and maligned, has been transfigured, in the light of universal history, so that all men and all generations of men may see him and make out if possible the manner of man he was. His life in this world was not long, less than three score years; only ten of them visible above the dead level of affairs. Yet into that brief space events were crowded, so stupendous in their ultimate significance, that we find ourselves laying down the narrative which records them, with a strange feeling coming over us, that may be after all we are not reading about a man at all, but about some mysterious personality, in the hands of the higher Powers, with a supernatural commission to help and to bless the human race. Our book shelves were filling up so fast with apocryphal literature of the Civil War that if it had not been for the loving labors of the two men, John Hay and John G. Nicolay, who knew him best, and have gathered up the fragments of his life, so that nothing has been lost, we would have had by this time only a blurred and doubtful picture of his retiring and unpretentious character.

Some have told us that he was a great lawyer. He was nothing of the sort. It is true that he grasped without apparent effort the principles of the common law, and his faculties were so normal and complete that he did not need a commentary, nor a copy of the Madison papers, thumb-marked by the doubts and fears of three generations, to make him sure that the men who made the Constitution were building for eternity. But he practiced law without a library, and all who were acquainted with him testify that in a law suit he was of no account, unless he knew the right was on his side. It was against his intellectual and his

moral grain to accept Lord Bacon's cynical suggestion that there is no way of knowing whether a cause be good or bad till the jury had brought in its verdict.

The familiar judicial circuit around Springfield, where he cracked his jokes about the office stove in country taverns, where he spoke to everybody by his first name and everybody liked to hear him talk, did much for him in every way; but the noble profession, so ably represented about this board, will bear me witness that an attorney who gives his advice away for nothing, who does not have the foresight to ask for a retainer, and usually lacks the business talent to collect his fee, whatever other merits he may have, is not cut out by nature for a lawyer. I have talked with many of the oldtime members of the bar at which he used to practice law, thinking all the while of other things, and from what they say I cannot help believing that the notion even then was slowly forming in his mind, that he held a brief, with Power of Attorney from on High, for the unnumbered millions of his fellow men and was only loitering around the county seats of Illinois until the case came on for trial.

Some tell us that he was a great orator. If that is so, the standards of the schools, ancient and modern, must be thrown away. Perhaps they ought to be; and when they are this curious circuit-rider of the law; who refreshed his companions with wit and argument from the well of English undefiled; this champion of civil liberty, confuting Douglas with a remorseless logic, cast in phrases rich with the homely wisdom of proverbial literature; this advocate of the people, head and shoulders above his brethren, stating their case before the bar of history, in sentences so simple that a child can follow them; surely such a one cannot be left out of the company of the masters who have added something to the conquests of the mother tongue. He was dissatisfied

with his modest address at Gettysburg, read awkwardly from poorly written manuscript; and thought Edward Everett's oration was the best he had ever heard, but Mr. Everett himself discerned without a minute for reflection, that the little scrap of crumpled paper which the President held in his unsteady hand that day would be treasured from generation to generation after his own laborious deliverance had been forgotten. The old school of oratory and the new met on that rude platform among the graves under the trees, and congratulated each other. They have not met very often since, for both of them have been pushed aside to make room for the essayists, the declaimers, the statisticians, and other enterprising pedlars of intellectual wares, who have descended like a swarm on all human deliberations.

He has been described as a great statesman. If by that you mean that he was trained in the administrative mechanism of the government, or that he was wiser than his day in the creed of the party in whose fellowship he passed his earlier years, there is little evidence of that at all; the most that can be said is that he clung to the fortunes of the old Whig leadership through evil, as well as good report, and that he stumped the county and afterwards the State; but the speeches which he made, neither he nor anybody else regarded it important to preserve. His platform from the first was brief and to the point. "I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff." But while for half his life he followed Henry Clay, like a lover more than a disciple, yet when that popular hero died and Lincoln was selected to make a memorial address in the old State House, he dismissed the principles of his party creed without a word, and reserved his tribute for the love of liberty and the devotion of the Union which shone even to the end, in that superb career.

To speak of Lincoln as a statesman, whatever adjectives you use, opens no secret of his biography and rather seems to me to belittle the epic grandeur of the drama in which he moved. Of course he was a statesman; exactly so, Saul of Tarsus, setting out from Damascus, became a famous traveller, and Christopher Columbus, inheriting a taste for the sea, became a mariner of high repute.

There are some who have given a study, more or less profound, to the official records of the rebellion who make of Lincoln an exceptional military genius, skilful in the management of armies and prepared better even than his generals to give direction to their movements. I doubt this very much. He was driven into the war department by the exigency of the times, and if he towered above the ill-fitting uniforms, which made their way, through one influence and another, to positions of brief command during the first campaigns of the Civil War, it is not very high praise after all. One thing, however, he must be given credit for; he perceived the size of the undertaking which he had in hand, and he kept looking until his eyes were weary for the man who could grasp the whole field and get out of the Army what he knew was in it. It broke his heart to see its efforts scattered and thrown away by quarrels among its officers, endless in number, and unintelligible for the most part to the outside world. When he passed the command of the Army of the Potomac over to General Hooker, he did it in terms of reprimand and admonition, which read like a father's last warning to a wayward son. He told him that he had wronged his country and done a gross injustice to a brother officer. Recalling Hooker's insubordinate suggestion that the Army and the Government both needed a dictator, he reminded him that "only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators," and added, with a humor as grim

as death, "what I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship." If the General did not tear up his commission when he read that letter it was because he was brave enough to bear the severity of the naked truth.

All this time he had his eye upon a man in the West, who had been doing an extensive business down in Tennessee, "a copious worker and fighter, but a very meagre writer," as he afterwards described him in a telegram to Burnside. He had watched him with attentive interest, noticing particularly that his plans always squared with the event; that he never regretted to report; and after Vicksburg fell and the tide of invasion had been rolled back from the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania, he wrote two letters, one to General Meade, calling him to a stern account for not following up his victory, and one to General Grant directing him to report to Washington for duty. The letter to General Meade, now resting peacefully in Nicolay's collection of the writings of Lincoln, all the fires of its wrath long since gone out, was never sent. But General Grant got his. And from that day there were no more military orders from the White House, no exhortations to advance, no despatches to move upon the enemy's works. He still had his own ideas how the job ought to be done, but he did not even ask the General to tell him his. He left it all to him. And as the plan of the great Captain unfolded, he sent to his headquarters this exultant message:

"I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all.

"A. Lincoln."

And so these two, each adding something to the other's fame, go down to history together; God's blessing falling like a benediction upon the memory of both.

The whole world now knows his stature. But while he lived hardly anybody was able to take his measure. The foremost statesman of his Cabinet, after pestering him for a month with contradictory pieces of advice, placed before him a memorandum, grotesque in its assumption of superior wisdom, which ended with an accommodating proposal to take the responsibilities of the administration off his hands. After the battle of Bull Run even so incorruptible a patriot as Edwin M. Stanton, known in after years as the organizer of victory, wrote to James Buchanan, then living near the Capital in the quiet of his country seat at Wheatland, these words of mockery and contempt:

"The imbecility of the administration culminated in that catastrophe; and irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be forgotten are to be added to the ruin of peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy as the result of Lincoln's 'running the machine' for five full months."

From the sanctum of the old Tribune, where for a generation Horace Greeley had dominated the opinions of the people as no American editor has done before or since his day, came a confidential letter, a maudlin mixture of enterprise and despair; a despair which, after seven sleepless nights, had given up the fight; an enterprise which sought for inside information of the inevitable hour of the surrender near at hand. "You are not considered a great man," said Mr. Greeley for the President's eye alone.

Who is this, sitting all night long on a lounge in the public offices of the White House, listening, with the comments of a quaint humor, to privates and officers and scared Congressmen and citizens, who poured across the Long Bridge from the first battlefield of the rebellion to tell their tale of woe to the only man in Washington who had sense enough left to appreciate it, or patience enough left to listen to it? Is it the log cabin student,

learning to read and write by the light of the kitchen fire in the woods of Indiana? It is he. Can it be the adventurous voyager of the Missisippi, who gets ideas of lifting vessels over riffles while he worked his frail craft clear of obstructions in the stream; and ideas broad as the free skies, of helping nations out of barbarism as he traced the divine image in the faces of men and women chained together, under the hammer, in the slave-market at New Orleans? It is he. Can it be the awkward farm hand of the Sangamon who covered his bare feet in the fresh dirt which his plow had turned up to keep them from getting sunburned, while he sat down at the end of the furrow to rest his team and to regale himself with a few more pages of worn volumes borrowed from the neighbors? It is he. Can it be the country lawyer who rode on horseback from county to county, with nothing in his saddlebags except a clean shirt and the code of Illinois to try his cases and to air his views in the cheerful company which always gathered about the court house? It is he. Is it the daring debater, blazing out for a moment with the momentous warning "A house divided against itself cannot stand," then falling back within the defenses of the Constitution, that the cause of liberty, hindered already by the folly of its friends, might not make itself an outlaw in the land? It is he. Is it the weary traveller who begged the prayers of anxious neighbors as he set out for the last time from home, and talked in language sad and mystical of One who could go with him, and remain with them and be everywhere for good? It is he.

They said he laughed in a weird way that night on the sofa in the public offices of the White House, and they told funny tales about how he looked, and the comic papers of London and New York portrayed him in brutal pictures of his big hands; hands that were about to be stretched out to save the civilization of the

world; and his overgrown feet; feet that for four torn and bleeding years were not to weary in the service of mankind. They said that his clothes did not fit him; that he stretched his long legs in ungainly postures; that he was common and uncouth in his appearance. Some said that this being a backwoodsman was becoming a rather questionable recommendation for a President of the United States; and they recalled with satisfaction the grace of courtly manners brought home from St. James'. Little did they dream that the rude cabin yonder on the edge of the hill country of Kentucky was about to be transformed by the tender imagination of the people into a mansion more stately than the White House; more royal than all the palaces of the earth; it did not shelter the childhood of a king, but there is one thing in this world more royal than a king—it is a man.

They said he jested and acted unconcernedly as he looked at people through eyes that moved slowly from one to another in the crowd. They did not know him; or they might have seen that he was not looking at the crowd at all; that his immortal spirit was girding for its ordeal. And if he laughed, it may be that he heard cheerful voices from above; for had he not read somewhere that He that sitteth in the heavens sometimes looks down with laughter and derision upon the impotent plans of men to turn aside the everlasting purposes of God?

It took his countrymen the full four years to find Abraham Lincoln out. By the light of the camp fires of victorious armies they learned to see the outline of his gigantic figure, to assess the integrity of his character, to comprehend the majesty of his conscience; and when at last they looked upon his care-worn face as the nation reverently bore his body to the grave, through their tears they saw him exalted above all thrones in the affection of the human race.

We have been accustomed to think of the Civil War as an affair of armies, for we come of a fighting stock and the military instinct in us needs little cultivation or none at all. But it requires no very deep insight into the hidden things of history to see that the real conflict was not between armed forces, was not on battlefields, nor under the walls of besieged cities; and that fact makes Abraham Lincoln greater than all his generals, greater than all his admirals, greater than all the armies and all the navies that responded to his proclamation. He stands apart because he bore the ark of the covenant. He was making not his own fight, not merely the fight of his own country, or of the passing generation. The stars in their courses had enlisted with him; he had a treaty, never submitted to the Senate, which made him the ally of the Lord of Hosts, with infinite reinforcements at his call. The battle he was waging was not in the fallen timber about the old church at Shiloh; nor in the Wilderness of Virginia; he contended not alone with an insurrection of the slave power; he was hand to hand with a rebellion ancient as selfishness and greed which in all centuries has denied the rights of man, made of human governments a pestilent succession of despotisms and turned the history of our race into a dull recital of crimes and failures and misfortunes. Thus he was caught up like Ezekiel, prophet of Israel, and brought to the East gate of the Lord's house; and when he heard it said unto him, "Son of Man, these are the men who devise mischief," he knew what the vision meant; for he understood better than any man who ever lived what this endless struggle of humanity is, and how far the nation of America had fallen away from its duty and its opportunity.

All his life there had dwelt in his recollection a little sentence from an historic document which had been carelessly passed along

from one Fourth of July celebration to another, "All men are created equal." To him the words sounded like an answer to a question propounded by the oldest of the Hebrew sages, "If I despise the cause of my man servant, or my maid servant, when he contendeth with me, what shall I do when God riseth up? Did not He that made me make him?"—a strategic question that had to be answered aright before democracy or any other form of civil liberty could make headway in the world. All men are created equal. He knew that the hand which wrote that sentence was guided by a wisdom somewhat higher than the front porch of a slave plantation in Virginia; that first principles overshadow time and place; and that when men take their lives in their hands to lay the foundations of free nations, they must speak the truth lest the heavens fall. With a sublime faith, shared within the limits of their light by millions, he believed that sentence. He had tested the depth of it till his plummet touched the foundation of the earth. From his youth that simple saying had been ringing in his ears, "All men are created equal." It was the answer of the Eighteenth Century of Christ, to all the dim millenniums that were before Him; yet he had heard it ridiculed, narrowed down to nothing and explained away. He understood the meaning of the words and came to their defence.

Brushing away the wretched sophistries of partisan expediency, he rescued the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson from obloquy and contempt. "I think," he said, "that the authors of that notable instrument intended to include all men. But they did not intend to declare all men equal in all respects. They did not mean to say that all were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development, or social capacity. They defined, with tolerable distinctness, in what respects they did consider all men created equal—equal, with certain inalienable rights among which are life, lib-

erty and the pursuit of happiness. This they said and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all men were then actually enjoying that equality, nor that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. In fact they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to declare the right, so that the enforcement of it should follow as fast as circumstances would permit. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all and revered by all; constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated; thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence and augmenting the value and happiness of life to all people, of all colors, everywhere." That was the message of Abraham Lincoln to the nations of America. And as if to make it certain, that it was no mere flourish of a joint debate, he turned aside on his triumphal journey to the Capital, just before he took the oath of office, to repeat the sacred precepts of the Declaration in the hall at Philadelphia, where our fathers first spoke them, and to add his pledge to theirs that he would defend them with his life.

Here is the summit, the spiritual height, from which he was able to forecast the doom of all tyrannies, the end of all slaveries, the unconditional surrender of all the strongholds of injustice and avarice and oppression; this is the mountain top from which he sent down these inspiring words of good cheer and hope: "This essentially is a people's contest; on the side of the Union, a struggle to maintain in the world that form and substance of government, the leading object of which is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from shoulders; to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all, and to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life." No American, North or South, regrets that this war for the Union ended as it did—"that

we are not enemies, but friends." Nor can I help believing that the words which he has spoken here to-night have brought the President of the United States nearer to our brethren beyond the line, once so real, now happily so imaginary, which formerly divided and estranged our people. Thanks be unto God, we are one nation and even in our partisan traditions we share in the heritage of a common faith in the institutions founded by our fathers. As Democrats we repeat the words "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." As Republicans we answer, "an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life." The doctrine is the same, nor is the day as far off as some may think when the people, without regard to the divisions of their political opinions, shall treasure in thankful hearts, the blunt and fearless platform of Theodore Roosevelt, "A square deal for every man, no less, no more." The doctrine is the same, and if it is not true there is no foundation for institutions such as ours. But the doctrine is forever true, and by the memory of Abraham Lincoln the Republican party stands pledged to make it good, and to keep it good for all men and for all time to come.

THE TWENTIETH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1906

Address of

GEN. HORACE PORTER

ADDRESS OF

GENERAL HORACE PORTER

Mr. President and Fellow Members of the Republican Club: Abraham Lincoln was of humble birth; he early had to struggle with the trials of misfortune and to learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. He came from that class which he always alluded to as the "plain people." He always possessed their confidence, he never lost his hold on their affections. He believed that the government was made for the people, and not the people for the government, and that true Republicanism was like a torch—the more it is shaken in the hands of the people the brighter it burns.

If at the height of his power any one had sneered at him on account of his humble origin, he might well have replied, like the Marshal of France, who was raised from the ranks to a dukedom, when he told the haughty nobles of Vienna, who boasted of their long lines of descent and refused to associate with him, "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants."

Abraham Lincoln possessed in a remarkable degree that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. With him there was no practising the arts of the demagogue, no posing for effect, no attitudinizing in public, no mawkish sentimentality. There was none of that puppyism so often bred by power. There was none

of that dogmatism that Dr. Johnson said was only puppyism grown to maturity.

While his mind was one great storehouse of facts and useful information, he laid no claim to any knowledge he did not possess. He believed with Addison that pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it.

While he was singularly adroit and patient in smoothing down the ruffled feathers of friends who did not understand him, or even of political opponents, he wasted no time upon the absolute recalcitrants. He never attempted to massage the back of a political porcupine. And, as he once said himself, he always found it was a losing game to try to shovel fleas across a barnyard.

I have often thought how few there are to-day alive who knew Abraham Lincoln intimately, and had conversed with him. His immediate contemporaries have fallen like the leaves of autumn.

I shall never forget, for it is a circumstance that is indelibly engraved upon my memory, the first day it was my privilege to look upon the features of that illustrious man.

It was just forty-two years ago when General Grant came from the West with his staff, to receive the commission of Lieutenant-General, which gave him command of all the armies of the Republic. He arrived, late in the evening, at the hotel, and, hearing that Mr. Lincoln was holding a reception in the White House, he and his staff went there quietly. Notwithstanding the years of co-operation of those two men and their extensive correspondence, Mr. Lincoln and General Grant had never met. As the general entered the reception room he was elbowed and jostled by the crowd. No one knew him. When he came into the Blue Room Mr. Lincoln's quick eye caught sight of him, recognized him by the portraits of him he had seen, and, stepping forward, reached out

his long, angular arm, seized the general by the hand, drew him close up to him and said to Mrs. Lincoln: "Why, here is General Grant. What a surprise! What a delight!" And there the two stood conversing. Their figures formed a striking contrast—General Grant 5 feet 8 inches in height, standing with his head somewhat bowed, Lincoln towering above him, 6 feet 4 inches tall. That night Mr. Lincoln wore a dress suit with a turned down collar a couple of sizes too large, and a cravat carelessly tied. There was something awkward and angular in his movements, but nothing that bordered upon the grotesque. There they stood conversing intimately for some time. It was a strange sight to watch the first meeting of those two men, one in the cabinet, the other in the camp, into whose hands Providence had seemed to place for a time the destinies of the Republic. It was fortunate for the country that they co-operated as patriots, that they had souls too great for rivalry, hearts too noble for jealousy. Throughout that long and bitter struggle for the Nation's life they stood shoulder to shoulder like the men in the Grecian phalanx of old, locking their shields together against a common foe, and teaching the world it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk it abreast.

Their acquaintance ripened into a genuine affection, and Mr. Lincoln three times came down to visit General Grant at his headquarters at City Point when our armies were investing Richmond and Petersburg, and when he sat about the campfire on a camp chair, his legs crossed, or, rather, one of those long legs wrapped around the other, sweeping away with his large hand the smoke of the fire as it blew in his face, we listened to the words of wisdom and eloquence that fell from his lips, and to the inimitable stories he told until those evenings in their pleasure rivalled the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

When he visited the camp just before the final movement began—the Appomattox campaign—he stepped over with the Adjutant-general to the telegraph operator's tent, to get the first sight of the dispatches he expected from Washington. There he saw on the floor three little kittens crawling about, and the great man sat down in a chair and picked them up tenderly, put them in his lap, stroked their fur and drew the skirts of his coat around them to keep them warm, and he said to the adjutant-general: "Here are three little motherless waifs; I hope you will take good care of them." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "we will give them to the camp cook, and he will take care of them." "And will they get some good milk every day?" "Oh, yes," said the adjutant-general. And three times I saw the President go to that tent during his visit and pick up those little kittens, fondle them and take out his handkerchief and wipe their eyes as they lay in his lap purring their gratitude. It seemed a strange sight to us on the eve of a battle, when every one was thinking only of the science of destruction, to see those little creatures caressed by the hand that by a stroke of the pen had struck the shackles from four millions of bondsmen, that had signed the commission of every officer in that gallant army, from the General in Chief to the humblest lieutenant. It was a very trivial circumstance, but it showed more than greater acts the childlike simplicity that was mingled with the majestic grandeur of his nature.

He came down to camp just after he had been renominated to the presidency. We were talking about how the Electoral College was composed, and he said: "Of all our colleges, the Electoral College is the only one where they choose their own masters."

And then, in speaking to General Butler about the historical fact that every place General Grant had ever taken had been held,

never yielded up, Mr. Lincoln said: "When General Grant once gets possessed of a place he seems to hang on to it as if he had inherited it."

There was an officer cleaning his sword at the campfire. Mr. Lincoln came up, looked at it, took it in his hand, and said: "That is a formidable weapon, but it don't look half as dangerous to me as once did a Kentucky bowie knife. One night I passed through the outskirts of Louisville when suddenly a man sprang from a dark alley and drew out a bowie knife. It looked three times as long as that sword, though I don't suppose it really was. He flourished it in front of me. It glistened in the moonlight, and for several minutes he seemed to try to see how near he could come to cutting off my nose without quite doing it. Finally he said: 'Can you lend me five dollars on that?' I never reached in my pocket for money as quick in the whole course of my life, and, handing him a bill, said: 'There's ten dollars, neighbor. Now put up your scythe.' "

He arrived the next time a few days after the colored troops had been successful in making an assault, and remarked: "I am glad the black boys have done well. I must go out and see them." He rode out with General Grant and staff, and the word was passed along to the colored troops that the President was coming, and then the cry arose everywhere, "Thar's Massa Linkum," and "Ole Fader Abraham is a-comin'," and they shouted, cheered, laughed, got down on their knees and prayed, fondled his horse, and some rushed off to tell their comrades that they had even kissed the hem of his garment. Mr. Lincoln was very much affected; he had his hat off, the tears were in his eyes, and his voice was so choked with emotion that he could scarcely respond to the salutations. It was a memorable sight, to see the liberated paying their homage to the great liberator. He remarked on the way

back to camp: "When we were enlisting the colored troops there was great opposition to it, but I said to some of my critics one day, 'Well, as long as we are trying to send every able-bodied man to the front to save this country, I guess we had all better be a little color blind.'" I can express my satisfaction with what they have accomplished down here something like an old-time abolitionist did upon another occasion in Illinois. He went to Chicago, and his friends took him to see Forrest play Othello. He didn't know it was a white man blacked up for the purpose, and after the play was over said: "Well, all sectional prejudice aside, and making due allowance for my partiality for the race, darn me if I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em."

I will only mention one more of those stories, for it greatly amused us one night in camp. I had in my hand a grain of the powder manufactured for the big guns. It was as large as a walnut. He asked: "Is that a grain of powder? Well, it's larger than the powder we used to use down in Sangamon County. Before the country newspapers were published the fellows merchandizing there used to avail of the time before the preacher arrived at the weekly prayer meetings to announce what goods they had received from the East. A man got up one night and said: 'Brethren, before the preacher gets here I want to say that I have just received a new invoice of sporting powder. The grains are so fine you can scarcely see them with the naked eye, and polished up so bright you can stand up and comb your hair in front of 'em just as if it was a looking glass.' There was a rival powder merchant in the congregation who was boiling over with rage to find his competitor getting so much cheap advertising, who rose and said: 'Brethren, I hope you won't believe a durned word Brother Smith has told you about that powder. I

have seen it myself. Every lump is as big as a lump of stove coal, and I pledge you my word that any one of you could put a barrel of that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through hell without any danger of an explosion.' "

There are two names of presidents that will always be inseparably associated in our minds—Washington and Lincoln. But from the manner in which modern historians magnify trivial acts you would suppose one had spent his entire life in cutting down trees and the other in splitting them up into rails. There was one marked difference between them—Washington could not tell a story; Lincoln always could.

But he told them not for the anecdote, but to clinch a fact, to point a moral.

Ah, it was that humor of his that was his safety valve. It lightened his mind and relieved it for the time from the great responsibilities that were weighing upon him. He could cut the sting from the keenest criticism with his wit, he could gild disappointment with a joke. He knew better than most men that in speech wit is to eloquence what in music melody is to harmony.

But his mind was not always attuned to mirth; its chords were too often set to strains of sadness. There was the slaughter in the field, the depletion of the treasury, complications which arose. All these were so appalling that sometimes even the great soul of Lincoln seemed ready to melt. But just when the gloom was blackest he never, never took counsel of his fears. He always had the courage of his convictions. He never had occasion to look to the past with regret, nor to the future with apprehension. He had that sublime faith which is content to leave the efforts to man, the results to God.

When hope seemed fading and courage failing, when he was surrounded on all sides by doubting Thomases, unbelieving Sad-

ducees and discontented Catilines, as the Danes once destroyed the hearing of their war steeds in order that they might not be affrighted by the din of battle, so Abraham Lincoln turned a deaf ear to all doubts and despondency about him and exhibited an unswerving, an unbounded faith in the justice of the cause and the integrity of the Union.

His was the faith that could see in the storm cloud a bow of promise, that could hear in the discords of the present the harmonies of the future.

Singular man! He was a Hercules, not an Adonis.

We learn little in this world from precept—much from example. Patterns are better followed than rules.

For ages after the battle of Thermopylæ every Greek school child was taught to recite each day the names of the three hundred heroes who fell in the defence of that Pass. It would be a crowning act of patriotism if every American school child could be taught each day to contemplate the exalted character and utter the inspiring name of Abraham Lincoln.

Singular man! No one can pluck a single laurel from his brow, no one can lessen the measure of his fame. Marvellous man! In the annals of all history we fail to find another whose life had been so peaceful, whose nature so gentle, and yet who was called upon to marshal the hosts of an aroused people and for four long years to conduct a bloody, relentless, fratricidal war.

In the annals of history we fail to find another whose education was that of the cabinet, not the camp, and yet who died a more heroic death.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of man to strike the shackles from the limbs of bondmen and liberate a race. It has seldom fallen to the lot of man to die the death of an honored martyr,

with his robes of office still about him, his heart at peace with his fellowmen, his soul at peace with his God, at the moment of the restoration of his country to peace within her borders, to peace with all the world.

We did not bury him in a Roman Pantheon, in a domed St. Paul's, or in an historic Westminster Abbey. We gave him nobler sepulchre; we laid him to rest in the soil his efforts had saved. That tomb will forever be the Mecca of all patriotic American citizens. Future ages will pause to read the inscription on its portals, and the prayers and praises of a redeemed and regenerated people will rise from that grave as incense rises from holy places, pointing out even to the angels in heaven where rest the ashes of him who had reached the highest pinnacle of earthly glory and covered the earth with his renown.

It is only now that Abraham Lincoln has receded from us far enough in history to enable us to see him in his true proportions.

A celebrated sculptor in the fourteenth century in Florence was commanded to make a colossal statue, which was to surmount an historic cathedral. When it was placed at the base of the cathedral, the ropes arranged for hoisting it, and it was there unveiled, the crowd jeered and hooted and criticised unmercifully the sculptor. It was all out of proportion; it was a failure. But soon the ropes began to tighten, and as the statue moved up into the air the crowd ceased to jeer, and finally, when it was placed upon the pinnacle at the proper focal distance as intended by the great sculptor, who created it, the sneers turned to plaudits, and the people then saw it in all the beauty of its true proportions.

And so Abraham Lincoln has so far receded from us in history that he is now in the proper focal distance. We can now

measure all his great qualities as they appear in their true beauty and symmetry.

I am glad there is a movement on foot to purchase the farm upon which he was born. It is well that it should be redeemed from individual ownership. It should be made the repository of all the interesting relics connected with him. It ought to be the seat of a national museum and a national park.

He is gone from us now, crowned with the sublimity of martyrdom. We have bidden a last farewell to him who was the gentlest of all spirits, noblest of all hearts, liberator of a race, savior of a Republic, martyr, whose sepulchre is human hearts.

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ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

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FEBRUARY 12, 1907

Address of

GEN. O. O. HOWARD

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

General Howard was born in Leeds, Me., 1830. He graduated at Bowdoin College, 1850; West Point, 1854. Was a Lieutenant, U. S. A., and instructor in mathematics at West Point on the outbreak of the war. In May, 1861, he was commissioned a colonel of the Third Maine Regiment, and a major-general of volunteers in 1862. He took part in many of the heaviest engagements of the war. From 1865-74, he was a commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau, took an important part in the work of Reconstruction, and in the Indian wars of the seventies. In 1864 he was made a brigadier-general, U. S. A., and in 1886, major-general, U. S. A. He retired in 1894. In 1895 he founded the Lincoln Memorial University (collegiate, normal and industrial school) at Cumberland Gap, Tenn. He is also known as an author and a lecturer of repute. He has received numerous honors for bravery, and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

ADDRESS OF

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

Fellow Republicans of the Republican Club of New York, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been seeking for about a half an hour for a definition of the present Republican party. I asked General Porter, and he thinks it consists principally in the following of Abraham Lincoln. I have asked General Dodge, who himself is the epitome of Republicanism, and he says it is the party that is always in favor of patriotism and progress.

I was thinking while I sat here what a fate it is that a man should be a substitute at all. I wasn't a substitute during the war. Some years ago I was a substitute at a New England dinner for Mr. Carnegie in this city, and I remarked then: How is it possible for a man who has so little to represent a man who has so much?

And now I want to say to you that it is very unfortunate to get so small a shotgun to represent a Cannon, but I am willing to make this substitution in the face of that beautiful remark of Speaker Cannon's just read to us, which is the very essence of Republicanism in this country.

I began with the Republican party at its beginning. Of course, I was in the army then and have been now fifty-seven years, and expect to remain in the army until I die. But while in the army I have always contended, General Dodge, that a man has no right to forego his citizenship. So I say to you that

I am very, very glad to be welcomed here by seventeen hundred young men who represent the Republicanism of New York. It is a hard place to be a Republican in, New York. I saw a lady the other day, and she said: "Up in Vermont I am an out-and-out Republican, but the moment I get to New York I am simply a Tammany Democrat."

When during the Civil War our public men were somewhat discouraged with reference to its outcome, more than at any other period, there had assembled quite early in the morning in Mr. Lincoln's office room a number of prominent men. Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his office chair with his right hand resting on the table in front of him when he heard a prominent Senator, with deep emotion, remark, "If we only could do right as a people, God would give us a victory." Mr. Lincoln instantly rose to his feet and cried, in that singularly shrill, piercing voice of his, "My faith is greater than yours!" As he stood there, head and shoulders above all of them, Senators, Representatives, Cabinet officials and army officers were gazing upon his shining face. Looking toward the first speaker he repeated, "My faith is greater than yours." The Senator said: "How is that, Mr. Lincoln?" He answered: "God will make us do sufficiently right as a people to give us the victory." This answer is the gauge of Lincoln's faith, which never at any time was known to falter.

There is something very close to faith which we are wont to call virtue—public virtue and private virtue—the old English of it is "Valor."

In the first speech I ever saw of Mr. Lincoln's he said: "Many free countries have lost their liberties, and ours may lose hers, but if she shall, be it my proudest boast, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never, never deserted her." That was valor.

Mr. Lincoln was fond of riding on horseback in the early even-

ing to the Soldiers' Home. One night during the latter part of 1863 he rode out with an orderly. When part way he sent the orderly back for something which he had left at the White House and rode on alone. After dusk he galloped up to the home stables, and the hostler noticed that he was without his hat. Mr. Lincoln, answering the hostler's question, said: "Run back a few hundred yards and pick it up." The man had heard a shot, but thought little of it till Mr. Lincoln came galloping in. He found the hat and brought it to the President, who was still waiting at the stable. There was a bullet hole near the top. Mr. Lincoln made the man promise not to speak of it. "It was probably an accident and might worry my family." And he went to the Soldiers' Home, as usual, but probably never again alone. A man had really undertaken to shoot him.

You see in this incident, and in a great many others that you can recall, the simple, straightforward courage of the man. It never failed him.

Now, there was another characteristic, and that was a uniform effort to obtain knowledge from his boyhood to his manhood, and, in fact, all through his manhood. If you will remember at one time when he was a lawyer he said, "I don't understand that word 'demonstration'—demonstration—demonstration. Lawyers are always talking about demonstration. I don't know what they mean by it." And somebody suggested it would be wise for him to take up Euclid, and he did so. He went through the whole of that large book, that old book of Euclid, and demonstrated every proposition in it, and when he got through he said: "Now I understand what is meant by demonstration."

That indicates to you a choice bit of the character of his mind in searching for the truth. He never was satisfied until he had completely mastered a subject that he had put his mind upon.

At one time some of the officers in Washington rather slighted him. He would go to them for advice and sometimes get quite a rebuff. He made up his mind then that he would study strategy for himself, and he got the hardest books we had upon the subject, and he mastered it, and that is why, if you read history carefully, you will find that he never made a mistake in the line of strategy, though he didn't profess to be a general.

We have in the schedule of virtues the word temperance. I heard a story here to my right on the subject of Abraham Lincoln's temperance, and somebody indicated that he had no small vices. After he was nominated to be President of the United States, a committee came down from Chicago to his home in Illinois and said to him: "You are nominated; you are nominated." He said: "I suppose I must treat." And he sent out and a man came in with a large tray, and on it were tumblers, and a pitcher in the middle filled with water—cold water. "Oh," he said, "this is Adam's ale. We can ask for nothing better than that." And so he treated the committee, drank their health in good cold water. But you may say: "Did he overdo the matter?" Well, no; Mr. Lincoln was not temperate simply in eating and drinking; he was temperate in everything, and, what is more, he wouldn't do business with any man while he was in a passion.

One day he saw Senator Fessenden, for example, coming toward his office room. Mr. Fessenden had received the promise of some appointment in Maine for one of his constituents. The case had been overlooked. As soon as Mr. Lincoln caught sight of the Senator he saw he was angry, and as Fessenden approached his door he called out: "Say, Fessenden, aren't you an Episcopalian?" Mr. Fessenden, taken aback by the question, answered: "Yes, I belong to that persuasion." Mr. Lincoln then said: "I thought so; you swear so much like Seward. Seward is an Episcopalian. But

you ought to hear Stanton swear. He can beat you both. He is a Presbyterian." By this time Fessenden was in hearty good humor, and the President, sending for the papers, soon settled the case to the Senator's satisfaction.

A like instance occurred when a poor father was beside himself pleading for the life of his son, who was to be shot the next day for desertion. Mr. Lincoln quieted him by a touching story, and then put the coveted pardon of his son into the father's hand.

You notice he never ended any of those cases without pardoning the son.

Now patience. I never saw in any of my intercourse with Mr. Lincoln, and I have met him a great many times, and General Dodge has seen more of him than I have, but I never knew, and I don't think Dodge can recall an occasion in which Lincoln showed the slightest impatience. Always patient! A poor woman came in who wanted her son pardoned. Her son had been sleeping on post. She pleaded her case, she pleaded it very well. The boy had been kept without sleep too long; he had undertaken to do duty for another young man the night before, and he had a second night, and he fell asleep on post, and he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. Mr. Lincoln heard the case very carefully and granted the petition. A little later a woman more advanced in age came in, and she wanted her brother out of the old Capitol Prison. He was put in there perhaps by Mr. Stanton for using disloyal language. In those days we used to clap them in prison sometimes for things that now they can say on the street. He heard the old lady's case with great care—probably the man deserved to be put in the old Capitol, but he pardoned him and let him out. Then he went with her to the door, and just as he was about to part with her she said: "Oh, you don't know how grateful I am, Mr. Lincoln; I don't know what I

can say. I will say this, I hope I may meet you in Heaven." "Well," Mr. Lincoln said, "in the rough and tumble of this world, I don't know, I may never get to that beautiful place you speak of; I may never get there. But," he added, "I know this, it is the best wish you could make for me." And then he turned around as she went out, remarking: "Speed, it seldom happens to a man to be able to make two people happy in the same day." And then he said: "I hope it will be said of me when I am gone, by those who care for me, by those who love me most, that I never allowed an opportunity to pass where I could pluck a thistle and plant a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Now, there is another subject I approach with a good deal of delicacy, but I put it down, and you must pardon me for it. I don't believe much in religiousness, never did, but there is one word that I do not know any substitute for—the clergymen call it Godliness. Well, Abraham Lincoln had Godliness.

General Sickles—I wish he were here to-night—told me over and over again in the first McKinley political campaign this story. He said: "After I was wounded I was carried to Washington after Gettysburg, and I was lying on the stretcher. People thought I would die. While I was there Mr. Lincoln, with his little boy Tad, came in to see me, and he began to talk to me, and I saw that he was a little too sympathetic to suit me, so I began to rally him, and then I said: 'Why, I understand your cabinet and yourself were trying to get out of Washington just before the battle of Gettysburg,' and Mr. Lincoln shook his head and said, 'No, we were not; no, we were not. We had to take some precautions,' he owned." General Sickles pressed him a little hard, and he said: "Well, Sickles, if you want to know what I was doing about that time I will tell you. There was one room in the White House where there was very little furniture, and I went in there and I

shut the door, and I got down on my knees and said to the Lord, 'You know I have done all I can. This is your struggle and I have done all I can!' And then I cried out with all my heart, 'Oh, God, give us a victory.' Then suddenly it occurred to me to say: 'Oh, that I might have some token by which I could be assured of a victory.' Then such a sweet spirit came over me, such an indescribable spirit that I was as assured of a victory before I heard the news, as I was after."

There was one young man out in the West that Mr. Lincoln was very fond of. His father used to entertain him on those lawyers' tours, and he always said to the young man: "Whenever you see me, stretch out both hands." Mr. Lincoln remembered him. He became first a professor, then afterwards a president, I think it was of the University of Illinois, so called at that time, and Mr. Lincoln appointed him on the Board of Visitors sent to West Point, and he went there, and the board, knowing that Mr. Lincoln was his friend, made him president of the board, and after they got through with their work he went to Washington and into the War Department to get some facts that were necessary to complete his report. "It occurred to me while there," he said, "that I would like to see Mr. Lincoln in that, the darkest period of the war, and I sat down and wrote him a short note: 'Dear Mr. Lincoln, give me five minutes, please.' Mr. Lincoln folded the paper, turned it over and wrote on the back: 'I will give you an hour. A. Lincoln.'" And he went to Lincoln's office. When he came in Mr. Lincoln rose up to his full height, stretched out both hands to him and gave him a welcome and they sat down, and they communed together. Just before he went away he said: "Now, Mr. Lincoln, I want to ask you a question. I hardly dare do it, but if it isn't proper you needn't answer it, of course." Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, if I can't answer it I won't. Go ahead." He

said: "Out in Illinois they are very anxious about the termination of this conflict. Shall we succeed in this war?" He said that Mr. Lincoln changed color and became haggard, great tears ran down his face, and it was some time before he could speak at all, and then when he did he said: "President Mannes, we shall succeed in this war, but I don't expect to live to see its termination or its consummation." "Now, Mr. Lincoln," said the other, "simply just one more question: Would you be willing to tell me on what you base your opinion?" Then Mr. Lincoln began in that singular negative way of his: "I do not base it upon my constituency, though no man ever had any better constituency than we have, or more faithful; I do not base it on my generals, though no king or potentate ever had better generals, abler men, ready and willing to sacrifice everything that they have for the good of the Republic; I do not even base it on the boys in blue of the army and the navy—no, no; though no nation on earth ever had a better army than ours, ready to give everything, even life itself, for the salvation of the Republic. No, no. I will tell you what I base it on—on the God of our fathers who hath brought this Nation hitherto and will never, never suffer this Nation to perish!"

There is one other little item, brotherly kindness. I was taken very ill out on Meridian Hill. I was a little overworked and had a bilious turn, and for about three days I was very near the grave —delirious. After that, in about three days more, I was up and at work again. Well, during that time Mr. Lincoln came out to see me. First he came with Charlotte Cushman, whose name you have heard, to inquire about me. I have a very dim recollection of his coming. The next time he came with that same little boy who seemed to attend him always, Tad, whom he loved so much, and Tad walked with the sentinel, backwards and forwards, while

his father went to see the doctor to see if he could find out anything about my case, and see if anything could be done for me, and Tad said to the sentinel: "Is the Colonel very sick?" "Yes." "Awful sick?" "Yes." "Well," he says, "father thinks he is not going to live"; and I was then only a very common colonel among thousands of others. It was not only my camp that he visited and looked at my parade and congratulated me upon success, but the Twelfth New York and Burnside's regiments, and all the others around about. And think of the largeness of heart of the man who could so take us in and show us that personal tenderness. Wasn't it brotherly kindness?

He once came down to Brooks Station, and I saw him coming in through that bower that the Germans made for me, and he was too tall to come in. He took off that tall hat of his, that postoffice hat, and bowed his head as he came in, and he sat down upon my cot and admired my robe made of a South American sheep, its construction and beauty. Then he saw the tablets upon the wall that the American Tract Society had given me, one for every day in the month, and that day was, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," and he and I looked at it together, and I am sure those words sunk into his heart as they did into mine. It was not long after that that I had some trouble and I came home greatly discouraged, and I looked up where Abraham Lincoln had looked and I said, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want!"—why didn't I think of it before?

And after Chancellorsville, when ambition sought my removal, they carried the case up to Mr. Lincoln and asked: "Wouldn't it be a wise thing to remove General Howard from the command of the Eleventh Corps? He hasn't succeeded very well." You all know that Stonewall Jackson in that battle was more to blame than I was. But Mr. Lincoln, after hearing them carefully, wind-

ing one foot of his about twice around his leg, said: "Let him alone; let him alone; give him time and he will bring things straight." That is what kept me in the army.

Most of you have read a little of the last interview that I had with Mr. Lincoln in Washington. I spent over an hour with him, and he called my special attention to what he called afterwards the "loyal refugees of Kentucky and of Tennessee and of Virginia." Your president, when he introduced me, spoke of our Cumberland Gap Tennessee College. That is right in the centre of those three portions of Virginia, of Tennessee and of the Kentucky Mountains. Mr. Lincoln turned and looked in my eyes. I can never forget the expression. "Oh, General," he said, "they are loyal there, they are loyal." And we have built up an institution there to his name as a monument for the benefit of the boys and girls of the mountains. We have got 640 young men and young women, the brightest and best in the country. People call them "poor whites," sometimes "poor white trash." Then WE are trash. They are not trash. They are the very epitome of Americanism, and I do not think it is anything against them that they were always loyal to the flag.

I was going through a car the other day, and there was an opera troupe coming from New York, going up to Canada, almost all young ladies—there were some gentlemen among them—and the moment I appeared, I don't know why, they cried: "Robert E. Lee! Robert E. Lee!" I said: "Oh, you are mistaken; I fought on the other side." Yes, I fought on the other side. We may be in the minority, but let us stick to it; let us stick to it till death. We don't want anything wrong; we don't want any spot on the escutcheon of the Republican party. We want purity and progress and we propose to have them; we will have them!

There is only one more item and that is this: You will remem-

ber the book, Winston Churchill's work, in which he so beautifully represents the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. He represents also his roughness. In that he is mistaken. Oh, how often I have compared notes with other men! There was no real roughness in Abraham Lincoln. A little homeliness—we are not all of us handsome; we can't be. But here he took the beautiful Virginia, you remember, to the window of his room and looked forth down there to Alexandria and said: "When that star appeared there of the Confederacy, and I saw that flag, oh, how it offended me, and I was worrying. Then I thought it was necessary I should suffer for the Republic"; and in conclusion he used these words to her: "I have not suffered BY the South—I have suffered WITH the South. Your sorrow has been my sorrow, and your pain has been my pain. What you have lost I have lost, and what you have gained," he added, sublimely, "I have gained."

Just think of the sermon of it! The minister who sits here would say: Add to that faith, virtue; to virtue, temperance; to temperance, Godliness; to Godliness, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, charity. A man who could rise right up and show such love to God and love to his fellow man, even to his enemy, cannot readily be pointed out to-day.

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FEBRUARY 12, 1907

Address of

GEN. JAMES H. WILSON

JAMES HARRISON WILSON, LL.D.

General Wilson was born in Shawneetown, Ill., in 1837. He was educated at McKendree College and at West Point (graduated 1860). At the outbreak of the war he was serving in the engineering corps Department of Oregon. He was made Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers, 1862; Captain U. S. Engineers and Brigadier-General of Volunteers, 1863. In 1866 he was brevetted Major-General U. S. A., "for gallant and meritorious services during the war." He was one of the most distinguished engineering officers on the Union side during the Civil War, winning special fame in the Vicksburg and Chattanooga campaigns. After voluntarily resigning from the army in 1870, he was connected with many important engineering works at home and abroad. He served with distinction in the volunteer army in the Spanish-American War; commanded the American forces in the China Relief Expedition, and represented the U. S. A. at the coronation of Edward VII. He is the author of numerous works of military biography.

ADDRESS OF

GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I hardly know why I should be called upon to address the Republican Club upon an occasion of this sort, especially in reference to Abraham Lincoln, unless it be because Abraham Lincoln and my father were captains together in the Black Hawk War.

Abraham Lincoln's company, I believe, all deserted. Captain Harrison Wilson's company contained all the brigadier and major generals. They all remained in the war, and one of them survived to become a major-general in the War of the Rebellion. It was my good fortune many years afterwards to be called to a bureau office in the War Department during the days of the great Rebellion. I had hardly arrived in the capital city when I received an invitation to dinner at the White House, and it was my good fortune to partake of its hospitality frequently thereafter.

I was doubtful as to whether or not the President had mistaken me for some one else, but he assured me in a way that was quite acceptable that he had made no mistake. In addition to dining several times with him en famille, I went to the theatre with him, and upon these occasions he resorted to his well-known methods of entertainment, which were most acceptable to me. It so happened that just about that time one of his youngest brigadier-generals had been captured up in the Valley of Virginia with sev-

eral hundred mules. He said to me: "Oh, no, General, I don't care about the brigadiers; I can make them; but I have to buy mules, and they cost money."

Well, now, he did make brigadier-generals, and one of the most pathetic of all the stories with reference to his power of manufacturing brigadiers I am reminded of this evening by a remark of my preceptor and friend, General Howard, in regard to Maine. The great statesmen of that State sent down to Washington, with letters of commendation, a young man of whom they thought well. They did not ask to have him made a high officer, but they asked that he might be appointed to the position of second lieutenant of artillery in the regular army. Mr. Lincoln received him with kindness. His credentials came from William Pitt Fessenden and Hannibal Hamlin, and they were sufficient to make him an Ambassador to England. But he wanted simply to be a second lieutenant. Mr. Lincoln gave him a note to the Secretary of War, asking that this appointment might be made, and after an hour or so his young friend came back looking very much dejected. "What is the matter, Jamison?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. Stanton says he won't do it." "Well, I guess if Stanton said he wouldn't he won't. You know Stanton takes the regular army under his protection, and I haven't much influence with him in regard to that branch of the service; but I'll tell you what I will do, Jamison, I will make you a brigadier-general of volunteers." And he made him a brigadier-general of volunteers, and fortunately it turned out that he was a good one. When you think about it, what the country had done for Lincoln in compelling him to make major-generals, you will perhaps think better of his exercising the appointing power. You will remember he had a "Young Napoleon" on his hands; he had "Old Rosy" on his hands; he had curled darlings of my lady's chamber on his hands; he had Roman

pro-consuls on his hands; he had every sort and condition of major-generals, and on the top of them he had "Fighting Joe." Well, if you will now take a glance at the history of the past you will see that he might well have doubted the predilections of his countrymen and turned in to make a few brigadiers on his own account. The subject is one that might be dwelt upon until the "wee sma' hours," but I shall pass on to another subject.

It so happened that Mr. Lincoln lived during his earlier days at New Salem, a little village six miles north and a little easterly from Springfield, on the banks of the Sangamon. Before leaving there he had consented to become a candidate for the legislature. The nominating conventions in those days were held on Saturday. The first business in order was to dispose of the neighborhood fights. The Cleary's Grove gang were desperate men, and before the convention was called to order a fight took place between one of the gang and one of Mr. Lincoln's friends. You will all remember that Mr. Lincoln was six feet four. Pushing through the crowd that surrounded the combatants, he grasped his friend's opponent by the back of the neck and the slack of the trousers and threw him outside of the limits of the ring. He then stepped upon the platform, which in those days was always a stump, and this is the speech that tradition credits him with:

"Friends and Fellow-Citizens: I am plain Abe Lincoln. I have consented to become a candidate for the legislature. My political principles are like the old woman's dance—short and sweet. I believe in a United States bank; I believe in a protective tariff; I believe in a system of internal improvements, and I am for freedom for every human creature. If on that platform you can give me your suffrages I shall be much obliged. If not, no harm done, and I remain, respectfully yours, Abe Lincoln."

Now, I call your attention to the fact that that speech was

delivered seventy-five years ago, and that it carried in its bosom the four cardinal questions of American politics, the four cardinal principles of the Republican party, which was born twenty-five years thereafter. Those fundamental principles remained in the platform of the Republican party till the end of the war. There was no surplusage, not a word too many in that speech. It contained a faith as broad as the great Republic. It showed the primal man, and that no pent-up Utica confined his powers. And you members of the Republican Club of New York may well pause to consider whether Republicanism as it is to-day has not passed beyond those limits. Imagine Abraham Lincoln here to-day. What would he say with reference to the doctrines of the Republican party as they are now promulgated and practiced? Would he not be like that Pennsylvania Dutchman who, having become prosperous, went down to Philadelphia to get a portrait of his father painted? He called upon the most distinguished artist in the city and said: "I vish to haf a portrait of mein fader painted." "Well," says the artist, "send your father down and I will make a sketch of him and paint his portrait." "But mein fader is dead." "Send me down a photograph and I will see if I cannot reproduce his likeness." "But I haf no photograph." "Oh, well, then, describe your father to me." "Well, mein fader was a big man; he had broad shoulders and a high chest; he had high cheek bones and blue eyes, and a stout chin and a big beard." "All right, my friend; I will see what I can do for you." And after a few weeks he sent word back to the countryman that the portrait was ready and to come down with his family and look it over. So they came down, were ushered into the studio, the covering was thrown off, and there was the stout figure. The farmer looked at it for a moment, and then said: "Yes, dat is

mein fader that I loved; that is mein venerated fader vat is dead; but, mein Gott! how he has changed!"

Now, I am not undertaking to sketch Mr. Lincoln, but of one thing you may be assured—his Republicanism was of the orthodox character, and we may believe that if he had lived to guide us the change in party practice at least would not have been so great.

Mr. Lincoln was somewhat of a strategist, as General Howard has told us. You will recall when Lee began thundering northward from the Rappahannock and Fighting Joe with his army was on the north side of that stream he wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln, saying that he thought he would throw his army across the river to the south and take Lee in flank. Mr. Lincoln wrote back to him: "I note your proposition, and under the right circumstances it would be proper, but if I were in your place I do not think I would do it, for with your army half across the river, Lee would surely turn upon you and then you would find yourself like the bull half jumped over the fence—unable either to gore to the front or kick to the rear."

Mr. Lincoln was also a great politician. He was surrounded and strengthened by great men, some of whom opposed him and some of whom assisted him. Amongst those who were most influential in shaping his destiny was his great rival, Stephen A. Douglas. You will all recall how in that wonderful joint debate Mr. Lincoln gave utterance to his thought about the house divided against itself which could not stand. His friends thought it was a false movement on his part. Judge Douglas took every advantage of it, but in the end "the house divided against itself" made Lincoln President of the United States, but it did more. The joint debate made Stephen A. Douglas his friend, and Stephen A. Douglas, after having put himself back of the great cause for which Mr. Lincoln stood, came to be the one man who brought

more Northern Democrats into the United States Army and into the fold of the Republican party than all the other Democratic statesmen put together.

Mr. Lincoln, however, had another great assistant, the greatest of all those who stood with him in the terrible days. I mean Edwin M. Stanton.

It was my good fortune to know him as well as to know Mr. Lincoln, and in a small way it was my good fortune to see the greatness of the man, for whenever I went to him with requisitions to furnish forth the army, he said: "Give it to them, though it take the last dollar in the Treasury, then they cannot say we did not support them." Short and stout, strong, virtuous and aggressive, in my humble judgment he more than any other man put the force into the administration which made it victorious.

Philosophy teaches us that mankind have risen to their high estate by the exercise of two faculties, reason and the power of co-operation. With such men as Stanton to support the President, the combination between reason and strength in that administration was perfect. And another illustration of the strength of combination is found in the history of his strongest, most victorious, most successful general. I refer to Ulysses S. Grant, than whom no more modest, no more manly, no more constant, no more aggressive general ever lived. But he, too, was supported by a combination. His Fidus Achates, his right arm, his strong, aggressive and ever vigilant supporter was John A. Rawlins, a man who, when twenty-three years of age, was burning charcoal for a living. He was a Douglas Democrat, and he stood by General Grant and "stayed him from falling" until he was victorious, as Stanton stood by Abraham Lincoln until the whole country was victorious.

THE TWENTY-SECOND

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1908

Address of

HON. MORRIS SHEPPARD

MORRIS SHEPPARD

Congressman Sheppard was born in Wheatville, Morris Co., Texas, 1875. He graduated from the University of Texas, 1895 and 1897, and from the Yale Law School, 1898. He was admitted to the Bar in 1897. Since October, 1902, he has been Member of Congress (Democrat) for the First Texas District.

ADDRESS OF

HON. MORRIS SHEPPARD

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen of the Republican Club: On the wall of a Southern home there is to-day a letter in a frame, a letter which reads: "Executive Mansion, Washington, Feb. 10, 1865. Hon. A. H. Stephens: According to your agreement, your nephew, Lieutenant Stephens, goes to you bearing this note. Please in return to select and send me that officer of the same rank, imprisoned at Richmond, whose physical condition most urgently requires his release. Respectfully, A. Lincoln." In a corner of the frame is a photograph of Lincoln bearing his signature in his own handwriting. At the close of the Hampton Roads Conference early in 1865 Lincoln had asked Alexander Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy and one of the Southern Commissioners, if he could do anything for him personally. "Nothing," said Stephens, "unless you can send me my nephew who has been a prisoner on Johnson's Island for twenty months." "I shall be glad to do it; let me have his name," was the prompt reply. A few days later Lieutenant Stephens left for Richmond, where the exchange was effected, bearing the letter and the picture before described, both the gifts of Lincoln, and for more than forty years they have remained the chief treasures of a Dixie fireside. This incident was but one of a host of others, showing in Lincoln a spirit that poised on wings of light above the wrath and gloom of war.

But for other and wider reasons it is proper that the portrait of Lincoln should adorn this Southern home. He was born of Southern parentage on Kentucky soil. His father was a Virginian; his grandfather was a Virginian, his mother was a Virginian. His mother! The very word hallows the lips that utter it. The world has not yet grasped its debt to the mothers of mankind. The mother is the luster and the hope of history. She is the central figure of all human sacrifice. Life is the flower of her agony, the fruitage of her pain. Humanity is cradled in her tears. That men may be, she fronts the grave, yes, at each birth endures a living crucifixion.

Lincoln's mother possessed in marvelous measure the qualities that make maternity sacred. He never forgot her prayers, prayers that made the cabin in the wilderness a temple grander than St. Peter's or Cologne. His father, always in deepest poverty, had but recently removed from Kentucky largely because the spread of slavery and the aristocracy surrounding it tended to degrade the status of the whites who were compelled to labor with their hands. Thus in his earliest years were permanently impressed on Lincoln's soul the ideas of liberty, equality and personal rectitude which led him later to acclaim that day the happiest in history when there should be neither slave nor drunkard in the world. Such was his mother's influence that he afterwards ascribed to her all that he was or hoped to be. The clumsy, hand-hewn coffin in which she was interred, the lack of ceremony due to the fact that few ministers visited that remote vicinity, the lonely grave in the clearing, deepened the sadness that solitude and hardship had implanted in his nature. He did not rest until several months afterwards he knelt in the snow while a wandering preacher, summoned at his earnest instance, delivered a funeral sermon over her grave. It should be said here that the devoted

woman, a native of Kentucky, who succeeded Lincoln's mother in the Lincoln home, recognized at once his unusual capacities and employed every means to encourage and develop them. To her he gave a love and reverence that were reflected in his spotless conduct. The teachings of these two women gave gentleness and grace to all his acts and must have prompted deed after deed of mercy in the memorable conflict with which his name is forever associated.

When Lincoln in 1832 announced his candidacy for the Illinois legislature he stated that his supreme purpose was to win the esteem of his fellow-men by being worthy of it. Thus at the age of 23 he proclaimed the basic impulse of his career, the ambition to be useful to mankind. This impulse was but prophetic of the principle of brotherhood that was to mark the consummation of his efforts and to signalize his relation to history. Probably no other man of commanding fame ever struggled so effectively against so unpromising an environment. The family had removed from Kentucky to Indiana, from Indiana to Illinois, following the frontier's westward sweep, locating in secluded forests, felling trees with which to construct the crudest shelter and opening land for cultivation. In the labors of the farm and woods young Lincoln shared to the fullest degree. The ordinary facilities of the most rudimentary education were beyond his reach. His entire schooling did not comprise twelve months. Yet he managed to obtain and study with absorbing eagerness Bunyan, Æsop, Weems' Washington and the Bible. Perhaps Æsop inspired his celebrated habit of reinforcing argument with parable and anecdote. With what prophetic interest must he have followed the trials of Washington and the patriot armies in founding the nation he was to be summoned to preserve. He seems to have been especially impressed with Washington's unvarying trust in God, a sentiment he

approved and emulated. In the Bible, of which he was a constant student, he found the doctrine that supplied the definition of his existence, the doctrine embodied in Christ's answer to the lawyer in the temple, the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the doctrine that Lincoln considered of itself sufficient to form the basis of a church, the doctrine his life proclaimed and his death ennobled, the doctrine of which the American Declaration of Independence is but another form, the doctrine on which rests all liberty and progress. Such were the materials with which this youthful Vulcan hammered his being into heroic mould and purpose. In that stern pioneer age labor of severest form was honor's essence, equality was the natural state, and men were loved for what they could contribute to the general good. In such a school Lincoln learned to revere humanity, truth and God. In such a school he developed a gentle soul, a giant stature and an iron will. His was a universal sympathy with all human aspiration. Hate found no lodgment in his heart; there kindness and mercy, like twin Portias, pleaded always against the pound of flesh.

These elements were slowly fusing in the fires of experience and ambition, of conflicts, defeats, successes, for almost thirty years from the date of his first announcement for office. His single term in Congress was marked by faithful service and several comprehensive speeches. It was during his term in Congress that he wrote a letter to his young law partner containing certain rules of conduct which every young man ought to engrave upon his heart, a statement comprising a sounder and more healthful philosophy than any similar number of words in all literature, a statement breathing brotherhood in every line: "The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to as-

sure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury." In a speech a few years before, he had expressed another phase of his love of humanity in this sentence: "If you would win a man to your cause first convince him that you are his sincere friend." There is a verse from Aleyn which elaborates this beautiful idea, an idea so illuminative of Lincoln's soul:

> "The fine and noble way to kill a foe
> Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
> So change him that he shall cease to be so;
> And then he's slain. Sigismund used to say
> His pardons put his foes to death; for when
> He mortify'd their hate he killed them then."

In his speech before the convention which nominated him for the United States Senate in opposition to Douglas, in the debates with that master of the forum, in inaugural addresses and presidential messages, on the field of Gettysburg and elsewhere, Lincoln gave deliverances that in chaste and lofty eloquence, in simplicity and power stand unsurpassed. The ideal of human brotherhood was with him ever uppermost. Toward the South he exhibited the most tolerant and affectionate spirit. In his speech at Peoria in 1854 he said: "Before proceeding let me say I think I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us we should not instantly give it up. When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery

than we, I acknowledge the fact." The keynote of his position was opposition to the extension of slavery.

The opening of the American Civil War made him the chief figure of the most colossal crisis in his country's life. Every element of his character was brought into instant and effective play. It is difficult to appreciate the magnitude of the task he met and mastered. His was the responsible supervision of all civil and military administration. The young party he had led to victory was naturally filled with numerous and discordant groups all clamorous for recognition. Every phase of feeling as to the policy of the government in its most frightful emergency poured a stream of argument and protest across his audience chamber. To harmonize the clashing sentiments and interests required superbest skill. Relations with other nations demanded the coolest and most thorough judgment. He rewrote Seward's dispatch on the subject of England's recognition of Southern belligerency, converting that violent document, which would most probably have incited war, into a model of diplomatic propriety. The selection of commanders for the untried millions who assembled at his call involved the rarest penetration. Forbearance, sympathy and keenest insight marked his treatment of the generals in the field. He studied the art of war and demonstrated military talent of the highest type. His orders and inquiries showed a technical familiarity with all the problems of the contest. He grasped the essential features of the proper handling of the Union arms and resources. From the beginning he foreshadowed the course of the strife with such accuracy that competent authorities have pronounced him one of the ablest strategists of that world-astounding war. Throughout the changing fortunes of the conflict he was the same serene, unyielding, all-compelling force that welded every controversy and every defeat into final and overwhelming

triumph. The fires of criticism and calumny found him unresenting, calm, yet undeterred. Modest himself to the point of self-effacement, he held himself the humblest of all the Presidents. On his second election to the Presidency he said there was in his gratitude to the people no taint of personal triumph and that he felt no pleasure in succeeding over others. He exercised the prerogative of pardon with tenderness and enthusiasm. Mighty as was his brain, still mightier was his heart. He had begun a humane and peaceful reconstruction of several States before he died, and had he lived, the nation's wounds, which he felt were also his, would have far more quickly healed. The knowledge that despite his love for all mankind his efforts for human elevation would be distorted and assailed, that however glorious the final victory thousands of American homes were being desolated, that brother was emptying the blood of brother, and the premonition that he would not outlive the struggle, wrapped him in isolation and in sorrow and gave his features an infinite sadness in repose.

His death was one of the profoundest calamities that ever shocked the earth. To his noble wife he remarked as the clandestine assassin was about to fire, "There is no city I desire so much to see as Jerusalem." He was not permitted to see the old Jerusalem, but in a few hours he was to stand among the glories of the new. Now what is the relation of his life to the Republic he aided so materially to preserve? It is the development of the idea of brotherhood on which the continued preservation of this Union depends. What lesson emanates from his spectral figure as it rises from that April night in 1865? It is the love of Abraham Lincoln for every man, woman and child beneath the American flag. Invoking his memory I, a Southerner and a Democrat, true to every principle that animates my patriotic, valorous and incorruptible people, come among you to-night, Northerners

and Republicans, equally true to your convictions, as fellow-countryman, friend and brother. New York is my country as well as Texas. Massachusetts, California, Illinois are as dear to me as Louisiana, Georgia or Tennessee. The memory of Abraham Lincoln is one of the fundamental buttresses of the reunited and unconquerable America of the twentieth century. In fulfillment of his desires and dreams the American people are to-day a mighty and a deathless brotherhood. Forgotten are the discords of the past; departed are the specters of civil strife. Near Columbus, Ohio, was situated Camp Chase, one of the military prisons of the North during the Civil War. There thousands of Southern soldiers died, far from the land of their birth and love. But their graves have received the tenderest care from Northern hearts and hands, and an arch has been erected on that solemn spot bearing the word "Americans." This word expresses the spirit of patriotism that to-day uplifts and thrills the nation, the spirit in which Lincoln moved and spoke and prayed. It hallows the past, it inspires the present, and O, may it animate the endless reaches of the future! It arouses love for every part of our common country, for every city and every state, every mountain and every shore, every forest and every plain—love for our traditions and our history, love for the home of freedom, the hope of liberty, the light of time, the radiance of the ages, our own United States.

The poet sings of Sunny France,
Fair olive-laden Spain,
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid flame,
Of Egypt's countless ages old,
Dark Afric's palms and dates;
Let me acclaim the land I name,
My own United States.

The poet sings of Switzerland,
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimmering sheen of Ireland's green,
Old England's rockbound shore,
Quaint Holland and the fatherland,
Their charms in verse relates,
Let me acclaim the land I name,
My own United States.

I love every inch of her prairie land,
Each stone on her mountains' side,
I love every drop of the water clear
That flows in her rivers wide;
I love every tree, every blade of grass,
Within Columbia's gates,
The queen of the earth is the land of my birth,
My own United States.

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ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

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FEBRUARY 12, 1908

Address of

HON. CHARLES E. HUGHES

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, A.M., LL.D.

Governor Hughes was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., 1862. He graduated from Brown University, 1881, and from the Columbia Law School, 1884. From 1884-91 he practised law in New York City; from 1891-3 was Professor of Law at the Cornell University School of Law, afterwards returning to active practice. He first came into national prominence as attorney for the Armstrong Commission of the New York Legislature for the investigation of insurance company methods. In 1906 he was elected Governor of the State of New York, and upon the expiration of his term was re-elected.

ADDRESS OF

GOVERNOR HUGHES

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Republican Club and Ladies: The exigencies of the gubernatorial office have not given me opportunity to prepare any address which would be worthy of the traditions of this anniversary, and I appear before you without any set speech. I am very glad indeed of the opportunity of welcoming to the State of New York the Governor of our sister state, Kentucky; and I envy you the pleasure that you will have in listening to those who will adequately present the memories of this occasion. But, my friends, from a boy I have been full of Lincoln. There is no day in the year that is so eloquent to me as the day in which we commemorate his birth.

It is true that on that day of all days when we celebrate the Declaration of Independence the American heart is warm with the sentiments of liberty and of free opportunity and of hearty recognition of equality. It is also true that on the day when we celebrate the birth of the Father of his Country we render loyal tribute to the distinguished services of a man who, against odds which we can little appreciate, battled for the independence which was so nobly declared; and we feel richer in our manhood because we were introduced to the family of nations by one who so worthily represented the best that humanity has offered.

But there is one man who presents to the American people above all others in his many-sided greatness the type, the repre-

sentative of those qualities which distinguish American character and make possible the maintenance of our national strength. And in Abraham Lincoln we recognize not simply one who gave his life for his country and rendered the most important service that any man could render in the preservation of the Union, but one who seemed to have centered in himself those many attributes which we recognize as the sources of our national power. He is, par excellence, the true American, Abraham Lincoln.

I wish in our colleges and wherever young men are trained, particularly for political life, that there could be a course in Lincoln. I wish our young men could be taken through the long efforts of his career; I wish they could become more intimately acquainted with the addresses he delivered; I wish that they could get in closer touch with that remarkable personality; and they would never find it possible to take a low or sordid view of American opportunity.

Abraham Lincoln was an acute man. But we erect no monuments to shrewdness. We have no memorials by which we desire to perpetuate the records of American smartness. Skill in manipulation, acuteness in dealing for selfish purposes, may win their temporary victories, but the acuteness that the American people admire is that acuteness which is devoted to the solution of problems affecting their prosperity and directly related to their interests, and which is employed unselfishly and for the benefit of the people, apart from any individual interest.

I have long been a student of Lincoln. I have marveled at the ability which he displayed. There has been no greater exponent of that sharpness of intellect which so pre-eminently characterizes the American. But Abraham Lincoln devoted all his talents, his extraordinary perspicacity to the welfare of the people. He was a man of principle. He was a man all of whose acts were

founded upon a recognition of the fundamental principles which underlie our Republic. Said he on one occasion, "I have no sentiments except those which I have derived from a study of the Declaration of Independence." He was profoundly an apostle of liberty. I have said that he was a man of principle. Rarely has the doctrine of the relation to the nation, to the states, and of government to the individual been more lucidly expounded than he expounded it in those sentences which probably are familiar to you all. He said, "The nation must control whatever concerns the nation. The states, or any minor political community, must control whatever exclusively concerns it. That is real popular sovereignty." And in that he said it all.

He was an expert logician. He brought to bear upon his opponents the batteries of remorseless logic. He had a profound confidence in the reasoning judgment of the American people. He disdained all efforts to capture the populace by other means. There is nothing more illuminating than his conduct of that great campaign against Douglas in 1858. He developed his line of attack in a question. He brought to bear upon his opponent an extraordinary ability of analysis. He eviscerated the subject of discussion and he presented the whole matter that was then before the great American nation in its bare bones on a perfectly cool and logical consideration; and, while he lost the campaign for the senatorship, he made himself the apostle of thinking America in its opposition to the extension of slavery. He had one foundation principle, and that was this: "Slavery," he said, "is wrong. It may be recognized where it constitutionally exists, but shall it be extended?" And to every proposition that was presented by his skilful and adroit opponent he presented not abuse, not any appeal to the emotions of the multitude, but cogent reasoning, from which none could escape, and while he lost the senatorship, he appeared

before the American people as representing their ideal of straightforward, honest representation of the truth applicable to their crisis, and received the highest honors within their gift.

There never has been an illustration, I venture to say, within the memory of man where intellect has exerted so potent a magnetism, where loyalty has been commended simply because reason and early training; and therein there is no man who walks in any station of life in any part of the country but can call Lincoln his brother, his friend, a man of like passions and like experiences with himself. We recognize some men for the services that they have rendered. They have deserved well of their country. We recognize Lincoln for his service. No one has deserved better of his country. He rendered a service which cannot be eulogized in extravagant terms; but we forget anything that Lincoln ever did or anything that Lincoln ever said in the recognition of the great manhood that was his, which transcended anything he did because of what he was. I have said that he was a man of principle; and so he was. But he was a progressive man; he was sensitive to the demands of his day. Three or four years—three years, I believe it was, after the outbreak of the war he said, "I have not controlled events, and I confess events have controlled me, and after three years we find ourselves in a situation which neither party and no man devised or expected." He was a man who met each demand as it arose—to the radicals he was too conservative; to the conservatives he was too radical. Few in the community praised him during his life. Probably no man in the whole history of the Republic was ever so severely criticised and so mercilessly lampooned in the dark days of 1864; after three years of trouble he had sustained a burden which would have broken down an ordinary man. He said in August of that year that it seemed there were no friends; and he looked forward to the

next election as almost certain to go against the party which he represented.

Without sacrilege I may say he was "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." And, frequently alone, without the sustaining encouragement of even those who were close to him in his official family, he endeavored to exercise that judgment which history commends and that extraordinary talent for analyzing difficult situations which is the marvel of our later day.

My friends, Lincoln represents what the American Republic is capable of and in one personality typifies what we have accomplished and for what we can reasonably hope.

He was a humane man, a man of emotion, which he never allowed to control his reason; a man of sentiment and deep feeling. He was a lowly man who never asserted himself as superior to his fellows, but he could rise in the dignity of his manhood to a majesty that has seldom been equalled by any ruler of any people under any form of government. When Lee sent to Grant and suggested that there might be some talk with regard to the disposition that might be made of public affairs in the interest of peace, and Grant forwarded the communication, or the substance of it, to the President, the President, without a moment's hesitation or without consultation with anyone, said, in effect: "You shall confine your communications with General Lee to the matter of capitulation, or to minor or military subjects. You shall not discuss with him any political affairs. The President reserves to himself the control of those questions and will not submit them to any military convention." It was not an assertion of any superiority which he felt above his brother man. It was simply the realization of the dignity of his office and its responsibility in a supreme crisis, and the willingness to assume that responsibility before the

American people with that innate confidence of which his supreme intellect could never deprive him.

My friends, we see in Lincoln patience, the reasoning faculty, humanity, the democratic sentiment, patient consideration, all combined, and we may well learn from him the lessons which at every hour of our history we should well study. There may be those who look with uncertainty upon our future, who feel oppressed by the problems of the day. I am not one of them.

"Why," said Lincoln, "should we not have patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the American people?"

Why not, indeed? Who are the American people? They are the most intelligent people organized into any civil society on the face of this broad earth. They have abundant opportunities for education. They are keen and alert. They are those whom you meet in every walk of life. Their common sense is of general recognition among all the peoples of the world. Why not have patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the American people? If we can only feel as Lincoln felt and derive our political sentiments from a study of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and proceed as Lincoln did, with remorseless logic, to the consideration of the demands of every exigency, there can be no question but that each problem will be solved, and that every decade of American history will witness a fresh advance, and that the prosperity of the future will far transcend anything that we have realized in the past.

Undoubtedly abuses exist; undoubtedly abuses must be cured. If there is any man who thinks, or any set of men who think that by any astuteness they may stand in the way of progress, and may prevent the correction of evils that exist, let them beware; they will find themselves impotent. Progress will take no account of

them. The American people will advance step by step surely and inevitably to a realization of their ideals, and nothing whatever will stand in the way in the course of time of that equality of opportunity and of equal rights before the law which the Declaration of Independence announces, and which the Constitution was intended to conserve.

What we need to-day is a definition of evils. What we need to-day is a delimiting of abuses, and let the whole power and strength of the Republic, as represented by those who are naturally its leaders, be devoted to the careful and calm consideration of remedies in order that we may save our prosperity, and at the same time render every condition which threatens us impotent and powerless, because the will of the people, in the interest of the people, the deliberate expression of the popular judgment, must in this country at all times be supreme. There is plenty of coal on board; every man is at his post; steam is up, and the only question is as to the direction, and to avoid the sandbars and the shoals. It is a question of the selection of the right course. I believe most thoroughly in the judgment of the American people. Every man in this country worthy of his citizenship desires to work. He desires to get a fair opportunity to show what is in him. He desires to have the advantages which from boyhood he has been taught that this American Republic affords. He desires to have hurdles and obstacles which may have been put in his way by special privilege or by a perversion of government removed. He desires to have no disadvantage created by any ill-considered interference with governmental relations. But on the other hand, he intends to have the fullest advantage and opportunity for the exercise of his individual power, with recognition of the equal right of every other man to the exercise of his in-

dividual power; so that all may be prosperous and all may succeed; and all that we need is to put a stop to those things which are inimical to our common advantage, and insist upon our common rights, and reason together in regard to what is fair and what is just, and accomplish things with full ascertainment of the facts because they are right and because the people, in their deliberate judgment, demand that they should be accomplished. We are all fortunate that we have had a Lincoln. What would the country be if we were all a lot of sordid money-grabbers with nothing to point to but the particular sharpness of A, or the special success, in some petty manipulation, of B? What a grand thing it is that we have the inheritance of the memory of a man who had everything which we could aspire to in intellectual attainments, who was endowed with a strength of moral purpose, who was perfectly sincere in the interest of the people, and who gave his life work and eventually his life itself in order that our Union, with its opportunities, might survive.

I am proud, my friends, to have had an opportunity to study Lincoln's life. If any of you have failed to take advantage of that opportunity do not let another year go by without making a thorough study of that career. It is an epitome of Americanism. It will realize all that you have dreamed of and all that you can possibly imagine. It is simply a representation of a man upon whose brow God has written a line of superiority, who never arrogated it to himself except in his great function of discharging the highest office of government. Defeated again and again, failing to realize the ambition that was nearest to him, again and again he arose by sheer force of intellect and character until he came to the point where a Nation's burden was put upon him, and he carried it so nobly that forever he will be to us the nation's representative, the typical American.

THE TWENTY-THIRD

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

REPUBLICAN CLUB

of the

City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1909

Address of

HON. THEODORE E. BURTON

THEODORE E. BURTON.

Congressman Burton was born in Jefferson, O., 1851. He graduated from Oberlin College, and was admitted to the Bar in 1875, since which time he has been in active practice in Cleveland. Member of Congress for the Twenty-first Ohio District, 1889-91 and 1895-1909. He is the author of several books and Chairman of the Inland Waterways Commission.

ADDRESS OF

HON. THEODORE E. BURTON

Mr. President, Members of the Republican Club of the City of New York, Ladies and Gentlemen: On this twelfth day of February, 1909, nearly one thousand meetings have been held in the city of New York to celebrate this anniversary. The attendance upon those meetings has probably been larger than upon any occasion in any city for the praise or honor of any human being, living or dead. There have been no ceremonial processions, as to a coronation, no military parade to attract the multitude. It has been simply the plain but impressive tribute of the people to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Surely this gives reason for a note of optimism. We cannot be so deficient in civic virtue as some of our critics at home and abroad would have us be. To-day the exchanges have been closed, business suspended and patriotism given the right of way. Love of our country and of the great men who have exalted her is not dead; it is not even sleeping! Prosperity has not separated us from patriotism, and the men who have upon them the garb of business could change their garments and readily assume the uniform of war. So let us be confident for the future. Let us believe that if he whose name we commemorate to-day were to look upon us from the unseen world and were to speak to us he would say, "Enjoy, children of the twentieth century, the abundance which is given to your country, but always let your hearts and

your hands go out to her people, to the poor and lowly, whom I loved, the black as well as the white."

One hundred years ago Abraham Lincoln was born. No painstaking chronicler has given us the hour of the day, whether it were morning or evening; but we are told that the rude cabin was so poor that there was no cradle, nor even a manger, to receive the infant. The habitation was well-nigh as barren as the abodes of the very foxes and bears that roamed the woods. But if any discerning spirit could have pierced the veil which conceals the future, he might well have exclaimed, in the language of Macbeth when frightened at the apparition:

> "What is this
> That rises like the issue of a king,
> And wears upon his baby brow the round
> And top of sovereignty?"

For where is the emperor or king who has done so much for the progress of the human race?

A hundred years creates a broad span in the world's history in any age, but the changes of the century since Lincoln was born have an importance in the world's advance surpassing that of all the cycles of Cathay. It is unnecessary to dwell upon all the marvels of invention, the progress of peace and the growth of popular government. Moreover, previous to the year 1815 the predominant condition among the nations was one of war, while since then the prevailing situation has been one of peace, and constructive forces have been powerfully at work. And who in all this period will gain such immortality as he whose birthday we are now observing? In studying the careers of men who have marked off milestones in the forward march of humanity we

must come to the conclusion that it is only when qualities of the heart have been joined to those of the head that the greatest results have been gained. In no man of any age has there been a more superb combination of greatness of intellect with greatness of heart and of will than in him.

Lincoln's influence has not been and will not be confined to any one country or clime. It was the mightiest factor in the establishment of great political principles now gaining the ascendancy almost everywhere. Yet the memory of his deeds will exert its most beneficent influence for all the weak and the struggling who lift their faces heavenward the world over. It may be superfluous to touch again upon the disheartening surroundings of his youth, the poverty and squalor which rested so heavily upon him, and yet his rise to the most lofty official position on the globe affords a most inspiring illustration of the possibilities in this free land of ours.

That to which I wish to call especial attention in the life of Abraham Lincoln is that he was the embodiment—it may be said the incarnation—of the people. Lacking in his youth the life of partial seclusion which belongs to educated men, who are trained in colleges or universities, he possessed a compensating advantage arising from his constant contact with the people, and with neighbors and kindred of the less favored ranks of society, whose daily struggle was for the simple necessities of life. Thus he came to understand the emotions, the thoughts, the aspirations of the lowly, and could interpret with unerring instinct those currents of popular feeling with which every public man who expects to succeed must gain familiarity. He was no visionary idealist, for he was peculiarly well informed upon all that interests the mass of our citizens or guides the public opinion of the nation. He did not need to listen for the voices of the time, or as it is expressed in

modern parlance to keep his ear to the ground. He knew the people—he was one of them, and had lived in such close association with them that he could not go astray in judging what they would accept or support.

In every political organization there must be some force which holds the ultimate power. In a military despotism it is a standing army; in an absolute monarchy it is the influence of the court and those surrounding it. But in a well-ordered republic, such as America, the despotism of public opinion holds sway. Without a favoring public opinion great reforms cannot be accomplished. Lincoln realized that it was best to depend upon the convictions of the people, and to appeal to their conscience and their judgment, rather than to seek to exercise an overbearing influence. These forces upon which he relied were stronger than the armies of potentates, and his rule was more powerful than that of the most absolute monarch. There have been other men who were of a more dominant character, and on the other hand there have been those high—yes, highest—in authority who were more disposed to give consideration to the thoughts and sentiments of the time; but for a combination of both these qualities Lincoln stands forth transcendent.

Nor was he a servile follower of the dictates of the majority. Indeed he was matchless as a leader, possessing in the highest degree the ability to conciliate men to his measures, as well as to adapt his course of action to time and surroundings. He lived in a time of upheaval, when party lines were being dissolved and old things were giving way to new—in brief, he lived in the midst of a revolution. We had maintained an army of, say, 25,000 men, and were called upon to increase it by more than 2,000,000 enlistments. We had enjoyed peace, and had become inured to quietness, when all at once the country was plunged into terrible

war. There sprang up the widest and most bitter differences of opinion as to what steps should be taken. With what a masterful hand, with what a marvelous gift in the choice of means and fit occasions, did he harmonize all these divergent factions, and bring together, as in one mighty force, all those who sought to save the Union! He was never premature, nor yet too late, in the taking of any great step. For example, when generals in the field had declared the slaves in their localities to be free he revoked their orders. Yet later, when the time was ripe, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation at the opportune moment, and opposition faded away in recognition of the timeliness of the measure. Thus we can aptly compare him to a mighty river which in its course meets many rocks and obstacles, and encounters sharp turns, but as each obstruction is reached, gracefully parts its waters without turbulence or hindrance and leaving not one drop behind, flows majestically onward with ever increasing volume to the ocean.

In order that the course of a nation's life may be changed by any single individual there must be first a great occasion, and next a man predestined by his qualities to meet it. Some great problem in which the line between right and wrong can be clearly drawn must demand solution. This occasion existed in 1861 in the call to resist the aggressions of slavery. The nation's conscience was becoming awakened, and this frightful crime was beginning to appear to all in its true light. In the second place, the time had come when there must be a settlement of the all-important question of the relations between the central government and the different units which make it up. A growing spirit of nationality had rendered it imperative that the vagueness and the compromises of the early days should be cleared away. To grapple with these momentous difficulties there was required a leader endowed with clearness of insight, capacity for present-

ing unanswerable arguments for the policies he advocated, and a mind and heart which should assure for him popular confidence. And all these requisites Abraham Lincoln possessed in a fullness which made him supreme as the man of the hour.

With mighty grasp he comprehended his country's needs more clearly than any other statesman, and was able to distinguish the proper remedies and frame the wisest plans for the relief of existing conditions. More courageously and distinctly than any other man of the time he pointed out the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery. Unequalled in the keenness of his reasoning and the cogency with which he could state the grounds of his beliefs, he added to his logical faculty an aptitude in illustration which enabled him to make his arguments clear even to the humblest man.

Senator Ingalls once told me that in the year 1859 Mr. Lincoln had addressed a meeting out in Kansas. The Senator was a member of the entertainment committee, and on the following morning he went around to the little hotel and found Mr. Lincoln, with a great pair of old style rubbers on, warming his feet by the stove and entertaining a number of stage drivers with very interesting stories. It has been said that occasionally his stories were not of the most refined character. It is unfortunate sometimes to have a good memory. But Mr. Lincoln's anecdotes were like the fables of Æsop—not the language of a jester, but told to make clear to simpler minds complex and difficult problems, and, besides, in order to relieve the dreadful tensity of the times. With the accounts of slaughter morning and evening, and with the great strain which rested upon him in Washington, there was need of some means of keeping his heart from being overborne and his will from bending. Twenty-five years ago this very evening I remember having heard from Mr. John Hay, afterwards Secretary

of State, a story of Lincoln's which shows the latter's wonderful facility in illustrating the salient points of a situation. When Colonel Hay was private secretary at the White House he had instructions not to wake the President unless something of extreme importance was to be communicated. One night a dispatch came from General Burnside from Knoxville, Tennessee, to the effect that defeat and surrender were practically upon him, and deeming this sufficiently urgent, Mr. Hay went upstairs and roused Mr. Lincoln with the information. After yawning a little, Lincoln said, "I am glad of it; I am glad to hear it." "But, Mr. President, that does not seem an item of news to be glad of." "Well," said Lincoln, "it reminds me of a poor woman I used to know out in Menard County." (His illustrations usually came from Menard or Sangamon or Logan or other counties in that vicinity.) "She had a large brood of children. They wandered through the woods, and it was impossible for her to clothe them properly—she could hardly feed them. The woman always used to say that it did her heart good whenever any of those young ones came around squalling, because then she knew he was still alive, while otherwise she might not know but that he was dead." I think no explanation is needed to show how perfectly this applied to the situation.

After the battle of Malvern Hill Lincoln was approached by a prominent Senator with a very dejected bearing, and the President said, "Why, Senator, you have a very sad face to-day. It reminds me of a little incident." The distinguished caller took it upon himself to rebuke Lincoln, saying, "Mr. President, this situation is too grave for the telling of anecdotes. I do not care to listen to one." Mr. Lincoln was aroused by this remark and replied, "Senator, do you think that this situation weighs more heavily upon you than it does upon me? If the cause goes against

us, not only will the country be lost, but I shall be disgraced to all time. But what would happen if I appeared upon the streets of Washington to-day with such a countenance as yours? The news would be spread throughout the country that the President's very demeanor is an admission that defeat is inevitable. And I say to you, sir, that it would be better for you to infuse some cheerfulness into that countenance of yours as you go about upon the streets of Washington." A man who was witness of this conversation is still living.

And we may dismiss the idea that Lincoln was gross in his stories. He may have related some anecdotes which did not rise to the highest degree of dignity, but they were for the purpose, as I have said, of illustrating difficult problems or relaxing the gloom of the times.

In addition to his penetrating perception of the needs of the day and his remarkable mental equipment for bringing his views home to the minds of the people, Lincoln possessed a rugged sincerity and an integrity of purpose which gained for him the unswerving confidence of his fellow citizens. He sympathized deeply with all the best hopes and desires of humanity, and his participation in the freeing of the slaves was merely one indication of his identity with the plain people whom God had made. Every fibre of his nature was permeated with conceptions which caused him to espouse the cause of the weak and the lowly, and gave him strength with all who were actuated by conscience. Endowed with such a personality, Lincoln was the living representative of the spirit of pure democracy—and of the essential principle contained in the immortal declaration that all men are created equal.

It is to be remembered of Abraham Lincoln, too, that he was an heroic figure in no ordinary time, but in a day of Titanic conflict. To many of us the Civil War is becoming an indistinct mem-

ory. I count that person fortunate who was born in time to recall the stirring events of that thrilling era—the gathering of one of the mightiest armies of all ages from the farms and workshops and counting houses; the undying spirit of patriotism which was aroused; the quick-flashing news of defeats and victories; the rumors of the fall of Richmond, reported and denied within a single day; and the unspeakable calamity in the loss of the lives of the flower of the youth of the North and the South alike, whose absence can never be atoned for in our nation's progress, and whose graves are scattered over plain and valley, an everlasting reminder of the magnitude and horror of the great struggle! In this colossal combat Abraham Lincoln looms up as the bulwark of the Union; as the great force for the maintenance of law and the preservation of our country. When days were dark and friends were falling off he issued a call for troops, and from the great loyal heart of the North came a mighty response,

"We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore;
You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake our brothers' bones beside!"

The great free people of our land were aroused, and an army was gathered as strong, as sure to be triumphant, as any that ever mustered beneath the eagles of any sovereign of the old world; and as efficient in its service as the most highly trained and disciplined veterans of Europe's legions, though often meeting with defeat and high mortality losses. And why? Because they were fighting with a leader whom they trusted, and for a great cause. Because there was no hireling or mercenary spirit actuating them,

but rather their sense of responsibility to the great country which they loved so well and for which they were willing to die.

Well may it be said that in all the selections of rulers there was never a more fortunate choice than when the great convention at Chicago named Abraham Lincoln. But for the great emergency of the time and the happy circumstance of this nomination he might have remained a mere local figure, with a fame scarcely extending beyond the bounds of a single state. In the hour of the nation's extremest peril he was called to the direction of affairs. With a strong hand and a gentle heart he guided the country through and brought victory out of rebellion. Yet in that mighty contest there was not in him any of that overmastering self-seeking which has made many men great. He was great because he must be. The forces which impelled him were rather overwhelming compulsions dwelling within him and driving him onward as if irresistible Fate determined the path, into new and grander ways of goodness and beneficence; making of him, almost before he was aware, emancipator of slaves and the restorer of his country. He executed the decrees of destiny which were laid upon him to execute.

In all the duties of his great office there was an abiding belief that even those who were his enemies would yet see the right way. The first weapons which suggested themselves to him were not force and violence, but reason and persuasion. Even in the hearts of those who were in rebellion he was sure that better angels existed, and reaching out a hand across the chasm between North and South, which was soon to be so bloody, he appealed to those who were seeking to destroy the government in the historic words so often repeated: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of

the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." At the same time he asked why there should not be patient confidence in the justice of the people, demanding if there were any better or equal hope in the world.

And again, toward the close of the war, what could have been more noble than Lincoln's policy of preparing the way for lasting peace? His life was cut off before the days of reconstruction, but his policy was always one of conciliation. He resorted to no cruel measures. He recognized the Southern soldiers as belligerents, and took care that prisoners were well provided for; always keeping in mind the time when the disunited states should once more be parts of an even mightier nation within which the North and South would dwell together in harmony and in strength. No one contributed equally with him to the good feeling which now prevails between different sections of the country—a good feeling which Lincoln was sure would exist again, though time would be necessary to heal the awful wounds.

For every great leader who has played a prominent part in the world's affairs there is what may be called a to-day and a to-morrow. The to-day of Abraham Lincoln was chiefly made up of the brief period of a little more than four years, during which he acted as chief magistrate. His to-morrow will be made up of the deathless influence which his memory and example will exert upon the world's future. The world will give him more than an immortality of fame; it will give him an immortality of influence as well, an influence as potent as if he still dwelt upon the earth. To all time he will be remembered as a noble type of that true greatness which delights in sympathy and in mercy. I do not recall that Lincoln ever signed a death warrant. I do know that he saved many a life from death, and that even the weak and the outcast were given equal consideration with the strongest

and most fortunate, when they came to the White House to secure a hearing from the President of the United States. On other anniversaries and in future generations he will be honored not alone because of his great office, nor because of his great place in history, but also because of his kindly nature and the depth of his sympathies. With a melancholy which seemed to forecast his tragic fate he lived the life which we live—unselfish, often in sorrow, noble in all those qualities which become a man. His personal presence is no longer with us, but if ever corruption or treason shall be prevalent in the land, if moral desolation shall bring us near to the gates of death, then the patriot who, weary and despairing, grows faint in the struggle, will in the dreams and hopes which give courage to his spirit, see the form of Abraham Lincoln again among the people whom he loved so well, sadder, kindlier, mightier than when alive.

I congratulate you, citizens of New York, on the prospects of almost limitless development here afforded you in this great metropolis. Its growth has excelled that of any city in the annals of commerce. More than twenty-five hundred years ago the center of the world's commerce was located at Tyre, described by one of the prophets as "the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." After the lapse of centuries Carthage assumed the same proud position. Then, after centuries more, the commercial center, by the fortunes of war, shifted to imperial Rome. Later still and by more peaceful forces, Venice and subsequently Amsterdam became the leading marts of trade; until there was made the change which seemed to fix the final seat of commercial power at London. Yet in the past few decades it has become apparent that another change has been coming to pass, this time assuredly the final one, from London on the banks of the Thames to New York City on the banks

of the Hudson. Other cities there are which take the forefront in some particular department of commerce, industry or finance; but it remains for you to be supreme in all. May your civic life ever be worthy of a city so great and prosperous!

Republicans and Democrats, you have your responsibility in the Government of this country, for the standards in politics and in public life. Life should not be made up of trips from uptown, downtown, nor of the sole pursuit of a single profession or branch of business. Our everyday thought should turn to the state, which has given us these golden opportunities of life and to which we owe allegiance as citizens.

I have sometimes spoken on the rights of politicians. The prevalent idea is that no one is entitled to any large degree of credit who has been in political life until he passes beyond the river. Then he is sometimes called a statesman. But my contention is that every politician has a right to be judged carefully and fairly, not superficially. The public should not make up its decisions on the basis of sensational headlines, but each citizen should give that attention to the affairs affecting his country, his state and his city which he bestows on his own profession or occupation.

President Harrison very appropriately said, in speaking of the framing of our Constitution, that no set of men could have framed an instrument or established a government so perfect that the intelligent and patriotic members of society could go away and leave the document to take care of itself and of the public weal. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and eternal diligence is the price of good government. My thought is that the crying evil in the politics of the day is the indifference of the very large share of our citizens. Graft will disappear, corrupt men will be driven out of office—indeed will no longer be able to obtain office—

if the citizens of this republic give that attention to public affairs which they owe, not only for the credit and the glory of their country, but for their own benefit as well. Let this, citizens of New York, be your study, to make for yourselves a model municipality, and then so long as the Hudson flows by to the sea this city will be a source of influence, yes, of almost commanding influence, in the concerns which pertain to the state and nation.

A hundred years from now others will gather to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. I do not know what will be the conditions then. I am not sure whether our sovereignty shall be confined within the present borders of what is called Continental America. Our influence may have extended far beyond those limits. But if there shall be expansion I hope that it will not be by conquering legions or battleships, but by the realization on the part of our neighbors that they will be better off with us, as a part of the free United States of America, so that they shall come to us voluntarily seeking annexation. I cannot forecast what will be our means of communication, whether on the earth, or the sea, or in the air. Neither do I know what will be the prevailing type of American manhood and womanhood; but I most earnestly hope that this type will be cast in the same splendid mould which has furnished the men and women of the best days of the past and the present—men and women with the highest ideals; and that then, as now, the memory of Abraham Lincoln will be an inspiration and an example to follow and to emulate, though "dynasties shall have decayed and golden diadems crumbled into dust."

THE TWENTY-THIRD

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

of the

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City of New York

FEBRUARY 12, 1909

Address of

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, LL.D.

BOOKER TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON, A.M., LL.D.

Mr. Washington was born near Hale's Ford, Va., 1859, of African descent. He was educated at Hampton Institute, Va., where he taught until called to Tuskegee, Ala., by the authorities of that State. His successful founding and administration of the Tuskegee Industrial Institute has made him a commanding figure in work for the Negro. He is well known as a speaker and as the author of many books on racial and social subjects, among them "Up From Slavery," 1901; "Future of the American Negro," 1902; "Working with the Hands," 1904; "Tuskegee and Its People," 1905; "Putting the Most Into Life," 1906; "Life of Frederick Douglass," 1907; "The Negro in Business," 1907.

ADDRESS OF

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, LL.D.

President Young and Gentlemen: You ask that which he found a piece of property and turned into a free American citizen to speak to you to-night of Abraham Lincoln. I am not fitted by ancestry, nor by training, to be your teacher to-night, for, as I have stated, I was born a slave. My first knowledge of Abraham Lincoln came in this way: I lay sleeping one morning on the dirt floor of our slave cabin; I was awakened by the prayers of my mother kneeling over my bed as I lay wrapped in a bundle of rags, earnestly praying that one day Abraham Lincoln might succeed and that one day she and her boy might be free. You give me the chance, Gentlemen of the Republican Club, to celebrate with you and the nation to-night the answer to that prayer. Says the Great Book somewhere, "Though a man die, yet shall he live." If this be true of the ordinary man, how much more is it true of the hero of the hour and the hero of the century, Abraham Lincoln. One hundred years of the life and influence of Lincoln is the story of the struggle, the trials, the triumphs, the success of the people of our complex American civilization. Interwoven into the warp and woof of this story is the moving story of the people of all races and colors in their struggles from weakness to power, from poverty to wealth, from slavery to freedom. Knit into the story of the life of Lincoln also is the story of the success of the nation, and the welding of all creeds, colors and races into one great composite

nation, leaving each individual, separate group free to lead and live its own special social life, yet each a part of a great whole. If a man die, shall he live? Answering this question as applied to my race perhaps you expect me to confine my words of appreciation to the great boon that our martyred president conferred upon my race. My undying gratitude and that of ten millions of my race for that, and yet more. To have been the instrument which was used by Providence to confer freedom upon four millions of African slaves, now grown into ten millions of free American citizens, would within itself have brought eternal fame to any name. But, my friends, this is not the only claim that Lincoln has upon our sense of gratitude and our sense of appreciation. To-day by the side of General S. C. Armstrong, and by the side of William Lloyd Garrison, Lincoln lives. In the very highest sense he lives in the present more potently than fifty years ago. If that which is seen is temporal, that which is unseen is eternal. He lives in the thirty-two thousand young men and women of the negro race learning trades and other useful occupations, in the two hundred thousand farms acquired by those that he freed, in the more than four hundred thousand homes built, in the forty-six banks established and ten thousand stores owned, in the five hundred and fifty millions of dollars worth of taxable property in hand, in the twenty-eight thousand public schools with thirty thousand teachers, in the one hundred and seventy industrial schools, colleges and universities, and in the twenty-three thousand churches and twenty-six thousand ministers. But, my friends, above and beyond all this he lives in the steady, unalterable determination of these millions of black citizens to continue to climb the ladder of the highest success, to perfect themselves in the highest usefulness and to perfect themselves year by year in strong, robust American characters. For making all this possible, Lin-

coln lives to-night. But again, for a higher reason, he lives to-night in every corner of the Republic. To set the physical man free means much; to set the spiritual man free means more, for so often the keeper is on the inside of the prison bars and the prisoner on the outside. As an individual, as grateful as I am to Lincoln for freedom of body, my gratitude is still greater for freedom of soul, the liberty which permits one to live up in that atmosphere where he refuses to permit sectional or racial hatred to drag down and warp and narrow his soul. The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was a great event, and yet it was but the symbol of another still greater and more momentous. We who celebrate this anniversary should not forget that the same pen that gave freedom to four millions of African slaves at the same time struck the shackles of slavery from the souls of twenty-seven millions of American citizens of another color.

In any country, regardless of what its laws may say, wherever people act upon the principle that the disadvantage of one man is the good of another, there slavery exists. Wherever in any country the whole people feel that the happiness of all is dependent upon the happiness of the weakest individual, there freedom exists. In abolishing slavery Lincoln proclaimed the principle that even in the case of the humblest and lowest of mankind, the welfare of each is still the good of all. In re-establishing in this country the principle that at bottom the interests of humanity and the individual are one, he freed men's souls from spiritual bondage and he freed them to mutual helpfulness. Henceforth no man or no race in the North or in the South need feel constrained to hate or fear his brother. By the same token that Lincoln made America free, he pushed back the boundaries of freedom everywhere, gave the spirit of liberty a wider influence throughout the world and re-established the dignity of man as a man. By the same act that

freed my race he said to the civilized and uncivilized world that man everywhere must be free, that man everywhere must be enlightened, and the Lincoln spirit of freedom and fair-play will never cease to spread and grow in power until throughout the world men everywhere shall know the truth and the truth shall make them free.

Lincoln was wise enough to recognize that which is true in the present and true for all time, that in a state of slavery man renders the lowest and most costly form of service to his fellows. In a state of freedom and enlightenment he renders the highest and most helpful form of service. The world is fast learning that of all forms of slavery there is none that is so degrading, that is so hurtful, as that form of slavery which makes one human being to hate another by reason of his race or by reason of his color. One man, my friends, cannot hold another man down in the ditch without remaining down in the ditch with him. When I was a boy I used to have a great reputation for fighting. I could whip every boy with whom I fought and I was careful to maintain that reputation as long as possible, but the people about me did not know how I maintained it. I was always careful in my selection of the boy with whom I fought. I was always sure that he was smaller than I was, weaker than I was. As I grew older I used to take pleasure, as I thought, in getting hold of those little fellows and holding them down in the ditch, but when I grew to manhood I soon learned that when I held those little fellows down in the ditch I had to remain down there with them as long as they remained, and to let them up I had to get up myself.

My friends, one who goes through life with his eyes closed against all that is best in another race is as narrow and as circum-

scribed as one who fights in battle with one hand tied behind him.

Lincoln was in the truest sense great because he unfettered himself. He climbed up out of the valley where his vision was narrowed and weakened by the fog and miasma onto the mountain top, where in pure and unclouded atmosphere he could see the truth which enabled him to rate all men at their true worth. Growing out of his universal ascent and atmosphere may there crystallize throughout the nation a resolve that on such a mountain the American people will strive to live. We owe then to Lincoln, physical freedom, moral freedom, and yet not all. There is a debt of gratitude which we as individuals, no matter to what race or nation we may belong, must recognize as due to Abraham Lincoln. Not for what he did as Chief Magistrate of a nation, for what he did as a man. In his rise from the most abject poverty and ignorance to a position of the highest usefulness and power, he taught one of the greatest of all lessons. In fighting his own battle from obscurity and squalor he fought the battle of every other individual and every other race that was down, and so helped to pull up every other man that was down, no matter where he lived. People so often forget that by every inch that the lowest man crawls up he makes it easier for every other man to get up. To-day throughout the world, because Lincoln lived and struggled and triumphed, every boy who is ignorant, every boy who is in poverty, every boy who is despised, every boy who is discouraged holds his head a little higher, his heart beats a little faster, his ambition to be something and to do something is a little stronger, because Lincoln blazed the way.

To my own race at this point in its career there are special lessons for us in the life of Abraham Lincoln. In so far as his life emphasizes patience, long-suffering, sincerity, naturalness,

dogged determination and courage, courage to avoid the superficial, courage to persist insistently and seek after the substance instead of the shadow, so far as it emphasizes these elements, the character, the life of Lincoln points the road that my race is to travel to success. As a race we are learning more and more, I believe, in an increasing degree, that the best way for us to honor the memory of our great emancipator is in trying to be like him. Like him, the negro should seek to be simple, without bigotry and without ostentation. That is great power, not simplicity. Great men are always simple men, great races are those that strive for simplicity. We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are and not pretend to be what we are not. We should keep in mind that no one can degrade us except ourselves, and that if we are worthy no influence can defeat us. Like other races we shall meet with obstacles. The negro will often meet with stumbling blocks, often be sorely tried, often be sorely tempted, but he should remember that freedom in its highest and broadest sense has never been a bequest, it is always a conquest. In the final test the success of our race will be in proportion to the service that it renders to the world. In the long run the badge of service is the badge of sovereignty.

With all his other elements of strength, Lincoln possessed in the highest degree, patience, and, as I have said, courage. The highest form of courage is not that which is always exhibited on the battlefield in the midst of the flare of trumpets and the waving of flags. The highest courage is of the Lincoln kind; it is the same kind of courage that is daily manifested by the thousands of young men and young women who are going out from Hampton and Tuskegee and Atlanta, and similar institutions, without thought of salary, without thought of personal comfort, and are giving up their lives in the erection of a school

system, the building of schoolhouses, the prolonging of school terms, the teaching of our people how to build decent, clean homes and live honorable, clean lives. And, my friends, those young men and young women who are going out in this simple way are fighting the battles of this country just as truly, just as bravely, as any man who goes out to do battle against a foreign foe.

In paying my tribute of respect to the martyred president I desire to say a word further in behalf of an element of brave and true white men of the South, who, though they thought they saw in Lincoln's policy the ruin of all that they believed in and hoped for, have nevertheless loyally accepted the results of the Civil War and to-day are working with a courage that few people in the North can understand or appreciate to uplift the negro, and thus complete the emancipation which Lincoln began. And here I am almost tempted, my friends, even in this presence, to add that it would require almost as high a degree of courage for men of the type of J. M. L. Curry, John E. Gordon and Robert E. Lee to accept in the manner and the spirit that they did the results of the Civil War as the courage displayed on the battlefield, by Lincoln, by Grant and Sherman in saving the Republic.

And in this connection, my friends, forgive me for adding this in this presence: I am glad to meet here the Bishop of the City of New York; I am glad to meet here the senator-elect from the great State of Ohio; I am glad to meet the president of your club; I am glad to greet and to shake hands with all the noble men who surround this banquet board, but, my friends, there is one man in this room whom I am glad most of all to meet, and that is the young man who played with me when I was a slave, the grandson of the man who owned my body on a Virginia farm—I refer to my friend, Mr. A. H. Burroughs, whom I met for the first time this week since the day of slavery, and who is now an honored lawyer

in your city. How well do I remember that in the days of slavery we played together in my master's yard, and perhaps fought together. But, my friends, I recall also the picture early one morning of the slaves gathering around the master's house and about hearing for the first time the Emancipation Proclamation read to us that declared us free. The same proclamation that declared me a freeman declared my boyhood friend and the grandson of my former owner a free man at the same time.

Lincoln also, my friends, let me add, was a Southern man by birth, but he was one of those white men of whom there is a large and growing class who resented the idea that in order to assert and maintain the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race it was necessary that another group of human beings should be kept in ignorance. Lincoln was not afraid or ashamed to come in contact with the lowly of all races. His reputation and social standing were not of such a transitory and transparent kind that he was afraid that he would lose them by being kind and just even to a man of dark skin. I always pity from the bottom of my heart any man who feels that somebody else must be kept down and kept in ignorance in order that he may appear great by comparison. It requires no courage for a strong man to keep a weak man down. Lincoln lives to-day because he had a courage that made him refuse to hate the man at the North or the man at the South when they did not agree with him. He had the courage, as well as the patience and foresight, to suffer the silence to be misunderstood, to be abused, to refuse to revile when reviled, because he knew if he was right the ridicule of to-day would mean the applause of to-morrow. He knew, too, that in some distant day our nation would repent of the folly of cursing its public servants while they live and blessing them only when they die. In this connection I cannot refrain from suggesting the question to the

millions of voices raised to-day in his praise: "Why didn't you say it yesterday? Just that one word of gratitude, one word of appreciation would have gone so far in strengthening his heart and his hand." As we recall to-night his words and deeds we can do so with grateful hearts and strong faith in the future for the spread of righteousness. The civilization of the world is going forward, not backward. Here and there, for a little season, progress may seem to halt or tarry by the wayside, or even slide backwards, but the trend is ever onward and upward and will be so until some man invent and enforce a law to stop the progress of civilization. In goodness and in liberality the world moves forward. It moves forward beneficently, but it moves forward relentlessly. In the last analysis the forces of nature are behind the progress of the world, and those forces will crush into powder any group of humanity that resists this progress.

As we gather here to-night, brothers all in common joy and thanksgiving for the life of Lincoln, can I not ask that you, the worthy representatives of seventy millions of white Americans, join heart and hand with the ten millions of black Americans, these ten millions who speak your tongue, profess your religion and have never lifted their voices or their hands except in defense of their country's honor and their country's flag, and with us swear eternal fealty to the traditions and to the memory of the sainted Lincoln? I repeat, may I not ask that you join with us and let us all here highly resolve that justice, good will and peace shall be the motto of our lives? And if this be true, my friends, Lincoln shall not have lived and died in vain. And, finally, gathering inspiration and encouragement from this hour and Lincoln's life, I pledge to you and to the nation that my race, in so far as I can speak for it, which, in the past, whether in slavery or in freedom, whether in ignorance or intelligence, has always

been true to the highest and best interests of this country, has always been true to the stars and stripes, will strive so to deport itself that it will reflect nothing but the highest credit upon the whole people in the North and in the South.

APPENDIX

ADDRESS OF

HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON

Ex-President of the United States

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Republican Club of New York City: Some bright member here has made my speech for me. There has been some strange incongruity in the places of these toasts to-night. It is not a pleasant assignment to follow the magnificent speech in behalf of the Republican party—detailing its achievements, bringing to our recollection the brilliant pathway in which it has walked—with a suggestion that there is to be some reform within it. I suppose the suggestion is hypothetical in its character. It was meant to bring to our attention to-night a suggestion that when the Republican party needs reforming we will do it ourselves. It is a question that we have not debated in Indiana. I am, therefore, unfamiliar with the arguments by which it should be supported. I must appeal, not to experience, but to philosophy, to defend the suggestion of my toast. I suppose it must be some question of table manners in the Republican party that is giving somebody some trouble. Nothing more serious than that. And, if that be true, then I suggest that the instructor who would reform our table manners must belong to the household. The unfriendly criticisms of the man across the street will not be accepted. Or, it may be that somebody is discontented with our tactics. If so, I suggest that he will not promote that reform by deserting to the enemy. He loses the point of influence when he does so. He may from his new

position kill and destroy, but he cannot promote a reform in tactics.

If there are barnacles on the old ship it is poor policy to scuttle her. Let us put her in the dry-dock and scrape her hull! Or, better still, take her into fresh water and those impediments will drop off of themselves, and the good old ship will yet show her heels again to the pirates that are pursuing her. The man who thanks God that he is not as other men are has lost the power of persuasion. He can't draw. And, therefore, it is that the reform of the Republican party must come from men who believe in it, who believe in its history, who believe in its power of growth and development, to throw off—not by the lopping of the axe, but by the inherent power of vital growth—everything that may attach itself to it that is unseemly or unsightly. The man who would succeed in life must put his shoulder under the load and not reach down his dainty and hesitating fingers toward the load, as some Republicans seem to have thought was the right policy in these latter years. The great body of the Republican party has always believed in pure methods and in pure men. It only needs, everywhere, that its primaries shall be open to all its voters. It only needs that every Republican in those foundations of political influence and action shall be free to bring to bear upon its policies and upon its nominations an individual influence.

I do not know whether there are here, or in any of the Eastern States, any restraints or limitations upon this freedom. I do know with us in the West the Republican primaries are free and open to every man who can prove his fidelity to the party by his work at the polls. The influences that formed the Republican party were eclectic in their nature. The call that brought them together was a call to sacrifice and not to spoils, and ever since, that has been the dominating power in the Republican

party. The springs from which it drew its inspirations were found in the high hills of truth and duty. Who formed it? Will some man name its architect? You may call to-night the roll of its first convention, but they were delegates who assembled there, and its platform was first written in the hearts of the people before it was reported to the convention. The men of '56 and their worthy sons constitute the party to-day. I do not hesitate to say that the conscience—the patriotism—of this country is in the Republican party. It never responds with more alacrity, or with more magnificent force, than when some moral issue challenges its allegiance and its actions.

It has been a party of progress. It has pioneered just as the settlers from these Eastern States in the earlier times cut out their pathways for emigration through the wilderness of the West; so has the Republican party, by its great leaders and its great following, marked out new paths in statesmanship and brought after them liberty and peace and an amazing prosperity.

The Democratic party has been a party of obstruction. It has seemed to me that it was the boulder in this great stream of progress and prosperity which has been bearing us on—resisting, fretting, complaining and making progress itself only as it was borne along by the current that it resisted. I have seen sometimes, upon a hot summer's day, on one of our dusty turnpikes in Indiana, a remarkable equipage, a poor lean horse with shuck collar and rope lines, dragging a creaking vehicle, whose wheels followed each other in this fashion, with a sallow, sad-faced man in the wagon, and a more sallow and more sad-faced woman walking behind, and a yellow dog trotting along beneath, and as I have noticed that equipage dragging its weary, dusty way along upon the turnpike that had been made for it, amid cultivated fields, dotted with schoolhouses and with church spires, denot-

ing and pointing the faith of the people who had the courage to open and settle the country—as I have seen it drawing its weary way along, I have said to myself: "Here comes the Democratic party!"

I think these reforms must begin and progress and end within the party, because I do not know of any political organization outside of it that has any reformative power to spare. Certainly not the Democratic party. I know that our mugwump friends think that they have a great deal of surplus reformative energy, but the trouble with those people is that they have put themselves up on the shelf like some dried cakes of Fleischman's compressed yeast, and they can have no power upon the mass that they should leaven, because they have ceased to have contact with it.

I unite in the invitation, so gracefully extended to them by brother Hawley, to come back, to put the leaven in the lump, and let us have the benefit of it, and to abandon this silly notion that these dried cakes on the shelf can work the reform of the Republican party.

And so it is. We will do our own work, like the vital force. The Republican party is opening its primaries, making free the sources of power and influence within it, and asking that where there has been a free and fair expression in convention that every man will give his allegiance and his support to the work which the convention does.

ADDRESS OF

HON. WILLIAM McKINLEY

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Republican Club of New York: Having heard now for more than three hours just and well-merited reflections upon the Democratic party, I have become satisfied that that party needs revision a good deal more than the tariff does; and I am satisfied, too, that there will be no reduction of the surplus revenues now in the treasury, and the surplus revenues now collected, until the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives shall be reduced to a hopeless minority; and to secure that, gentlemen of the New York club, is one of the great duties devolving upon the Republican party to-day. We have some very singular exhibitions of inconsistency among the people touching this question of the tariff, and the relation of the Congress of the United States to this important subject. We have petitions immediately after each Congress is elected, from Democrats praying to be saved from the work of the Democratic Congress, and there are in the Ways and Means Committee to-night thousands of petitions from merchants, from laboring men, from farmers, from our fellow-citizens generally, who contributed to make the Fiftieth Congress Democratic—their petitions are now on file in the Committee of Ways and Means, praying to be saved from the work of their own hands. The way to save themselves from the necessity of petitioning against a Democratic Congress is not to elect one—that is the place to begin, and I would not

assume to speak here to-night upon the subject of the tariff at all, and I am only going to speak a moment—I am going to take my watch out at the beginning; I say I would not assume to speak upon the subject of the tariff to-night except that there is a good deal of ignorance upon that subject everywhere, and a good deal of it in the Congress of the United States. A gentleman rose in his place on the floor of the House less than ten days ago, reporting back a resolution for the investigation of the strikes in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, and the strike of Reading railroad employees, and he confessed there in open House, that he had had to revise his speech; that he had originally prepared it to show that the iniquitous and oppressive tariff upon coal had been the cause of the strike, and that fortunately he had discovered that very morning that there was no tariff or duty upon anthracite coal at all. Now, I say, if there is so much want of knowledge upon that subject in the House of Representatives, among the gentlemen chosen to make your industrial laws, then I must assume that even in the great city and State of New York there may be some little want of information even among the Republicans. Now, these gentlemen have all talked to you a good deal about the tariff—the fact is, they have poached on me—all of them. They knew I was sick. I have been following Senator Sherman for three days, and I want to tell you it is as difficult to follow him as it was to follow his illustrious brother, old Tecumseh, during the war. He sweeps everything before him, and leaves nothing behind for those who follow.

Now, what is the exact line of difference between the Democratic and Republican parties upon this question of the tariff? The Democratic party is in favor of a revenue tariff—that is, a tax or a duty put upon foreign goods imported into the United States which do not compete with what we produce here. That

is a revenue tariff; a tariff which dismisses all other consideration save and except revenue, and selects out of the group of imported articles those which with the smallest tax will raise the largest amount of revenue, and upon those they put the duty. Now, that is a revenue tariff. What is a protective tariff? It is a tax or duty put upon foreign merchandise and foreign products, whether of the field, or the factory, or the mine; upon those articles which come in competition with what we produce here; and the Republican idea is to let everything from abroad, save and except luxuries, come in free, if we cannot produce them in the United States, but put the tax or the duty upon the competing foreign product, and thus encourage our own industries and our own people in their chosen avocations; and that is the way we impose duties under the policy of the Republican party. The fact is, that it is the national policy, and has been from the foundation of the government to collect revenues from import duties, and if we would to-day repeal all our internal revenue laws, or so much thereof as might be safely spared, the question of the surplus which now faces us would vex us no longer, and we could raise all the revenues needed for the current expenses and obligations of the government easily from custom duties, and I believe that is what the Republican party ought to do. That is, to repeal so much of the internal revenue laws, or all if not needed, and let the protective tariff stand. Now, who are they, gentlemen of the Republican club, who complain against this iniquitous tariff? It is not the farmer; it is not the wage-earner; it is not the manufacturer; it is not the capitalist, whose money is invested in protected enterprises; it is not the consumer. The complaint comes from some other source. I say to you here to-night that there is not a single American interest, or a single American citizen injured by the protective policy of the Republican party. Not one. Who in

New York is complaining of our protective system? Importers —yes, and mugwumps. This agitation comes from the importers and from the foreign merchant and foreign manufacturers, as Henry Clay put it fifty-six years ago. He said the opposition came from British factors; came from the reviewers, came from the literary speculators—just the kind of mugwumpery we have now. This agitation comes from the school, so-called, from the poets, whose poetry may be good enough, but whose political economy we must decline to accept. This opposition comes from the dilettante and the diplomat, from the men of fixed income—from those "who toil not, neither do they spin," "nor do they gather into barns"—following up the quotation.

This agitation comes from that class of people—those men who want everything cheap but money; everything hard to get but coin; who prefer the customs, the civilization of other countries to our own, and who think nothing so wholesome as that which is imported, whether it be merchandise or whether it be manners; and they want no tariff to prevent the free and unobstructed use of both. They want their clothes a little cheaper; they want their hats a little cheaper; they want their French boots a little cheaper. A college-bred American—not a New Yorker—whose inherited wealth had enabled him to gratify every wish of his heart, who had spent very much time abroad, said to me a few years ago, with a sort of listless satisfaction, that he had outgrown his country. What a confession! Outgrown his country! Outgrown the United States! Think of it. I thought at the time it would have been truer had he said that his country had outgrown him, but he was in no condition of mind to have appreciated so patent a fact. He had had no connection with the progressive spirit of the country; he had contributed nothing to her proud position, and to the uplifting and

welfare of her people; he had had no share in the onward march of the republic; the busy, pushing American boy, of humble origin, educated at the public schools, had swept by him, as effort and energy always lead, and left the laggard behind. His inherited wealth was not invested in protected enterprises, nor was his heart located where it had any sympathy with the people with whom he was bred and reared. The fact is, his country had got so far ahead of him that he was positively lonesome and out of line of the grand procession. He was a free-trader, for he told me so, and he complained bitterly that the tariff was a trammel upon the progressive men of the country, and that it severely handicapped him. When I pushed him to say in what particular the tariff was a burden upon him as one of sixty millions of people, he raised his hand—which had never been touched by honest toil —which had never been soiled by labor, and said to me, "Mr. McKinley, these gloves come enormously high by reason of your tariff; the duty of 50 per cent. is actually added to their foreign cost, and it falls heavily upon us consumers." What answer could I make? Life was too short. If I had pointed him to the trophies of the protective system he would not have understood them, and I could only gaze upon him in speechless silence, with a feeling of mingled pity, sorrow and contempt. And, gentlemen, I learned later that he became a mugwump. That was the newest manifestation of protest against our iniquitous tariff law. And, then, it was not a large company, nor a promiscuous one; he had opportunity of leadership in that organization, for all are leaders, and in the companionship of congenial spirits he found a restful home, a suitable asylum for the man who had outgrown his country. There is another class of our citizens, and then I am through. What time do you close your performance? There is another class of our fellow-citizens who are free-traders; who have been

so long out of the country that they have so lost the aims and purposes of parties that they have not been able for twenty years to cast a vote which expressed their views, or even a fraction of them. I believe I quote correctly from Mr. Lowell. There have been no ideas; a perfect absence of ideas, for which these gentlemen could give their support or their suffrages for a period of twenty years. Think of that. The honest payment of the public debt against threatened repudiation—that was a great issue less than twenty years ago; you will remember the battle that we fought. That was beneath their thoughtful concern. The resumption of specie payment, led by the distinguished financier, Mr. Sherman, who sits at this table, who put our finances upon a solid foundation, and who made the old greenback lift its head in its pride and glory and declare that it knew "its redeemer liveth." That issue was wholly unworthy of these gentlemen. And not only have there been no ideas worthy of their support, but there have been no statesmen; there have been no representative Americans; there have been no typical American citizens since Lincoln was snatched from us—snatched by a cruel bravo from the theatre of things, to become a saint of nature in the Pantheon of kings, and there had been nobody like Lincoln until we got Cleveland. That is what Mr. Lowell said. There has been an absence of representative Americans. If so, what a national humiliation! Grant, who closed his lips on the word victory at the Wilderness and refused to speak, but fought it out on that line and in that spirit until the final grand surrender at Appomattox Court House; General Sherman, who delved into the mountains of Cumberland, and made that magnificent march from Atlanta to the sea; that gallant little Irishman, Phil Sheridan, who never stopped to unbuckle his spurs from Harper's Ferry to the rebel rout at Cedar Creek, and who made the scene of Stonewall Jack-

son's fame his field of glory—those three grand men, in the estimation of Mr. Lowell, belong to the lower type, or else have been entirely forgotten. We have come to regard those gentlemen as representative Americans, whose matchless courage and intense Americanism have saved America to the world, the freest and best government to mankind, forever and forever. Garfield and Sumner, Wilson and Wade, Hayes and Arthur—the latter your own fellow-citizen, who made one of the best Presidents we ever had—John Sherman and James G. Blaine, ex-Senator Warner Miller and Senator Evarts, and Senator Allison, any one of whom lightning may strike, God only knows whom; and it does not make any difference which one it does strike, for whichever one it does he will lead the grand old Republican party to victory, and this New York club will stand by him and follow him to glorious triumph. These gentlemen, mugwump gentlemen, cannot find any ideas that suit them; and I thank God it is so; I thank God that such ideas cannot thrive and live on free soil and among free men, and that it is so is the proudest monument of our intelligence, our civilization, and our patriotism. I wish I might talk the tariff to you tonight, but I cannot. I can only appeal to you to stand by the protective system, and thus preserve the dignity and independence of American labor, and maintain the American schoolhouse, and the American home, and American possibility, to the present and to the future generations. I thank you, gentlemen.

ADDRESS OF

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Ex-President of the United States

Mr. President, and you, my fellow members of the Republican Club, and you, my fellow guests of the Republican Club, before I come to the matter which I have specially to lay before you to-night let me say a word on another subject.

Prior to receiving the invitation to address this club on this day I had already accepted an invitation from one who is a guest with me to-night, General Howard, who was to give a dinner to-night in behalf of a cause which every man who believes in the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and who believes in the Union, should have at heart.

On the last occasion when General Howard spoke with the great martyred President, President Lincoln showed himself deeply interested in the welfare of the people of East Tennessee, Kentucky and the Virginia mountains, and spoke so earnestly of their welfare that General Howard then pledged himself to do all he could to promote the welfare of those people among whom Lincoln was born, and in pursuance of that pledge he and those associated with him have established a group of schools, called the Lincoln Memorial University, at Cumberland Gap, for the industrial, normal and academic training of those people. And the General has felt that he was in a peculiar way carrying out the purpose of Abraham Lincoln in dedicating himself to that work.

I should not have felt at liberty to disregard his invitation to

me for any other invitation except that which I have accepted this evening. But when I told the General what this club meant to me, and what it meant to me to come as President of the United States among my fellow members here, the General at once released me from my promise to him.

And now in what I have to say to you to-night I shall not strive to entertain you. I shall try to speak to you in a manner to express what you and I, I believe, have most at heart.

I do not—I will change the form of that sentence—you here are Republicans only secondarily—you are Americans first. And I speak to you to-night as a typical gathering of my fellow Americans. Typical in the fact that we represent different creeds, that some of us were born here and some abroad, that some of us live here, some in the West and some in the South, but that we are each and all, every one of us, without regard to creed or birthplace, good Americans and nothing else.

I speak to you, my old friends and companions, to you, with many of whom I have been intimately associated in political life from the time that I cast my first vote, to you the men of the great war to whom I looked up from the time I came to manhood, as setting the example for every young American to follow should ever another war call for the people of the United States, to one or two of you beside whom I had the good fortune to fight in a little war—it wasn't a big war, but it was all the war there was. I speak to a body of men who have rendered in the past, and are rendering in the present, in the army, in the navy, on the bench, in the Senate, in private life, the kind of service which makes us content, and more than content to be American citizens. And, therefore, I intend to speak to you to-night, not as Republicans only, not as New Yorkers only, but as good Americans, good citizens of the United States, and, therefore, having deeply at

heart the problems connected with any and all of our fellow-citizens in whatever part of the Union they live.

In his second inaugural, in a speech which will be read as long as the memory of this nation endures, Abraham Lincoln closed by saying:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Immediately after his re-election he had already spoken thus; mind you, gentlemen, speaking this within twenty-four hours after his re-election to the presidency in the midst of a civil war which, because of its extreme bitterness, would have corroded with a like bitterness the soul of any man less high-minded than he was. He said:

"The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad, and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. . . . May not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to serve our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here"—thus spoke Abraham Lincoln—"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as

I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

"May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit toward those who have?"

This is the spirit in which mighty Lincoln sought to bind up the nation's wounds when its soul was yet seething with fierce hatreds, with wrath, with rancor, with all the evil and dreadful passions provoked by civil war. Surely this is the spirit which all Americans should show now, when there is so little excuse for malice or rancor or hatred, when there is so little of vital consequence to divide brother from brother.

Lincoln, himself a man of Southern birth, did not hesitate to appeal to the sword when he became satisfied that in no other way could the Union be saved, for high though he put peace he put righteousness still higher. He warred for the Union; he warred to free the slave; and when he warred he warred in earnest, for it is a sign of weakness to be half-hearted when blows must be struck. But he felt only love, a love as deep as the tenderness of his great and sad heart, for all his countrymen alike in the North and in the South, and he longed above everything for the day when they should once more be knit together in the unbreakable bonds of eternal friendship.

We of to-day, in dealing with all our fellow-citizens, white or colored, North or South, should strive to show just the qualities that Lincoln showed; his steadfastness in striving after the right, and his infinite patience and forbearance with those who saw the right less clearly than he did; his earnest endeavor to do what was best, and yet his readiness to accept the best that was practicable when the ideal best was unattainable; his unceasing effort to cure what was evil, coupled with his refusal to make a bad

situation worse by any ill-judged or ill-timed effort to make it better.

The great Civil War, in which Lincoln towered as the loftiest figure, left us not only a reunited country, but a country which has the proud right to claim as its own the glory won alike by those who wore the blue and by those who wore the gray; by those who followed Grant and by those who followed Lee, for both fought with equal bravery and with equal sincerity of conviction, each striving for the light as it was given him to see the light, though it is now clear to all that the triumph of the cause of freedom and of the Union was essential to the welfare of mankind. We are now one people, a people with failings which we must not blink, but a people with great qualities in which we have the right to feel just pride.

All good Americans who dwell in the North must, because they are good Americans, feel the most earnest friendship for their fellow-countrymen who dwell in the South, a friendship all the greater because it is in the South that we find in its most acute phase one of the gravest problems before our people, the problem of so dealing with the man of one color as to secure him the rights that no man would grudge him if he were of another color. To solve this problem it is, of course, necessary to educate him to perform the duties a failure to perform which will render him a curse to himself and to all around him. Mind that. And it is true of every one. In addition to rights in every republic there are correlative duties. And if the man, black or white, is not trained to do his duty he becomes necessarily a festering plague-spot in the whole body politic.

Most certainly all clear-sighted and generous men in the North appreciate the difficulty and perplexity of this problem, sympathize with the South in the embarrassment of conditions for which

she is not alone responsible, feel an honest wish to help her where help is practicable, and have the heartiest respect for those brave and earnest men of the South who, in the face of fearful difficulties, are doing all that men can do for the betterment alike of white and of black.

The attitude of the North—I would always rather preach about the sins prevalent in the particular congregation I am addressing—the attitude of the North toward the negro is far from what it should be, and there is need that the North also should act in good faith upon the principle of giving to each man what is justly due him, of treating him on his worth as a man, granting him no special favors, but denying him no proper opportunity for labor and the reward of labor. But the peculiar circumstances of the South render the problem there far greater and far more acute.

Neither I nor any other man can say that any given way of approaching that problem will present in our time even an approximately perfect solution, but we can safely say that there can never be such solution at all unless we approach it with the effort to do fair and equal justice among all men, and to demand from them in return just and fair treatment for others. Our effort should be to secure to each man, whatever his color, equality of opportunity, equality of treatment before the law.

And let me interject right here. It is forty years since the Civil War came to a close within a few weeks, it is nearly forty years, this anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, since the anniversary of Lincoln's death, and surely in all this land there should be no audience to whom such an appeal as that I am making should appeal more than to this which I am now addressing.

As a people striving to shape our action in accordance with the great law of righteousness, we cannot afford to take part in or be indifferent to the oppression or maltreatment of any

man who, against crushing disadvantages, has by his own industry, energy, self-respect and perseverance struggled upward to a position which would entitle him to the respect of his fellows if only his skin were of a different hue.

Every generous impulse in us revolts at the thought of thrusting down instead of helping up such a man. To deny any man the fair treatment granted to others no better than he is to commit a wrong upon him—a wrong sure to react in the long run upon those guilty of such denial. The only safe principle upon which Americans can act is that of "all men up," not that of "some men down." If in any community the level of intelligence, morality and thrift among the colored men can be raised, it is, humanly speaking, sure that the same level among the whites will be raised to an even higher degree, and it is no less sure that the debasement of the blacks will in the end carry with it an attendant debasement of the whites.

The problem is so to adjust the relations between two races of different ethnic type that the rights of neither be abridged nor jeoparded; that the backward race be trained so that it may enter into the possession of true freedom—not false freedom—true freedom, while the forward race is enabled to preserve unharmed the high civilization wrought out by its forefathers. The working out of this problem must necessarily be slow; it is not possible in off-hand fashion to obtain or to confer the priceless boons of freedom, industrial efficiency, political capacity and domestic morality. And that is a lesson that some of our good friends in this country need to learn in dealing with outside peoples. All the resolutions passed at all the anti-imperialist gatherings held in the United States since the close or the beginning of the war with Spain, have not availed for the welfare of the people of the Philippines one one-hundredth part as much as what was

done by any one day's work of the present Secretary of War, Secretary Taft. Gentlemen, this meeting is all right. Nor is it only necessary to train the colored man; it is quite as necessary to train the white man, for on his shoulders rests a well-nigh unparalleled sociological responsibility. It is a problem demanding the best thought, the utmost patience, the most earnest effort, the broadest charity—that is the word Lincoln used—charity toward all—the broadest charity of the statesman, the student, the philanthropist, of the leaders of thought in every department of our national life. The Church can be a most important factor in solving it aright. But above all else we need for its successful solution the sober, kindly, steadfast, unselfish performance of duty by the average plain citizen in his everyday dealings with his fellows.

The ideal of elemental justice meted out to every man is the ideal we should keep ever before us. It will be many a long day before we attain to it, and unless we show not only devotion to it, but also wisdom and self-restraint in the exhibition of that devotion, we shall defer the time for its realization still further. In striving to attain to so much of it as concerns dealing with men of different colors, we must remember two things.

In the first place, it is true of the colored man, as it is true of the white man, that in the long run his fate must depend far more upon his own effort than upon the efforts of any outside friend. That applies to every man. There is not one of us that does not occasionally stumble, and shame to each of us if he does not stretch out a hand to help the brother who thus stumbles. Help him if he stumbles, but remember that if he lies down there is no use in trying to carry him. It will hurt both of you. Every vicious, venal or ignorant colored man is an even greater foe to his own race than to the community as a whole. The

colored man's self-respect entitles him to do that share in the political work of the country which is warranted by his individual ability and integrity and the position he has won for himself. But the prime requisite of the race is moral and industrial uplifting.

Laziness and shiftlessness, these, and, above all, vice and criminality of every kind, are evils more potent for harm to the black race than all acts of oppression of white men put together. The colored man who fails to condemn crime in another colored man, who fails to co-operate in all lawful ways in bringing colored criminals to justice, is the worst enemy of his own people, as well as an enemy to all the people. Law-abiding black men should, for the sake of their race, be foremost in relentless and unceasing warfare against law-breaking black men. If the standards of private morality and industrial efficiency can be raised high enough among the black race, then its future on this continent is secure. The stability and purity of the home are vital to the welfare of the black race as they are to the welfare of every race.

In the next place, the white man, who, if only he is willing, can help the colored man more than all other white men put together, is the white man who is his neighbor, North or South. Let me interject here, it is a good thing to remember, that while it is occasionally proper to join in mass meetings and call attention to our neighbor's shortcomings, it is normally better to attend to our own. Each of us must do his whole duty without flinching, and if that duty is national it must be done in accordance with the immutable principles upon which our nation stands, but in endeavoring each to be his brother's keeper, it is wise to remember that ordinarily each can do most for that brother who is his next-door neighbor. If we are sincere friends of the negro, let us

each in his own locality show it by his action therein, and let us each show it also by upholding the hands of the white man in whatever locality, who is striving to do justice to the poor and the helpless, to be a shield to those whose need for such a shield is great.

The heartiest acknowledgments are due to the ministers, the judges and law officers, the grand juries, the public men, and the great daily newspapers in the South, who have recently done such effective work in leading the crusade against lynching in the South; and I am glad to say that during the last three months the returns, as far as they can be gathered, show a smaller number of lynchings than for any other three months during the last twenty years. Those are rather striking figures and I take a certain satisfaction in them in view of some of the gloomy forebodings of last summer. Let us uphold in every way the hands of the men who have led in this work, who are striving to do all their work in this spirit. I am about to quote from the address of the Right Reverend Robert Strange, Bishop Coadjutor of North Carolina, as given in "The Southern Churchman" of October 8, 1904—October 8th last.

The bishop first enters an emphatic plea against any social intermingling of the races, a question which must, of course, be left to the people of each community to settle for themselves, as in such a matter no one community—and indeed no one individual—can dictate to any other; always provided that in each locality men keep in mind the fact that there must be no confusing of civil privileges with social intercourse. Civil law cannot regulate social practices. Society, as such, is a law unto itself, and will always regulate its own practices and habits. Full recognition of the fundamental fact that all men should stand on an equal footing as regards civil privileges in no way interferes with

recognition of the further fact that all reflecting men of both races are united in feeling that race purity must be maintained. The bishop continues (I am quoting what this Southern bishop says):

"What should the white men of the South do for the negro? They must give him a free hand, a fair field and a cordial godspeed, the two races working together for their mutual benefit and for the development of our common country. He must have liberty, equal opportunity to make his living, to earn his bread, to build his home. He must have justice, equal rights, and protection before the law. He must have the same political privileges; the suffrage should be based on character and intelligence for white and black alike. He must have the same public advantages of education; the public schools are for all the people, whatever their color or condition. The white men of the South should give hearty and respectful consideration to the exceptional men of the negro race, to those who have the character, the ability and desire to be lawyers, physicians, teachers, preachers, leaders of thought and conduct among their own men and women. We should give them cheer and opportunity to gratify every laudable ambition, and to seek every innocent satisfaction among their own people. Finally, the best white men of the South should have frequent conferences with the best colored men, where, in frank, earnest and sympathetic discussion, they might understand each other better, smooth difficulties, and so guide and encourage the weaker race."

Surely we can all of us join in expressing our substantial agreement with the principles thus laid down by this North Carolina bishop, this representative of the Christian thought of the South.

I am speaking on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, and to men who count it their peculiar

privilege that they have the right to hold Lincoln's memory dear and the duty to strive to work along the lines that he laid down. We can pay most fitting homage to his memory by doing the tasks allotted to us in the spirit in which he did the infinitely greater and more terrible tasks allotted to him.

Let us be steadfast for the right, but let us err on the side of generosity rather than on the side of vindictiveness toward those who differ from us as to the method of attaining the right. Let us never forget our duty to help in uplifting the lowly, to shield from wrong the humble, and let us likewise act in a spirit of the broadest and frankest generosity toward all our brothers, all our fellow countrymen; in a spirit proceeding not from weakness, but from strength, a spirit which takes no more account of locality than it does of class or of creed, a spirit which is resolutely bent on seeing that the Union which Washington founded and which Lincoln saved from destruction shall grow nobler and greater throughout the ages for evermore.

I believe in this country with all my heart and soul. I believe that our people will in the end rise level to every need, will in the end triumph over every difficulty that rises before them. I could not have such confident faith in the destiny of this mighty people if I had it merely as regards one portion of that people. Throughout our land things on the whole have grown better and not worse, and this is as true of one part of the country as it is of another. I believe in the Southerner as I believe in the Northerner. I claim the right to feel pride in his great qualities and in his great deeds exactly as I feel pride in the great qualities and deeds of every other American. For weal or for woe we are knit together, and we shall go up or go down together, and I believe that we shall go up and not down, that we shall go forward instead of halting and falling back, because I have an abiding faith

in the generosity, the courage, the resolution and the common sense of all my countrymen.

The Southern States face difficult problems, and so do the Northern States. Some of the problems are the same for the entire country. Others exist in greater intensity in one section, and yet others exist in greater intensity in another section. But in the end they will all be solved, for fundamentally our people are the same throughout this land, the same in the qualities of heart and brain and hand which have made this republic what it is in the great to-day; which will make it what it is to be in the infinitely greater to-morrow. I admire and respect and believe in and have faith in the men and women of the South as I admire and respect and believe in and have faith in the men and women of the North. All of us alike, Northerners and Southerners, Easterners and Westerners, can best prove our fealty to the nation's past by the way in which we do the nation's work in the present, for only thus can we be sure that our children's children shall inherit Abraham Lincoln's single-hearted devotion to the great unchanging creed that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

ADDRESS OF

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN

Lincoln's Vice-President

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Republican Club: I thank you for this cordial greeting. It stirs the blood of age and makes the pulses leap. But I am too sensible that it is a demonstration belonging not to me, but to the great and important events in which I was a very humble participator. Men are as unimportant in crises like those through which we have passed as the merest atom of dust that is borne away upon the bosom of the wind. It is principle, everlasting and undying principle, that commands and challenges our attention and our respect.

Mr. President, I fear there is a grave misunderstanding. I came here with what I supposed an express understanding that I should not be called upon to speak. My age alone should excuse me. Yes, Mr. President, young in years while the heart shall throb. But, alas, the limbs will tell you another story.

I came from my home to be with you to-night to do homage to the memory of one of the greatest men the world has ever known. I left my home at the hazard of my health, that I might testify by my presence here in joining with you in paying a tribute to the memory and the worth of Abraham Lincoln.

It was for that I came, and not to talk. But I had a thought in my mind which it was my purpose to suggest to this noble club, and I will do it. We speak of Washington as the Father of his Country, and we know that by his Fabian policy, the liberties and

the independence of these colonies were finally secured. We know the wisdom of George Washington aided in laying deep and strong the foundations upon which our government rests. We know that he aided in launching the old ship of state upon that foundation that has outridden all the storms in the past, as, in God's name, we trust it will outride all the storms in the future. All honor then to George Washington and the commemoration of his name.

I think, Mr. President, that you have in your by-laws a provision that this day shall be saved to the memory of the birth of Mr. Lincoln. Do you remember that we have incorporated in the statutes of our country, one that makes the birthday of George Washington a national birthday? It rests upon no separate articles of political organization, but it rests upon the everlasting law. I have come here to-night, and if I have any power, I would ask it with all the force I can urge, that you join with me in making the birthday of Abraham Lincoln a national birthday. That, in addition to participating with you on this occasion, has brought me here. They are equally entitled to have their birthdays commemorated. Every age has produced its great and distinguished men, the names of some of whom shall never die. In art, in literature, in arms, in the mechanic arts, in everything that serves to aid and elevate the people, the world has produced its great and distinguished men. Abraham Lincoln was not an educated man, but he was a learned man. The world was the school in which Abraham Lincoln graduated. It was not confined to the walls of your colleges and your higher schools. He was educated in the great school of the world. His professors, his tutors, were the lesson of humanity which belonged to the world. Such was the school in which Abraham Lincoln was educated. Why, that little gem of a speech which he made at Gettysburg will be taught by our mothers to their children, and it will stand as a gem of

English literature in all the ages that shall come. It was a little speech that spoke from the man who was educated in the schools of the world, and it came closer home to the hearts and the firesides of our people. Yes, read carefully the Life of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay. They give you a better idea of the early training and the early schooling of that eminent man, and you can learn there how close he was to the hearts of all our people. Was it an education equal to that other school? I will not stop to discuss the question. Undoubtedly the blending of the two would be the desideratum, but which is the better, I stand not here to declare.

One was an education that brought the man home directly to the great mass of our people. They felt it. They felt his words, that would have been cold as an icicle dropping purely from the educated man of the schools.

Now, shall we not, good Republicans of this club—and I am glad to meet every one of them—although I am old in years, time has not staled, or custom cloyed, the interest that I feel in sound Republicanism. But, alas, I am grieved at some of the doings of our National Legislature. They cast a shade of sadness over my daily life, when I witness the treachery, the dishonesty, and the degraded condition in which some of our Senators stand.

Now, Mr. President, the time has come when all the bitter asperities that existed against Mr. Lincoln have ceased. The world will say that his birthday should be a national holiday. Had I remained in the Senate to this hour, it would have been done before now. You are a strong, a vigorous, an active, an intelligent, and purely a Republican party. Now, you can put that wheel in motion which shall roll on to success. See to it that the birthday of Abraham Lincoln is made a national holiday. Perhaps I may say that mainly to utter those few words I was induced to come

here. Remember, I can see the boys in blue as they tread their solitary rounds in their camping grounds, and I can hear a voice, gentle, but potent to my ear, that commands me from them to regard the memory of Abraham Lincoln as they would have done had God in his inscrutable wisdom changed our relative positions.

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